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THE YALE REVIEW

A National Quarterly

AUTUMN 1943

Leaders and Writers in War Time	John Chamberlain
Forces of Change in the English-Speaking World	W. B. Willcox
For Love Only. <i>Verse</i>	John Dillon Husband
American Education after the War	William Clyde DeVane
Animals Courting	Julian S. Huxley
Letter Overseas. <i>Verse</i>	Nancy Cardozo
Arts in St. Paul	Grace Flandrau
Two Plans for International Monetary Stabilization	Jacob Viner
The Quiet Streets of Home. <i>A Story</i>	Robert Shaplen
Notes of an Amateur Bee-Keeper	Phillips Russell
In Autumn Read History. <i>Verse</i>	Keith Thomas
Swiss Neutrality	Malcolm Moos
But Not So Final. <i>A Story</i>	Gale Wilhelm
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READERS AND WRITERS IN WAR TIME

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IN the spring of 1940, more than one publisher thought his business was likely to be a casualty of war. Books that were bravely ticketed as potential best-sellers in March suddenly became worthless in May, when the German advances on the Western Front set everyone to huddling around the radio. Faced with the competition of seemingly endless disaster, even the most lurid imaginings of authors were a little tame by comparison.

Eventually, of course, the publishers, like the rest of us, caught their breath. The Battle of Britain demonstrated that the Germans lacked the power to win on a "total" basis, which at least constituted a minimum guarantee that some sort of free publishing business would continue to exist in the West. But this guarantee brought little balm of an immediate nature. I distinctly recall a lugubrious luncheon with a publisher in the dark early days of the war. Even in the event of a resurgent Britain and a fighting America, this publisher was convinced that absolutely rigid censorship would be clamped on all information coming from the battlefronts. Correspondents would be kept miles from the scene of action, as in the First World War, when Heywood Broun gave up war reporting in disgust. If we did manage to get any literature out of the fighting, it would be of a type made familiar in 1915 and 1916—"Private Peat," "The First Hundred Thousand," "Over the Top," "The Deserter," or the war rhymes of a

Robert Service enlisted in the Red Cross. The real stuff would come years later, as happened in the case of Dos Passos's "Three Soldiers," or E. E. Cummings's "The Enormous Room," or the works of Arnold Zweig and Ernest Hemingway. Even the reportorial splashings of Richard Harding Davis were gone forever; the romantic correspondent couldn't subsist on communiqués issued from an enigmatic headquarters.

As things turned out, none of the publishers' fears was justified by history. Publishers have continued to publish books and to make money: Traveller Willkie has proved more of a gold mine to Simon and Schuster than Trader Horn, and doubtless the 1,500,000 copies of "One World" that have been sold have had more readers than ever Tom Paine had during the Revolutionary War with his "Crisis" pamphlets. The volume of publishing business for 1942 was ten per cent over that of 1941, and 1943 promises to be the biggest year of them all. The publishers have only one real worry: a shortage of paper may result in a ruling, similar to that in England, which would arbitrarily limit the sales of an individual book to 10,000 copies. At the moment, the depletion of paper stocks is compensated for, to some extent, by ingenuity in book manufacturing; and Lee Barker of the Doubleday, Doran Company is half-way serious when he promises to print the next Somerset Maugham novel, which combines a spiritual theme with plenty of action, on tissue paper.

Some commentators have deduced an enormous contemporary hunger for religion from the 10,000-a-week sales figures reported for Lloyd Douglas's parable, "The Robe." But this sort of phenomenon is at least as old as the religiosity of Harold Bell Wright and Ralph Connor, if not older. The publishing trade is a matter of dominants that change slowly. The type of correspondents' book that was selling before the war continued to attract a public as Shirer drew abreast of Gunther and as Howard K. Smith's "Last Train from Berlin" caught up with Vincent Sheean and Walter Duranty;

and it is doubtful that John Marquand's caricature of the book-writing foreign correspondent in "So Little Time" will kill the market for "Inside ——" or "Assignment to Pakistan."

Surprisingly enough, authors have continued to travel nearly everywhere. Ira Wolfert and Richard Tregaskis went ashore at Guadalcanal almost as soon as the first marines; W. L. White endured the London *Blitz*; Cecil Brown slid from the *Repulse* into the South China Sea; Jack Belden high-tailed it through Burma with Stilwell; Russell Hill became a "desert rat" with the Tommies at Tobruk; Harold Denny was captured, found himself face to face with General Rommel, spent some time in a Gestapo cell in Berlin, and came back home before Dec. 7, 1941; and a baker's dozen of correspondents have managed to see at least something of war-time Russia. True, the books about the Russian front have a depressing sameness about them: the same dinners and conducted tours are described in Wallace Carroll's "We're in This with Russia" and in Margaret Bourke-White's "Shooting the Russian War," and Larry Lesueur and Henry C. Cassidy report similar sensations and events in "Twelve Months That Changed the World" and "Moscow Dateline." But if no one has yet managed to live up front with the Russian armies, Lesueur and Cassidy have at least used their ears.

On the various fronts in the West, there has been a special effort made to permit eyewitness reports. Flights have been made to England in bombers; voyages have been made in over-age destroyers; photographic expeditions have been made in mine-sweepers, and there have been jeep jaunts in North Africa, where correspondents have dodged shells with the soldiers. One correspondent has jumped with parachutists in Tunis and Sicily; and a woman, Eve Curie, has been at home on all the fronts of the world. All of this has constituted life as Richard Harding Davis and one-eyed Floyd Gibbons were never able to see it. In fact, the war of movement has been just as much a revelation to the authors—and the pub-

lishers—as it was to the military men. And, unlike Gamelin, the publishers who had not prepared for it have had a second chance.

During 1914–18, when the average soldier's horizon was trench-bound, very few enlisted men wrote anything. There was a trickle of verse: Siegfried Sassoon, Alan Seeger, Rupert Brooke, and John McCrae wrote a few memorable lines. There were the inspirationalists—Harold Peat, Arthur Guy Empey. And there was the great snarl of Henri Barbusse, "Under Fire." But the soldiers' reports came years later—and when they did come they were mostly the work of writers who merely happened by chance to be in the army, the air force, or the Red Cross. Hemingway, Dos Passos, Robert Graves, Archibald MacLeish, Ramon Guthrie (whose "Parachute" was one of the first air novels ever written), and even Captain John Thomason were trained writers before they were soldiers or ambulance drivers; and the war, more or less, was their chance at immersion in "significant" material. This time, however, it has been different: fighting men have been soldiers first and writers solely by accident. Colonel Robert Scott, who feels that "God is My Co-Pilot" (a misleading title for a harum-scarum autobiography), wanted to be an aviator almost from the time he could walk; and the boys who talked out their narrative of PT-boat fighting in the Philippines to amanuensis Bill White had no idea that they would become literature in "They Were Expendable." In this war, writers are doing extremely professional jobs of interviewing and correlating official material. They are midwives functioning at the birth of fighting men's accounts: the skilful *accoucheurs* of "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" and "Torpedo Eight: The Attack and Vengeance of Swede Larsen's Bomber Squadron." In Britain, mystery and adventure story writers add their professional pace to documentary reports: for example, Hilary St. George Saunders, who in peace time is half of the adventure team known as "Francis Beeding," has pulled together a heterogeneous mass of Commando eye-

witness material into "Combined Operations: The Official Story of the Commandos."

With reports coming in from Himalayan yak-tracks and gazelle-bordered African air fields, it is scant cause for wonder that we are breeding a reading race of armchair globe-trotters. When the experiences of "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" and Larry Lesueur's account of a convoy trip to Murmansk are generalized and systematized, we get the literature of "geopolitics," written by Hans W. Weigert and Robert Strausz-Hupé. Sir Halford Mackinder's "Democratic Ideas and Reality," which was first published in 1919 as a warning to Britain against making an enemy of Russia, has been hauled out of the storeroom and reissued; it remains the best of the geopolitical books. The main emphasis of Sir Halford Mackinder—that the "world-island" of Eurasia and Africa could menacingly overshadow Britain, Australia, and the Americas if it were ever to fall under the dominion of a single power—has become the inspiration of a whole host of best-selling books by politicians and publicists—as, for example, Wendell Willkie's "One World," Walter Lippmann's "U.S. Foreign Policy," and Henry Wallace's "The Century of the Common Man." These books tell us what Sir Halford Mackinder tried to tell us in 1919—that maps based on Mercator's projection are misleading, and that North America is neatly cupped in an arc reaching from New Zealand to West Africa via Kamchatka and the Scandinavian peninsula. No doubt North America is too big a nut to be cracked by a pincers whose arms connect in the desert wastes around the North Pole, but it remains none the less true that it is a more comfortable world for U.S. citizens if they have friends in Asia and in Europe.

The war has witnessed a decline in the quality of fiction, probably because newcomers to the art have been soaked up by the armed forces, the women's auxiliaries, and the defense factories. But paradoxically, in the midst of the greatest collective enterprise in history, there has been a marked resur-

gence in America of the individualist, anti-statist spirit. Edgar Queeny, Chairman of the Board of the Monsanto Chemical Company, Henry M. Wriston, President of Brown University, Herbert Agar, Peter Drucker, and Isabel Paterson have all written recent books on economics, politics, and social organization that go against a collectivist trend that has persisted for two decades—and Isabel Paterson, in her “The God of the Machine,” has even gone so far as to out-Spencer Herbert Spencer, who believed that individuals should build their own sewers. It was probably no news to readers to learn that Mr. Queeny’s “The Spirit of Enterprise” voiced a brief for free competition, but when Sidney Hook and James Burnham, two professors who had originally been Marxists, took up respectively for the Carlylean hero and the politics of checks and balances, a drift was definitely established. For years the American business man has been without intellectual allies; maybe, after the war, he is going to get a few.

With the soldiers talking freely to first-rate court reporters, with correspondents going everywhere, and with a development in world perspective running parallel to a resurgence of faith in the individualist basis of American life, the publishing landscape remains green and well-watered in spite of the devastations of war. The only danger is that we may be surfeited eventually with the single emotional tone that war evokes from a nation’s writers. Our contemporary literature is stiff-upper-lip in character, not for reasons of synthetic morale building but because people naturally tend to draw together to face an external enemy. That is as it should be. But if the morale boys, the super-patriots, try to exploit the tone for jingoistic reasons when peace is in sight and after, it is a hundred to one that history will repeat itself, with the pendulum swinging back once more to the “lost generation” extreme.

There has already been an instance of the overconscious effort to force morale. An army man, reviewing Alexander Woollcott’s war anthology, “As You Were,” in the “New York Times,” almost ordered the publishers to omit Carl Sandburg’s stoic poem, “Grass,” from future editions, the

theory being that "Grass" contains defeatist lines. No doubt the army man was acting out of a sense of real concern for the fighting spirit of his troops. But it is childish to suppose that there is any one-to-one correspondence between the tight-lipped, exalted mood and an ability to fight. Different men respond to different stimuli and to different philosophies. Croswell Bowen, a writer photographer who followed the British Tommies during the early campaigns in Egypt's western desert, discovered that grouzers showing no clear perception of what the war was about often fought with *esprit de corps* and a great professional competence. For that matter, General Wolfe, on the eve of his conquest of Quebec, repeated the melancholy lines of Gray's "Elegy," adding that he would rather be the author of those stoic stanzas than take the seat of North American Bourbon power that loomed above him. Reflection on the vanity of glory proved to be just the thing for Wolfe's morale on the Plains of Abraham the next day.

The truth of the matter would seem to be that all sorts of moods can brace men for battle. Similarly, men can fight—and fight well—for a dozen different war aims. When a John Whitaker, author of "We Cannot Escape History," offers himself for enlistment, he does so out of a highly sophisticated and conscious reading of events. Mr. Whitaker, like Lieutenant-Colonel Vincent Sheean of "Between the Thunder and the Sun" and the air corps, believes that it is "one world." But less philosophical motives also serve their purpose. The men of Swede Larsen's bomber squadron, whose story is told by Ira Wolfert in "Torpedo Eight," plunged into the fighting in the Solomons to get vengeance for their brothers who were lost at Midway. Rusty Marsh, the red-headed kid of MacKinlay Kantor's "Happy Land," enlisted before Pearl Harbor out of an obscure but persistent feeling that America was menaced and that someone had to get ready to fend off the danger. But the classic answer to the question, "What are you fighting for?" was provided by the marine in John Hersey's "Into the Valley." "I'm fighting," the marine told Mr. Hersey,

"for blueberry pie." By that he meant to symbolize all the things of home.

Since a democratic republic is founded on the theory of the individuals' right to differ, it is no cause for alarm that Swede Larsen is not fighting the war for precisely the same things that actuate John Whitaker or Mr. Hersey's marines. In any event, the "whys" of our behavior are determined far back of the battlefield, both in space and in time. Even if we were fighting the war for no good reason beyond that of the attack upon Pearl Harbor, we should still manage to win it. One reason for our effectiveness in war derives from the material conditions of American life: our steel rate is seven times that of Japan, and a nation of automobilists must, to some extent, be a nation of good mechanics. Furthermore, the Japanese war, with its atmosphere of ambush and treachery, is the Indian war of our fathers: it may not have been necessary, but it seems inexorable. West of the Alleghenies it is the Japanese war that the Americans feel in their bones. Unlike the high command and the men at the front, many Americans take the Germans lightly. But the Japanese have aroused a real fear and wrath and a concomitant will to get the menace under control.

Beyond the material and "manifest destiny" reasons for our ability to push ourselves in battle once we have been attacked, there is a whole host of psychological reasons. In the Solomons Mr. Wolfert was amazed to discover that a non-militaristic life produces better soldiers than a cult of Emperor or samurai worship. He learned that Japanese soldiers will carry out even the most witless sort of mission just because it is the whim or the desire of a commanding officer. They merely get themselves killed for their pains. But Americans must be convinced that a given job makes sense before they will volunteer for it. When an officer fails to get a single volunteer for an expedition or a foray, he knows that his common sense is doubted. And he is faced with the alternative of justifying his idea before his men or abandoning it. As a result of this check upon the arrogance of desk-dreamers many

lives are saved. Even in war, so Mr. Wolfert discovered, the system of checks and balances pays off.

The habits of democracy make for adaptability and self-reliance, which are even more useful in war than they are in peace. Like Ira Wolfert, John Hersey had to go to the Solomons to discover this fact. After dodging through the jungles of Guadalcanal with the marine company of Captain Charles Rigaud, sleeping on uncomfortable coral ridges and shying away from shapes in the foliage that looked like hidden Japanese, Mr. Hersey wondered just what it was in American life that had "conditioned" Captain Rigaud to make him good at his job. Coming home to New York State, Mr. Hersey went up to the Mohawk valley to reconstruct Rigaud's boyhood and youth. He discovered that Rigaud had had an average small-town upbringing, one which stressed a wholly unconscious independence and sense of responsibility. Rigaud had liked to hunt and do things around the woods. He grew up in a culture that allowed plenty of free play at the joints. But this culture also produced voluntary group action if circumstances seemed to warrant it.

People like Rigaud are not easily aroused to war. They cannot be lectured into it, for they don't like being constrained to act under military discipline. But they will take the hurdle if and when they must. In the Solomons and in the Mohawk valley, Mr. Hersey learned the truth of the anthropologist Margaret Mead's diagnosis of the American character, which is so convincingly set forth in "And Keep Your Powder Dry." From her researches in Samoa and Melanesia, Dr. Mead is convinced that national attitudes are the product of nursery and playground; the habit patterns that go to form a people's response to questions of foreign policy are laid down in the earliest years. Since Junior is told by his mother and father that success is the reward of competition in virtue ("See how Mary is eating up all her spinach"), Americans have it drilled into them that they cannot fail. Junior is also taught that he must take care of himself in the presence of other boys, even though he is simultaneously warned against fight-

ing. The sum total of his mother's admonitions is an ambivalent national character: we don't willingly go to war, but we do keep a chip on our shoulder if bullies are abroad. If the chip is knocked off, we fight with a will.

Just how many readers have digested the import of the more thoughtful war books by Mr. Wolfert, Mr. Hersey, and Dr. Mead I have no means of discovering. But it is probable that in our new "global" thinking we tend to an innocence that is at least as old as the portrait in Henry James's "The American." A witty Irishman out in Pittsburgh, Pat Fagan, whose education was achieved in the coal mines, said the other day of Willkie's "One World": "It's like a Mother Hubbard. It covers all and touches nothing." Now, there is a great deal more to Willkie's book than that. But it is also true that Mr. Willkie states many more problems than he solves. The great value of Willkie's book is that it has made a couple of million Americans aware that nationalism is stirring in the Near East, that Russia is a power, that Indians want freedom, that the British are not universally popular in the Oriental reaches of their empire, and that China has already come of age. But this does not tell us what Britain should substitute for her empire as a concept to hold strategic regions of the world together, nor does it offer us a procedure for getting along with the Russian political economy in the future.

From the books that are being written, it is quite apparent that Americans are no longer isolationist in any significant degree. But they are by no means universally agreed on their picture of the world and the part Americans must play in it. One type of American admires the Russians, is skeptical of Britain's motives, wants freedom for India, trusts China to solve her post-war difficulties, and thinks of the United States as a sort of natural and wholly benevolent senior partner in any future Anglo-American entente. Wendell Willkie, Pearl Buck, Michael Straight, Henry Wallace, and even Clare Luce belong to this school in varying degrees. Another type of American prides itself on being "realist" internationalist. Led by Walter Lippmann, it talks of "nuclear alliances," the

chief of which will be between Britain and America, with Britain remaining completely sovereign in the affairs of her own colonial empire. The "nuclear alliance" theorists admit the importance of Russia. But they think that Stalin is playing a Russian game. As for the Asiatic colonial problem, that is something to be placed on the agenda of the future.

Here are two points of view, or two sets of emotional ground tones, that must be reconciled before Americans sit down at the peace table. For myself, I don't see why they can't be reconciled. The "realist," remembering the warning of Sir Halford Mackinder, may object that a completely "free" India will be drawn into the game of power politics. And, since Nehru is a confessed socialist, the "realist" may have a nightmare picture of Russia and India combining to cut the world in two. Inasmuch as the power that controls India has always controlled the world that reaches from South Africa around to Australia (even the Dutch conquered their East Indian empire from Ceylon), it may be granted that England will not easily relinquish naval and military base rights on Indian territory. But what is there to prevent the Indians from gaining their social, economic, and personal freedom under Dominion status? If Britain offers that, must Nehru hold out for the right to build an independent Indian navy commensurate with India's economic position as eighth industrial power of the world? The Treaty of Versailles freed Europe and atomized it—which made it easy for Hitler to gobble it up. Our problem is to free the world without breaking it into fragments, as both Mr. Willkie and Mr. Lippmann must agree. Why, then, not work for a compromise that will free men socially and economically, yet keep them under the protection of existing Anglo-American sea power, which will remain overwhelmingly important even in the coming age of the airplane?

In any event, the danger spots of the future are almost certain to be southeast Asia and the Russo-Chinese border in the East, and the state of Anglo-Russian relations in the West. Sir Norman Angell still bids us combine in a collective se-

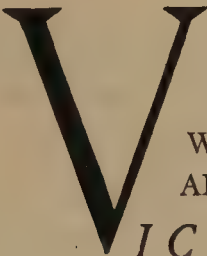
curity set-up to keep Germany and Japan from starting a third world war. But it takes only a cursory reading of, say, Isaac Don Levine's "Mitchell: Pioneer of Air Power" to make one realize that states without space or hinterland will lack the leverage needed to start wars in the future. After this war, Germany will be a menace only as a possible "front" for Russia. And a Japan checked by the existence of strong powers on the continent of Asia will be no menace at all. The facts of the air age make it absolutely imperative that Britain and Russia work together lest they be drawn into a competitive fight to control Germany, which will lack both manufacturing and protected air-field space from which to deploy air power on its own. And with Japan defeated and forced back to her islands in the Far East, the problem will be to stabilize the borders of China and to arrange for the fulfillment of the aspirations of the colonial peoples.

With the future danger spots thus isolated, it should be comparatively easy for people like Mr. Willkie and Mr. Lippmann to agree on a formulation of what is a desirable foreign policy for America. We must get along with Russia, but we must realize that Stalin respects both straight talk and a *quid pro quo* approach. We must try to persuade Britain to facilitate a solution of the Asiatic colonial problem without making it seem that we are forgetting the importance of maintaining the arch of British sea power. Getting along with Russia naturally presupposes a solution of eastern European troubles. And it also involves the headache of deciding just where the world of competitive capitalism ends and state control of economic life begins.

Reading British publications these days, one is not at all certain that Anglo-American economic affairs are going to run smoothly after the peace. For even the most conservative British weeklies, to say nothing of cartel-seeking business men and the Leftist Laski-ites, are thinking in terms of a controlled economy, with the state playing a major role in export-import decisions. A speech by Eric Johnston, President of the American Chamber of Commerce, and a book by E. H.

Carr of the London "Times" (see Mr. Carr's "Conditions of Peace") exist in wholly different worlds of discourse. If Britain and America are to get on in the world of the future, either the cartel idea or the psychology behind the Sherman Anti-Trust Act must go by the board. For one state-controlled economy provokes another, and if England chooses the road of state capitalism, we will have to beat her out of it or join her.

Neither Mr. Willkie nor Mr. Lippmann touches upon the political aspects of the economic problem. Maybe that is why their books whet more appetites than they satisfy. Now that they have served the purposes of 1943, the reader may logically ask for solid, searching books in 1944—books that go deep into specific regions and specific problems. It is all very well to be "global" in one's thinking, but the globe is still the round sum of its parts.

FOR  BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
ICTORY

FORCES OF CHANGE IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

BY W. B. WILLCOX

WE are living through a revolution which is too vast to be apprehended. One of its aspects, however, is clear enough so that we who run can read it: the collapse of many nineteenth-century ways of thought, whether in economics, strategy, or international affairs. Some of these outlived their century, outlived the last war, lived through the rise of Hitler, only to die in the year and a half between Dunkirk and Pearl Harbor. Old premises are gone, and in their place is a void. The result is widespread intellectual pandemonium, which will cloud the meaning of the war until new premises receive general acceptance.

Any such premise must take into account the factors which have changed past to present, and are likely to change present to future. Understanding them all is impossible; they are too many and complex. A beginning must be made, and an obvious place to begin is with the most familiar: the factors affecting our relations with the rest of the English-speaking world—the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Even this beginning reveals startling alterations. It indicates that the United States has long been drawing closer to the Commonwealth, that the process has been enormously accelerated by the impact of this war, and that we have now reached the stage of co-operation where the independence of each state is limited in practice by the interests of the group. It suggests that we have the means, if we choose to use them, of creating out of the present relationship the nucleus of a new and democratic order in the post-war world. These are large implications. But they are rooted in the developments of the past and present, and may provide premises of the future.

Nowhere has the collapse of the nineteenth-century world had more profound effects than in the British Commonwealth, which is the outgrowth of that century. It sprang from Victorian concepts of government, and its traditional focus has been the Great Britain of Victorian days. Now the focus is changing, and Commonwealth relations are in flux. This change, which concerns us as closely as Great Britain or the Dominions, is at bottom a change in the framework of power within which the Dominions have developed into independent states.

The key to that whole development has been the position of Great Britain. The vision of Burke, of an empire held together by ties of mutual affection rather than of force, could never have worked itself out in practice if the nineteenth century had not been the period of the *Pax Britannica*. If Britannia had not ruled the waves, she could neither have colonized overseas nor given her colonies increasing self-government; behind every constitution of a province or Dominion lay the fact of the British fleet. An enlightened policy was thus implemented by overwhelming naval power. This power was a major premise of Dominion relations, and survived into our time almost unquestioned. Today, however, the premise no longer holds, and its disappearance has produced a crisis in the Commonwealth. A glance at the foundations of the *Pax Britannica*, and the factors which undermined it, will make clear the nature of that crisis.

British power, in the era after Napoleon, rested on a relative rather than an absolute basis. There was no serious rival in the spheres of activity to which the British largely confined themselves. In the economic sphere, British industry was in a position of pre-eminence verging on monopoly, Lombard Street was the financial centre of the globe, and the British merchant marine was larger and busier than ever; much of the wealth of the world was in British hands, and with it power. In the political sphere, the Europe of Metternich was the embodiment of the balance of power. The long period of French hegemony was over, and that of German hegemony

had not begun; France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia were balanced against each other, and the danger of coalitions was remote. Great Britain was, therefore, able for the first time since the seventeenth century to retire from active participation in continental politics and devote her energies to overseas expansion. In the military sphere, her development took the course indicated by the political situation. Because major continental wars were unlikely, her army was allowed to stagnate in the best Anglo-Saxon tradition; all available resources were concentrated on the navy, which for years maintained the standard set after Trafalgar, of being superior to any two fleets which might combine against it. Sea power, useless for intervention in the heart of Europe, was perfectly suited for controlling European intervention in any other continent. Such control was for the most part implicit, because British force was so preponderant that it rarely had to be used. But it was always there in the background. As Britain turned towards overseas expansion, the navy provided the framework within which that expansion developed towards the Commonwealth.

By 1910 the position of Great Britain had been drastically altered. The premise of the Pax Britannica lingered on, but more as myth than reality; although she was still a great power, she was no longer the paramount power in either the markets or the oceans of the world. In the economic sphere, her monopoly was gone. Her capital had helped to finance industrial rivals, and the rivalry was being felt. The new German industrial plant had thriven as the green bay tree. The United States had grown into an industrial competitor of first magnitude. Japan was emerging from her political and industrial metamorphosis as a power to be reckoned with. Belgium, France, even Russia, were industrialized to a greater or less extent, with concomitant inroads on British markets. The Dominions were becoming producers as well as consumers, and were raising tariff barriers even against the mother country. The economic foundations of Victorian security were therefore sadly shaken. In the political sphere, the old *status quo* was equally dead. The unification of Germany had upset the

balance of power beyond restoring, and had thereby removed the basis of British isolation from the continent. With her Austrian satellite, Germany was stronger than the Franco-Russian alliance, and the balance between these combinations could be held only if Britain aligned herself with France and Russia. In the military sphere, the rise of enormous conscript armies was converting the small British professional army into an anachronism, at just the time when the likelihood was growing that it would have to be used on the continent. The navy remained as strong as ever, but now faced formidable opposition. Germany was ready to challenge British control of the North Sea. The United States, in the grip of imperialism and the logic of Mahan, had at last emerged as a sea power. Japan had built a fleet, with which the British had come to terms in the defensive alliance of 1902; Japan thereafter had annihilated the Russian fleet, and emerged as a potential threat to both British and American interests in the Far East.

By this time, all the Dominions (except Eire) had received a large measure of autonomy. But the conditions which had determined their growth were rapidly changing. Great Britain no longer set the pace for the industrial world; she could no longer turn her back on Europe in splendid isolation; she was no longer the sole policeman of the seven seas. Already the defense of Australia and New Zealand against Japan would have been at best difficult, and the defense of Canada against the United States virtually impossible. The old days were gone.

The First World War revealed only some of these changes. The end of the balance of power was made glaringly obvious, because of the military strength and endurance revealed by Germany in the four-year struggle; so long as such a state continued to exist, its weight could not be balanced by any mere continental combination. The war also marked the end of traditional British strategy. Ever since the days of Marlborough, Great Britain had fought her wars on the European continent largely through the armies of her allies, and had concentrated her military effort on destroying the enemy by

naval battle, blockade, and seizure of colonies. This strategy died with the professional army. From 1916 on, she was compelled not only to fight the naval war, but to participate to the full in the greatest land war yet known. In this effort the support of the Dominions, while impressive, was of secondary importance: 65% of the imperial armies came from Great Britain, and 80% of the casualties were hers. She lost roughly two and a half million, out of a population of less than 50 million—which sufficiently indicates the burden laid on the people by the new strategy.

The most obvious effect of this war upon the Commonwealth was to increase the political maturity and independence of the Dominions, and to pave the way for the Statute of Westminster of 1931. This statute was the constitutional recognition of the fact that the daughter nations had reached their majority. It was not the recognition of a change in the military role of Great Britain as their guardian: British power was still their bulwark, and their own military establishments were still of negligible size. The old premise remained unchallenged, and the reason is not far to seek. The Dominions had not been *directly* menaced by the First World War, and the only countries which might have tested British power to defend them—the United States and Japan—were instead their allies. Hence while the war caused a drastic revision of the constitutional basis of the Commonwealth, it did not cause even a re-examination of its military basis.

In the two decades between wars, 1919 to 1939, British foreign policy seems to have been ruled by the ghost of the past. Again there was an apparent balance in Europe, a disarmed Germany against France and the new French satellites from Poland to the Balkans. Again there was an apparent chance for Great Britain to withdraw from active concern with Europe, to repair the ravages of war at home, and to draw the other members of the Commonwealth closer. These appearances were illusion. There was no balance of power; Germany could not fail to recover, in the circumstances, and when recovered to outweigh any coalition on the French

model. Great Britain could not maintain the *status quo* without the use of force, and no longer had the requisite force. The people would not allow the government to abdicate diplomatic leadership, because they were still thinking substantially in terms of the Pax Britannica. The government was thereby driven to attempt a stronger policy than could be carried through, and was exposed to a series of diplomatic rebuffs—over Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia—which reduced British prestige to its nadir in modern times. To label this policy appeasement, and blame it merely on a Chamberlain or a Cliveden Set, is to miss the point. It was less policy than the failure to adapt policy to the realities of power. Great Britain did not do what Adam Smith had warned that she might have to do in the eighteenth century, “accommodate her views and designs to the real mediocrity of her circumstances.”

In Commonwealth relations, this twenty-year armistice was a period of far-reaching experiments. With the formal recognition of the independence of the Dominions, the world was confronted with an organization new to history: a collection of six sovereign states, with no legal ties between them except a common monarch (who is monarch by virtue of being powerless), with no obligations on any member except that of giving notice to the others of actions affecting their interests, with no bonds of unity except those of sentiment and mutual respect. This seems too loose a collection of states to deserve the name of organization, but attempts to bind it more closely have not had notable success. The most important such attempt was begun within a year of the Statute of Westminster, at the Ottawa Conference of 1932. The purpose was Commonwealth solidarity, and the means were economic: to establish preferential tariff agreements among the member states, so as to draw them together into an economic unit. The result was to increase British tariffs on foreign goods, without decreasing Dominion tariffs on British goods, which was scarcely the way back to Victorian prosperity in Great Britain. She was further cut off from Europe by her own tariff walls,

and was no longer the sole magnet for Dominion trade. Other magnets were operating. Canadian trade with the United States, and Australian with Japan, grew more rapidly than that of either Dominion with the mother country, and in 1938 the Ottawa agreements were largely nullified by Secretary Hull's trade pacts with Great Britain, Australia, and Canada. The attempt at economic solidarity had served to reveal the self-assertiveness of the Dominions, the changed economic position of Great Britain, and the allure of her competitors.

The increasing importance of Japan and this country in Dominion affairs was not confined to trade. At the time of the Washington Conference in 1921, Canadian pressure on Great Britain had been instrumental in ending the Anglo-Japanese alliance, as being contrary to the interests of the United States. The subsequent Japanese expansion into China made it more and more apparent that the erstwhile ally was becoming a danger, and that British sea power in the Pacific was now menaced by a real rather than a hypothetical enemy. The rapid strengthening of Singapore was only part of the answer; the other part was the American Pacific fleet. Dominion defense was tacitly but clearly premised, for the first time in history, on the co-operation of an outside power. This co-operation was founded less on affection or mutual interest than on geography—on the fact that the Philippines lay on the flank of any Japanese advance southward towards Australia, and hence that an attack on us was a necessary prelude to such aggression. Military considerations largely eclipsed political, and the question of whether it was to our interest to fight for Singapore, Australia, and New Zealand was unlikely to arise until we had withdrawn all our forces from the Philippines. That time was approaching, however, and far-sighted Australians and New Zealanders had become increasingly interested in the question since the 1920's.

In summary, then, the principal effects of the First World War on the Commonwealth had been three. First, the Dominions had emerged as wholly independent nations, had been

so recognized in law, and had begun to conduct themselves accordingly. Second, the power of Great Britain to protect them had declined, but the decline had not been fully revealed or appreciated. Third, their relations with the United States were of increasing importance, although there again the change was largely unrecognized.

Upon this situation burst the Second World War, and its effects have already been revolutionary. Forces of change had long been working unnoticed, as before all revolutions. Suddenly these forces were strengthened and brought into the open by the catastrophic events of four years of war, and this country and the Commonwealth are now in their grip. It is too soon to predict accurately where the new developments may lead. As yet we can only sort them, weigh them, and guess their meaning for the future.

The first development is military. It is a cliché that this is a three-dimensional war, but the meaning of the cliché for the Commonwealth is easily overlooked. Great Britain has been forced to bear a far greater burden than ever before. She has not only had to maintain her navy, replacing heavy losses, and to draft almost a tenth of her population into full-time or part-time military service; she has also had to build up from almost nothing one of the finest air forces in the world. She has had to do all this before the wounds of the last war were healed, and at a time when her industrial resources were already strained to the utmost. She accomplished prodigies, and did what few of her admirers had thought possible. But when at last Japan struck in the Far East, the limits of British power had been passed; for the first time since the American Revolution, substantial parts of her empire were wrested from her. The Victorian legend of predominance was finally laid to rest.

The fall of Singapore ended an era in the history of the Commonwealth. Four of the five Dominions had entered the war at the outset. Their military support, in spite of initial delays and shortcomings, has been at least as valuable in the long run as it was a generation ago; Great Britain again has been amply repaid for the burden of imperial defense. The in-

adequacy of that defense was first published to the world in the Singapore campaign, when in a matter of months the Japanese advanced to the edge of Australia, and were halted there by American and Australian forces rather than British. Since then the war in the Pacific has been, and promises to be until Hitler is beaten, a war of the Dominions and the United States against Japan, with Great Britain playing little direct part. For Australians and New Zealanders, in short, we have assumed the military role which Great Britain abandoned at Singapore.

The same change has been evident in regard to Canada. The extension to her of the Monroe Doctrine was only recognition of accomplished fact; her defense had long been one of our patent national interests, and the rise of our sea power in the last half-century had made us increasingly able to implement it. The task had hitherto been roughly divided between us and Great Britain, since our naval strength had been principally in the Pacific and the British in the Atlantic. With the crisis of 1940, however, this division temporarily ended; the British fleet was perforce concentrated in the Mediterranean and home waters, and the defense of British interests in the Western Hemisphere passed to us. The result was the destroyer deal, which in its way was almost as epochal as the fall of Singapore: Great Britain for the first time turned over bases in British territory to an outside power, and entrusted us with defending Anglo-American interests from Brazil to Newfoundland. The coasts of Canada are now protected at short range by American bases, from Iceland to Virginia and from the Aleutians to San Pedro, while their long-range protection is again provided principally by American power in the Pacific and British in the Atlantic. Churchill had ample reason to say that American and British affairs "will have to be somewhat mixed up together."

So much for the military aspect of the war, as it has affected the relationship between the Dominions and this country. Another aspect which is probably just as important is the psychological. This is a world war to a far greater extent than the

last, and it forces the man in the street—whether the street is in Johannesburg, Winnipeg, Dublin, Melbourne, or Detroit—to think in terms of vast spaces if he is going to think at all. The Solomons and New Guinea are now at the front door of Australians and New Zealanders; South Africans are no longer isolated from the rest of their continent, now that their troops have fought through Ethiopia and Libya; Canadians have learned to think of a Battle of Midway as part of their defense in one hemisphere, and are bombing Germany as part of their offensive in the other. Mental horizons have been broadened by circumstance.

The two countries in which this change is most significant are Great Britain and the United States. British insularity, like American, was not deeply affected by the last war; otherwise the post-war return to isolationism would have been impossible, and Baldwin's famous understatement, that Britain's frontier was on the Rhine, would not have fallen on deaf ears. The people had a singular indifference to the outside world, particularly its farther reaches, which seems to have sprung in part from that slowness of imagination which is both their strength and weakness, and in part from that sense of security which they inherited from their Victorian forebears. Whatever its cause, indifference can scarcely have survived the ordeal of the last three years. British armies, for the first time since the Napoleonic Wars, have fought in every corner of the globe; thousands on thousands of men have learned for themselves that those corners are facts as well as names. The millions who stayed at home have learned from brutal experience that Britain's frontier is at the farthest range of a bombing plane, a lesson which may eventually outweigh all the hell wrought by the Luftwaffe. "A great empire and little minds go ill together." The empire is not so great as it was, but in compensation the minds are not so little.

The same phenomenon is apparent in this country, and will probably grow as the war goes on. Our insularity has been on a larger scale than the British, if only because we inhabit a larger space; but we, too, have continued to live in the world

of the nineteenth century, obsessed with our internal problems and the illusion of our own security. The last war scarcely scratched the surface of that world. We sank back into a dream of normalcy; even the depression seemed to be our own nightmare rather than a world event. Greatness was being thrust upon us by forces beyond our control, and we were not awake to it. Now at least our dream world is dead. We are becoming conscious of our power, because it is something tangible on which our survival depends. We are becoming conscious that our security is not merely an affair of this hemisphere but can depend on events in the Solomons and Tunisia. We are becoming conscious of continents; the world is drawing together as our troops and ships and planes reach parts of it of which few of us had ever heard. This is a strange new globe, to which Australia, New Zealand, and the British Isles belong as much as Canada. The Union of South Africa is still largely outside our ken, and Eire is psychologically as well as diplomatically isolated from us by neutrality. But with at least four of the six nations of the Commonwealth our fate is inextricably joined for the duration of the war, and our expanding imagination has begun to grasp that fact.

To what conclusions do these changes point? Two seem inescapable, because they result from trends which no government or people can control; a third is possible, but depends on the volition of the peoples concerned. The first conclusion is that the traditional role of Great Britain in the Commonwealth has ended, although she remains by far the most important and powerful member. The second is that the United States is now, by virtue of its economic and military power, assuming the position which Great Britain is relinquishing. The third is that the nucleus of a post-war international order is being achieved during the war, and at this stage chiefly in terms of co-operation between the United States and the member nations of the Commonwealth.

The traditional role of Great Britain has been ended by facts beyond her control, and there is small chance of her returning to it after the war. If a future international police

force makes national armaments unnecessary, the very existence of such a force will relieve Great Britain of the defense of the Dominions, and may well deprive her soon of the leadership which has been the concomitant of defense. If an international police force is not established or does not prove effective, Great Britain's minimum requirements for her own security in peace time will be greater than ever before. She will then have to maintain not only her navy but, in all probability, a large standing army and air force as well; anything less would expose her to a repetition of 1940. It is likely that she will be able to bear this burden, if necessary, even though she will be bowed under the cumulative weight of two wars within a generation. But it is most unlikely that she will be able or willing to bear the far greater burden of defending the entire Commonwealth. While she will not lose the power to defend herself, she has already lost the power to do that with one hand and to defend the Dominions with the other.

This is not to imply for a moment that Great Britain is finished as a world power. There is nothing decadent about a nation which can stand for a year, virtually alone, against a Europe mastered by Germany, and can then turn to the offensive with vigor and success. The British people are as strong as ever—and in some ways stronger. They have shown that their doggedness is matched by their energy and skill. The war has made vast changes in their social structure and social thinking, and has released a force which few observers dreamed was in them four short years ago. In her domestic policy after the war, Great Britain may well be an object lesson to the United Nations in the implementing of democracy. In her international policy, she will have a power to be respected. The fact remains, however, that she will not have sufficient power to protect her own and Dominion interests simultaneously in every part of the world.

This fact creates a new situation for the Commonwealth. Five of the member states grew up under the military guardianship of the sixth, Great Britain, and none of the five has had, or is likely to have, the man power and resources to de-

fend itself. The events of the seventeen months between the destroyer deal and the fall of Singapore finally demonstrated that the premise of British protection is in some cases false, and the results in the Commonwealth are bound to be far-reaching.

To a great extent, they already have been. Australian and New Zealand troops are now under American commanders and acting with American forces; the Canadian and American governments are in close military co-operation. In all three Dominions, the developments of war have necessitated a greater or less degree of American leadership, which promises to become more marked as the war continues. The two Dominions which have as yet been scarcely affected, Eire and the Union of South Africa, are likely to feel the new force increasingly. Eire is now protected in part by American troops garrisoned in Ulster, and the problem of getting the use of naval bases in southern Ireland is one which the American government cannot neglect—particularly if we succeed in establishing a front in northern Europe, which would vastly increase the burden on our supply lines to Great Britain. The remoteness of South Africa is changing more slowly; it is now thousands of miles from an active theatre of war, and is likely to remain so. But after the North African coast became a base for an Anglo-American offensive against Europe, the whole African continent was affected. It seems inevitable that the Union, as the most important belligerent state on that continent, will be drawn more and more into the stream of events in the North, and thence into the stream of world conflict and world affairs.

The isolation of the Dominions is declining as the war swells towards its climax. The isolation of the United States is also declining with the increase of our power, and we are assuming a leadership in Dominion affairs which is forced on us by necessity. We have no choice about using our power for winning the war. In the post-war world, however, we shall have the choice of whether to continue or cease to use it for winning the peace—winning not so much in terms of treaties

or international organization as of leadership in solving whatever problems the new world brings. The material foundation of that leadership already exists, and will increase before the war is over. To take one obvious example, we shall emerge from the struggle with the greatest aggregation of naval power in history; it will be based in most of the oceans of the globe, and backed by a naval and army air force of colossal size. We shall have the necessary instrument, in short, for asserting our will for good or evil in every quarter of the earth.

Our use of this instrument will affect all the nations of the post-war world, and none more directly than the members of the British Commonwealth. We shall presumably have a choice of one of three ways of using it. The first will be a return to isolationism, which would mean either scrapping our instrument or letting it rust at home—a reaction which would be the triumph of tradition over recent experience, and the abdication of all leadership. The most likely effect on the Commonwealth would be to inaugurate an era of disintegration, in which Great Britain would become increasingly absorbed with her European interests, and the Dominions would be left to adjust themselves as best they could to the position of weak states in an anarchic world.

Our second possible course will be to exert our power solely for our own ends, to establish an American imperium and a Pax Americana. This policy is closely akin to isolationism, though its form is more militant. It wins support from Anglophobes, because our empire would presumably be built upon the ruins of the British; it appeals to other ex-isolationists in the guise of national defense, as witness the current argument for post-war control of airways and of the Pacific bases. Such imperialism would for a time give us leadership with a vengeance. But it would be leadership without moral validity; we should be a nation standing alone, sowing dragon's teeth. The immediate results are easily predictable. Our collaboration with the Dominions would become dictation to them, and the trend of their progress in the last century would be reversed. They and Great Britain, as well as the rest of the world, would

be turned into enemies. The price of our return to this phase of the nineteenth century might well be what British imperialists feared before that century was out—a vast coalition of hostile powers.

Our third possible course will be to use our power not only in our own interest but in that of other nations, as defined by them as much as by us. This is both the one hopeful course and the one for which we are now accumulating techniques and experience. It is a development which sounds utopian, but much of it is already fact. Our major interest for the present is that of all the United Nations, victory. In achieving it we are acting in collaboration with our partners. While our economic and military planning may be called selfish, its selfishness is subordinate to the welfare of the group; joint boards determine joint strategy of production and military operations. The mechanism of collaboration, though inadequate, does exist. The question is whether it shall be prolonged into the post-war world.

This is obviously a matter which concerns far more than our relations with the British Commonwealth. Just as the war cannot be won until we integrate our effort with that of the Chinese, and even more with that of the Russians, so the peace cannot be won by mere Anglo-Saxon co-operation. But a beginning must be made somewhere. We are already co-operating with the members of the Commonwealth in a greater degree than with the other United Nations, partly because we understand them better and partly because our military effort must, if only from geographic necessity, be more minutely co-ordinated with theirs. Our experience of working with others is evolving as an experiment predominantly within the English-speaking world, and it is in this form that it is likely to have its most immediate importance for the future.

What would this form be after the war has ended? A detailed prediction is a waste of time, but presumably the general lines of development would follow those already established. If we elected to continue in peace what we have begun in war, the United States and the British Commonwealth

would become virtually a unit for the determination of basic economic and political policy. This might be achieved by joint planning boards, developed out of those which are already taking form, or it might be achieved merely by periodic consultation. In either case, the sovereignty of each state would in practice be subordinated to the policy of the group, upon which each would have an influence roughly proportionate to its contribution. Since our contribution would in most respects be the largest, in terms of food, loans, military power, leadership would in general devolve upon us, subject to criticism and amendment by the others. Each state, however, would be as free as it is at present to initiate policy in an issue of peculiar concern to itself, provided that it secured the agreement of the others involved; this proviso might well be implemented (as it is now) merely by the desire for group support. Group policy would be backed by tremendous power: the armies, navies, and air forces of the separate states, which might or might not continue under some form of central command.

Is this fantastic? It might well have seemed so two years ago, but now each of the suggested changes has taken place, under the stress of war, in our relations with members of the Commonwealth. The question is not whether change is possible; change has happened, and the question is whether it will continue on similar lines after the war. If it does, it will be only because the war has matured public opinion in this country, Great Britain, and the Dominions, to the point of abandoning isolationism for close international co-operation. To assume that this will happen is rash optimism. But to assume that it will not happen is to assume that men will learn nothing from the greatest ordeal of modern history.

Whether such co-operation between the United States and the Commonwealth would be a force for good or evil would depend on the uses to which it was put. It might become a static, negative power for the defense of the *status quo*. It might, at the other extreme, become an Anglo-Saxon imperialism, animated by a fusion of old forces in Great Britain and new ones in this country. It might lead to a withdrawal of

Great Britain from European affairs, to the alienation of Russia, and even to a gradual alignment of land powers to oppose the sea powers of the new grouping. Such dangers would be unlikely, however, unless the Anglo-Saxon democracies attained a much higher degree of political organization and emotional unanimity than there is any reason to expect.

The essence of the new relationship would be elasticity, because nothing else would be likely to succeed. The freedom of action of each state would be curtailed by practical considerations rather than legal commitments—considerations of the sort which curtailed the freedom of Great Britain, at the time of the Washington Conference, to continue her alliance with Japan. This would be the only feasible basis for American participation. Any formal treaty which limited our policy, for instance in regard to South America, would be difficult for us to accept and more difficult to observe. The same applies to the Dominions. They have grown in the twin traditions of co-operation and independence, and could not be expected to sacrifice the second for the first. It applies equally to Great Britain, with her marked aversion to subordinating her policy to any other and with her vital interests in Europe. She is a European almost as much as a world power, and now has in the Russian alliance a political tie of first importance. She is, therefore, uniquely fitted to be an intermediary and interpreter between Europe in general and Russia in particular, on the one hand, and the rest of the English-speaking nations, on the other. Hence the new alignment, because of its elasticity, would not exclude co-operation with other powers.

This alignment would not be a substitute for an international organization, if only because there is no reason to expect that it would be sufficiently organized. At the beginning, there might well be no more than a willingness to consult and to work out common policy. If a formal world organization were created after the war, such informal co-operation could function within its framework, as the Commonwealth functioned within the framework of the League. If there were no framework, or if the framework should not endure, this co-opera-

tion might have to be implemented by specific agencies. But their form and functions could wisely be left for the needs of the future to determine.

Wisely so, because that course would accord with the traditions of the peoples concerned. We are essentially pragmatists, Americans as well as British, and are absorbed with the substance of problems rather than the theory. What appeals to us is not the rigid and detailed solution, the explicit covenant, but the arrangement which works, and which is flexible enough to grow with the demands of the moment. Our present method of fighting the war is typical of such an arrangement: each of the United Nations has surrendered some degree of its independence, from the necessity of working together to win, but the surrender has rarely been embodied in legal terms. Hence we now have a system of collaboration which works particularly well between the United States and the British Commonwealth, and which exists in fact rather than in law. The same informality might continue if we felt the need of working together to win the peace.

The greatest question about the post-war world is not what form its organization will take but whether its peoples will be willing to co-operate; it is a question not of constitutions but of spirit. Constitutions are the bane of much post-war planning. Trying to ensure a successful world order by creating a constitution for it is like trying to ensure a successful marriage by creating a new wedding service. If there is a willingness among peoples to work together, legal formulae are relatively unimportant; if there is not, formulae are useless.

The willingness will be a precious commodity, to be utilized wherever it exists. Where that will be depends in great part on the future tide of war. If our effort is more closely co-ordinated with Russia's in Europe or Asia, or with China's in Asia, the groundwork of co-operation may be laid. All that is clear for the present is that the groundwork has already been laid in the relations of this country and the Commonwealth. We have been and shall be trained in a hard school to hang together or separately. We have improvised methods for hanging to-

gether. They have worked, and we have improved them. They will be further improved before the war ends. If we then have the spirit to win the peace also by common struggle, we shall have the techniques for doing so.

This implies a different concept of peace from that of 1919. Then we believed that the world had been made safe when we stopped firing guns to make it so, and that peace could be attained by signing a treaty. It may be that peace will appear this time in a different light, as what Hardy called "this never truly being, this evermore becoming"—as an opportunity to work without bloodshed towards a better world, in a world evolving ceaselessly for better or worse. Unless peace is accepted as the mere setting for work, there will not be the impetus for working together. Co-operation in Nirvana is needless.

Such changes in public opinion are at present only vast question-marks. If they occur at all, they are likely to occur in greatest degree in the English-speaking democracies, and to spread from them to other nations. If they occur, the nucleus of the new world which is now taking form will also take life. The form is being fashioned for us by the pressures of war. It is growing out of the structure of the Commonwealth, which reconciles national independence and international co-operation; out of the dilemma of Great Britain, dependent on what she is no longer able to protect; out of the position of the United States, having power thrust upon it, learning perforce the lessons of teamwork. These are the materials to hand. When our long crisis ends, they will either crumble into anarchy or cohere into new order. The choice will be ours.

FOR LOVE ONLY

By JOHN DILLON HUSBAND

I SHALL have asters for you: frosty blue,
Golden, and scarlet, and purple-dyed;
Forget-me-nots and, white as mountain snow,
Piled high in corners for the sun to find,
Sky-minded daisies searching heaven out;
Bluebells, and violets cool as rock-grown moss;
Roses with scarlet hearts, and one rose
Yellow as heart of flame; yellow as country sunlight
On a summer hill.

Through the long ebb tide of years
I shall keep your flowers, and so keep you,
Knowing that in the shafted sunlight drifts
Whatever there is of us when we and earth are quits;
Knowing if flesh is more than flesh alone
You will come back on summer winds to find
The fragrance of your garden paths again.

I shall plant no flowers for grief or memory;
For love only;
For the music lost before the song was done;
For making the starlight seem less far and lonely.

AMERICAN EDUCATION AFTER THE WAR

By WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE

A PHENOMENON new, in size and implication at least, to our universities and colleges has changed the nature of our educational institutions already, and may alter their structures and functions materially and permanently. This is the program of training upon contract which governmental agencies, the army and the navy, and industry have hired the colleges and universities to undertake. The navy, for example, needs young men trained in physics, mathematics, navigation, and such subjects, and contracts directly with a college to give that training in a specified period of time; a great airplane corporation needing workers who know certain engineering principles and techniques makes a contract with a school to teach these definite things at so much for each hour of instruction. In their eagerness to help the nation at war and to keep their treasuries full, the institutions have leapt at the challenge or the bait. The University of Chicago, which leads in so many things, seems to be leading here, too. It is reputed to have upwards of one hundred fifty contracts of various kinds under operation. In the race for solvency and patriotic service the other universities are not far behind, however, and Chicago would do well to look to its laurels.

The fact of education (if it may be called such) by contract has for educational institutions many implications which have not yet been fully appreciated. For one thing, there is the exceedingly important question concerning the nature of these institutions after the war. A proper answer to this question is even more important to the country than it is to our colleges and universities. Who are to be the customers of educational

institutions after the war? Are industries to buy training by the piece from them? If so, they will pay for precisely what is useful to them, and nothing more. Will the government assume the role of national educator and pay the schools and colleges for providing education according to its specifications? The government as customer will buy only what it wishes. In these eventualities, industry and government will control education, and it is evident that these customers will have little use for many of the wares which the institutions of higher learning value exceedingly. There are still further implications in the programs of education by contract. There is, for example, more than a hint in the curricula laid down by the army and the navy for their trainees in the colleges that for their purposes our whole educational system from school to university has not been giving a sound and useful education.

Before the war came upon us, the American educational world had its affairs almost entirely in its own hands. Its leaders prescribed what students should study, and in large part how they should study. The parents who footed the bills were either pleased with or indifferent to the intellectual aspects of their children's training. It was an easy market, and a great deal of shoddy was sold with the good. I wish in the following pages to explore a few of the implications which the present situation forces upon us, and then to set forth a program of general education at the college level which, if rigorously followed, may justify the faith which the public placed in education before the war, and may again. In the beginning I ought to say that I believe that only the faculties in our schools, colleges, and universities have the necessary knowledge, wisdom, and disinterestedness to plan an education which will be at all levels of great and general service to the country. Neither government nor industry is to be trusted in education. They would inevitably seek their own purposes. Moreover, they would impose their own mass methods. Industry would make our children robots and tenders of machines. The government would put our institutions into the hands of political-minded professors of education and educational bureaucrats, and that would

reduce higher education to a mediocrity which it has not yet reached in America. We should have then no standard-bearers left, and no hope of better things.

If we take the position that the control of our education should, in the national interest, be left to the faculties of our universities, colleges, and schools, we owe it to the nation to make an honest accounting of their achievements in the past. A candid inspection of the results will be embarrassing to those who have been in charge of education in this country, but it must be made to the ground. There is no better time than the present to make it.

Matthew Arnold's dictum that there can be no great poem without a great subject has become a truism which may be applied to an educational system: there can be no great educational system without a great program of studies. We may also say that without a great educational system democracy is imperilled. We have had no great curriculum in America since the early nineteenth century when the old classical-mathematical-philosophical one which we inherited from England began to prove inadequate to the conditions of life in our country. The studies and the professors became ossified together. During the nineteenth century, new studies began to assume immense importance: the natural sciences, the social sciences, modern literatures gradually forced their way into the old curriculum. The senior course in moral philosophy, which was usually taught by the president of the college and was the integrating study and the crown of the student's liberal education, gradually disappeared. This was partly because the president was preoccupied by the affairs of a growing collection of schools, and partly because the president could no longer pull together authoritatively the many fields of specialized learning in his institution.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, two specific developments in higher education disrupted the coherent plan of the old college curriculum. The first was the elective system, promoted by President Eliot of Harvard as a device for getting the new studies into the curriculum of general educa-

tion. The second was to be found in the peculiar position of the college of liberal arts in the new state universities. The college in many of these institutions was unprotected from the whims of the public, and often very quickly became a service institution. When the school of engineering or agriculture required a course in English or history, the college provided it according to specifications. In both cases, the results have been disastrous in the long run for the curriculum, not altogether because new subjects were admitted but because the educational pattern was overwhelmed in the process. A corollary of the elective system was the principle that all subjects were equally valuable. In the present age, with its emphasis upon technology and vocationalism, there is a tendency to turn this principle around and declare that all liberal studies are equally valueless. Liberal studies which Cicero defined as those which liberate the minds of men!

In these ways and others, the content of our college curriculum has approached chaos. This has not gone unrecognized, and in our day many efforts are being made to put Humpty-Dumpty together again. The best of these attempts recognize that a great common curriculum must be evolved if it is to serve the country well. At one extreme we have experimental colleges which do not recognize the need for a unifying curriculum, but rather proceed on the principle of "individuation," as it is called, where the studies are adapted completely to the student's desire. From the point of view of the common curriculum this is progressive disintegration. The implications of President Eliot's device—implications which never occurred to him—have gone down through all the lower schools, bounced upward again, and have been caught by our educators in the teachers colleges. At the other extreme are the traditionalists who would prescribe a rigid mediaeval curriculum for us. A fair, but by no means extreme, example of this is the lower learning of the University of Chicago. No doubt we get good from both kinds of colleges. The first kind through its experiments has taught us a good deal about method. As an example, it has developed the project or independ-

ent work. The second group has brought our attention back to content and has stressed the necessity of form in the curriculum. Neither of these groups of colleges has provided a synthesis of methods and studies for our age, however, which is capable of performing for us what the great curricula of Greece and of the Middle Ages did for their people.

When the curriculum of the colleges went to pieces, the schools below were quick to feel the confusion above. They declared their independence, but, like so many little countries, soon fell prey to powerful neighbors. The public high schools soon abandoned the austere disciplines of the old curriculum, and under the protection of the teachers colleges have substituted as many fancy and trivial programs as their protectors could imagine. This is why students now graduate from our public high schools unable to write, read, or speak English; unable to cope with mathematical problems which require algebra and trigonometry in a time when we are in dire need of these commodities; unable to read or speak fluently any foreign language in a time when to be provincial is to be only partially alive; unable to remember, much less to understand, a few facts about the history of their country; unable to think clearly, and too undisciplined to behave considerately; ungrounded in the intellectual virtues. It is true that there are extenuating circumstances. We have asked the teachers to educate enormous masses of socially undigested populations, and we have paid them very poorly for their pains. It is little wonder that in their difficulties they succumbed to the soft theories of soft educators. Because some subjects, such as mathematics, were deemed hard, our children have been spared the pain of learning them.

It is clear that our high schools need to have their share in the great common curriculum redefined for them, and they must be persuaded to join in the national enterprise. The schools should not find it too difficult to lay out a core of common studies, good for all their pupils whether they are going on to college or not. In this curriculum they should be able to bring their pupils to a high degree of proficiency in a few

fundamental disciplines. The first requirement should be that the pupil should learn the reading, writing, and speaking of English in a thoroughgoing way. This program should rest upon rigorous grammatical analysis, systematic analysis of written matter for the understanding of what is read, and ample and endless practice in writing and speaking. It should rise in the concluding years of high school to a study of some of the very great books in our intellectual heritage, especially the great masters of English, such as the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, though translation of Homer, Virgil, and others should not be excluded.

The second great portion of the high school curriculum should be a continuous study of mathematics. This should be done not merely because mathematics is basic to all progress in further engineering, scientific, or technical work, but because the beautiful precision of mathematics affords the best training in the habit of correct thinking which is available to us. Four arduous years in this subject would bring the pupil through the first parts of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. In the hands of a skilful and imaginative teacher there could be no better training for the pupil.

As a third portion of the curriculum the pupil should be introduced, but in no easy way, to the conceptions of the natural sciences which shape so much of our thinking. A sound course in physics on one side or in biology will do this admirably, but I should recommend a course in geology, which seems to me to have peculiar advantages for boys at this age. In content, it is concerned both with inorganic nature and with life in nature. Its tremendous sweep in time gives perspective. It is an incomparable study for giving the young imaginative mind the largest conceptions of space and time, and at the same time it inculcates scientific methods and principles.

One other study should be included in the common curriculum of the high schools. This is the program in history. The hullabaloo which has recently been raised over the ignorance of our youths in American history is in many re-

spects ridiculous, but the matter may be taken seriously as a commentary upon the teaching in our schools in general. The diluted, amorphous course made up of civics, history, social studies and what not has not done the work which its originators in the teachers colleges fancied it would. Why they fancied it would remains a mystery. A small program of courses in history ought to be placed in the high school curriculum, and these courses ought to pay attention to our institutions, their European origins and our American adaptations. The great ideas which have influenced America's development ought to have a prominent place.

For the pupil who is not to go on to college a thorough grounding in these subjects is enough. For the young man or woman who is going further in his studies there should be two other requirements: he must be thoroughly grounded in an ancient language and in a modern one. The virtues which lie in the study of Latin or Greek are akin to those in the study of mathematics, but somewhat different. Language has a logic of its own. Moreover, these languages, ancient and modern, unlock doors to learning, and free the mind and spirit from provincialism. It is a reproach to America that in her time of greatness she has found herself so inadequately prepared in this respect to take her part. Even to-day when the war is bringing home to us our unpreparedness in modern languages the schools in great parts of the country are giving up the struggle to teach them, and many colleges are not demanding them for entrance. How can we carry on the great tradition of learning or hold up our heads among the nations without these languages? They are not for all our children, but those who would travel beyond the confines of their state or take their parts in great affairs are crippled without them.

Here, then, is the core of studies for the high school which will give the young mind the necessary materials for further development. It will be said that many schools do these things already and more besides. To this I can answer that not many schools do them well enough. It will seem to many people that this program does not pay sufficient attention to social

problems in our society. In my opinion those studies are for maturer minds which have been well grounded in the fundamental things. If the program seems too solid and heavy, it may be answered that our educational administrators are seldom at a loss when it comes to the introduction of levity. All the studies mentioned are fundamental to a good education, and good for all who take them. Moreover, they give in large part the common training so essential as a binder in democracy. It is not the duty of the high schools to proliferate special programs for special groups. The schools will have done enough if they teach the fundamentals well.

Let us turn now to the college curriculum, where a state of confusion exists quite the equal of that in the high schools. The function of a good college may be said to be three-fold: to provide a general education broad in scope; to arrange programs of moderate concentration which will give the student a sense of mastery in a particular field; and to bring him to that point of maturity at which he is capable of genuinely independent work. Each of these requires a considerable commentary, but our chief interest must be with general education. It is there that the confusion is greatest, and it is there that most may be done.

If we are to establish a great curriculum for general education, we must proceed upon the assumption that the sum of the studies should have meaning. A mere accumulation of data without order and without significance will only produce the chaos which we now have in most colleges. If the studies are to have meaning in their totality, it is inevitable that general education must be either a theological or a philosophical synthesis of what we know of nature, man and his history, and his destiny. The curriculum must be as adequate for our day as the Greek and mediaeval syntheses were for their times. It must show the student the inanimate world and give him a grasp of the principles upon which it exists; it must present the panorama of history, of man's ideas and institutions, of his struggles, failures, and successes; it must give him a clear idea of man in society; and it must present him with a sound

conception of his relation to society, the limits of his rights and the extent of his duties, a knowledge of his own abilities, his values, and the ideas he lives by. To see the world, man, history, and the individual in the grand synthesis ought to lead the student to the philosophical significance and order of the whole, for in the studies that make up the curriculum are our origin, history, and destiny. The fact that the program here proposed follows the tremendous sweep of time and the grand development of human ideas ought in itself to be a unifying principle. In the paragraphs which follow, the various studies which will contribute to the student's general education are treated in the order, roughly, in which they should appear in his program: the natural sciences, historical perspective, the social sciences, and man and his values.

The natural sciences fall into two great groups: those which deal with inanimate nature and the laws which govern it; and those which deal with life and its laws. Of the first, physics, chemistry, and astronomy study the nature of the inorganic world, utilizing the mathematics necessary to their problems. In the second group we are concerned with the natural laws governing the development of life. This group comprises such subjects as biology and zoology, botany, and experimental psychology. As we have seen, the broad subject of geology operates in both groups. In his first year, the student should be grounded in the principles of inorganic nature, and in his second year he should proceed to the more complex, but less exact, study of the laws of life. To secure the values of the sequence, however, we must have teachers who are able and willing to philosophize upon the implications and meanings of their subjects, and who are able to see the significance of the matter they are teaching in the whole plan of general education. Such men are not plentiful in these fields. Each science has been accustomed to teach its elementary courses as if these courses were the first leg of a journey towards a highly specialized degree. So taught, these courses lose all significance for ninety per cent of the pupils, and the teachers forfeit all hope of influence. Unless the teachers, particularly

those of the inorganic sciences, will see their subjects broadly and philosophically they may as well be left out of the program. These teachers are usually the prize products of a blind system which allows no time for them to be educated in anything but their own subject. Until that vicious circle is broken, there can be little hope of light.

The portion of the student's program devoted to historical perspective is of the greatest importance to his general education in stabilizing and arranging his view of man's activity from the beginning of recorded time to the present. It is a large undertaking, but its results should be a clear and strong view of man's progress, his struggles, defeats, and victories. The feature most to be emphasized should be the sweep of ideas through the centuries, and here many of the great books of our Western heritage should be studied and digested. In the first year, the student should be introduced on a broad scale to the great books, the great art, the great ideas of the Greek and Roman worlds. In the second year the mediaeval and modern worlds should be presented in a similar fashion. The course should be history, but history philosophized, a history of ideas as well as of events. Great generals should give way to great thinkers. The course should be pointed at its conclusion by a view of American achievements in the same kind. There are very few teachers of history who do not point the implications of past ideas and events towards the conditions of our own day.

It is the function of the social sciences to show the institutions and the activities of man in society, and to discover the principles of order and justice, and to disclose the authority of man's social arrangements. The studies which make up this field, anthropology and sociology, economics, government and international relations, and social psychology, are relatively new in their development in our educational programs. Their materials are vast and chaotic, and will probably never be amenable to the ordering which prevails in the natural sciences. The tendency of the teachers in these fields is to be modern and bright, and the danger is that they easily become superficial. But in truth, the problems these subjects deal with

are as old as man, and their principles were laid down ages ago in many an eternal treatise, beginning with Aristotle's "Politics" and Plato's "Republic." To be genuinely useful to a general education these subjects must put far more emphasis upon theory and principle and far less on description of the contemporary scene. The teachers in these subjects may be relied upon to get to the contemporary scene fast enough.

The fourth great field to be studied in a program of general education is that which deals with man and his permanent values. It attempts to treat man as an individual within his society. It includes such studies as architecture and the fine arts, literature both ancient and modern, music, philosophy, and religion. Through his training in this field the student should be brought to an awareness of himself, his tastes, his beliefs, his desires, his satisfactions, and, above all, his connection with other men, past and present, in these ultimate matters. Many of these studies bear so directly on the eternal and most intimate problems of man, both as an intellectual and an emotional being, that they do more than other studies to mature the young mind. In the courses in literature, music, and the fine arts, the student comes into his heritage, and those magnificent conductors of vicarious experience are the hasteners of wisdom. Courses in philosophy and religion, especially, should be conducted in discussion groups; and it is the teachers in philosophy who should attempt to unify and bind together the whole curriculum. For philosophy is not merely another subject; it is the summation and the ordering of all the others—the queen of the sciences still, though she often attempts to abdicate. Unless this portion of the program is well done, the significance of the whole is lost. In its final form it should come relatively late in the student's program, but in its elementary form it should accompany him at every step of his way. Here preceptorial guidance is called for, and called for from the wisest and best-educated men in our faculties. It is their task to stand by the scene, like the eternal spokesman in "Our Town," to point out the ultimate significance of every event in the student's education.

I have dwelt at length upon the program for general studies in the great common curriculum because it is at that point in our colleges that most confusion exists and because there the whole cause of education may be irretrievably lost. If we can establish a common curriculum upon great lines, the student will emerge from his sophomore year with the necessary body of common knowledge to make him a competent man in his generation. From that point he may go forward to a fuller and richer education in the upper years of his college career, or he may leave the college for a career elsewhere. The college can authenticate him as a well-educated person. It is to be understood that while this program of general education is going forward in the first two years of college the student is still cultivating the intellectual virtues which are to be found in logic and mathematics, and the ancient and modern languages. To make the whole program flexible and adjustable to differing degrees of proficiency in the student it ought always to be a principle that if the student can exhibit a moderate mastery in any field, he ought to be excused at once from further work in that subject. In this way some advanced students may arrive at the completion of their general education by the end of freshman year; and there will be others, no doubt, who will need three years for this task.

In the upper years, usually two, of the student's education the college must achieve two main objects, first, it must arrange for the student's reasonable concentration in a particular field; and, second, it must bring him to that maturity in his training where he is capable of doing, and actually does do, independent work. A brief paragraph is perhaps sufficient to delineate each of these objects.

In college training the field of concentration must be broad, and in no sense should it be vocational or pre-professional in nature. In general, no more than half of the student's time in his last two years should go into a study of a particular subject, the rest being devoted to further general education and to supplementary studies. The object of the concentration is to inculcate the great intellectual virtues of thoroughness and

judgment and to give the student the sense of mastery which he needs for his further development. The concentration, to be effective, should be concluded by a broad and searching examination which goes far beyond the courses studied. In this connection, it is high time that our colleges made the summer vacation contribute materially towards the mastery of the field. A list of the great books in the field of concentration should be given the student at the end of the spring term, and he should be examined upon them before the fall term begins. In this way the study could be made to have a continuity which the long vacations interrupt.

In his final years also, and more particularly in his senior year, the student should be expected to undertake a piece of work of considerable size which he would carry through with a minimum of guidance from the faculty. The essay, project, or independent undertaking, of whatever nature, is a piece of research in the field of the student's major interest, but it should not be pre-professional or pre-vocational. Often enough, however, it will help a young man to find the thing he wishes to devote his life to. We must be prepared to find that in many cases the results will be disappointing. But often enough even the poor essay or project has allowed a young man to find himself, and he has become an independent man in the process.

It is not likely that the colleges can agree upon all the details of a common curriculum. Each will have its own color and flavor, no doubt. But unless they do reach a substantial agreement upon the content and essential meaning of the curriculum, and regain their own faith in the value of what they are doing, they will never persuade the public which maintains them that they are worth saving as free intellectual institutions. If the colleges default in this matter, education by contract will continue after the war, and the colleges will have sold their birthrights for an unsavory mess of pottage. The disaster in the long run, however, will be the country's, and that is of more consequence. We shall indeed have lost the things we are fighting with guns and men to maintain.

ANIMALS COURTING

By JULIAN S. HUXLEY

THE trouble about acquiring knowledge is that it reveals fresh ignorance: the more facts, the more questions. Thanks to observant hunters, gamekeepers, amateur naturalists, and professional biologists, we are now in possession of an immense body of facts about the peculiarities of behavior and structure connected with the securing of a mate in animals. But the facts immediately turn themselves into a series of insistent questions—why, why, why?

Why do stags not have beautiful tails (or rather, to be accurate, trains) like peacocks, or, vice versa, why do not peacocks have bony excrescences on their heads like stags? Why are male dogs or horses not provided with bright-colored adornments like cock pheasants or sage grouse, and why don't they sing like nightingales or mocking birds? Why are male elephant seals or bustards much bigger than females, while in most creatures the sexes are approximately equal in size? Why are most mammals restricted to blacks, whites, and grays, browns, russets, and yellows, while monkeys, like birds (and fish), run the gamut of color?

Within the one group of birds, why are some conspicuous in both sexes (like crows or loons), some inconspicuous in both sexes (like sparrows or skylarks), some again conspicuous in the male sex but inconspicuous in the female (like most ducks and some finches)? When there are special plumes or ornaments used for display, why are these sometimes restricted to the males (as in pheasants or birds of paradise), but in other species found in both sexes (as in herons or grebes)? Why is song almost entirely confined to one group of birds? And why do birds sing anyhow? Why do skylarks and pipits sing in the air, while most birds sing from a perch?

Why do so many birds, such as prairie chicken, ruff, or birds of paradise, have special communal courting grounds, or at least perform their courtship while in flocks or groups? How is it possible for evolution to have produced adornments which are actually a hindrance to their possessor in the ordinary affairs of life, like the train of the peacock?

Do reptiles indulge in courtship? or fish? or insects? or worms? and if not, why not? Why do female spiders sometimes eat their mates? Why do male fiddler crabs have one claw enlarged until it is nearly as big as the rest of their body, while the females have two tiny claws like the males' small one?

Why, when there is a difference in brilliance of adornment between the sexes, is it almost invariably in favor of the male in lower animals, while the reverse is true in the human species?

That is a small selection of the questions which the facts insist on asking. Curiously enough, no one bothered very much about answering this kind of question until after the middle of the last century. This was mainly because the theory of special creation still held the field in biology: the thousands of different species of animals were supposed to have been created, once and for all, with all their peculiarities of construction and behavior as we observe them today. Furthermore, even biologists had scarcely begun then to interpret animal behavior except in human terms. In the field we are here considering, this anthropomorphic tendency often showed itself by interpretation of animal display in terms of human courtships—bird song was some sort of a serenade, bright plumage was the equivalent of putting on your best suit, fighting was a duel for possession of a bride, and so on.

With the acceptance of the idea of evolution, however, all this was changed. Animals had not always been what we see today. They had gradually become their modern selves, and all their characteristics demanded an explanation, for nothing could have evolved without some biological reason. Darwin himself was the first to tackle the kind of question I have

been posing, and propounded a special theory to account for special masculine weapons, such as deer antlers, and for special masculine adornments, such as the peacock's train. According to him, such characteristics owed their evolution to what he called "sexual selection"—selection based on a struggle or competition between rival males for the possession of a mate. The successful males would reproduce themselves, the others not; and so the characters making for success in this sexual struggle would be inherited and progressively developed generation by generation.

This was a reasonable hypothesis at the time it was propounded, in 1871; but gradually new facts came to light which it did not meet or cover. There were the numerous cases, apparently unknown to Darwin, of special adornments developed by both sexes and used in mutual display. There was the fact that many kinds of bright masculine colors are not used in display towards females at all, but only in threat against rival males. And there was the difficulty that in most song birds, the males not only are monogamous but do not begin their courtship display until *after* they are mated for the season, so that the display could have nothing to do with the choice of mates.

For these and other reasons, Darwin's theory of sexual selection fell into disrepute in the early years of the present century. However, the facts remained, and continued to pose their questions. Gradually, as the result of a great deal of patient observation and a certain amount of experiment, the answers began to shape themselves, until today we can at least make general sense of the situation. Masculine weapons and bright display characters do owe their evolution to selection, though it is not sexual selection in the diagrammatic sense in which Darwin employed the term.

With regard to obvious weapons, the position is much as Darwin stated it. They have been evolved to fight for the possession of mates. Furthermore, as is to be expected, they are more striking when the battle is for a whole harem of females, for then the selective advantage to the victor, in the

shape of having more descendants, is multiplied many times. The antlers of stags, the mane and heavy forequarters of the male bison, the huge size of the male elephant seal are cases in point. But there was a further subtlety that has only come to light since Darwin's day. Fighting is exhausting and dangerous: so, while it will pay, biologically speaking, to fight for mates if fighting is necessary, it will pay still better if the object can be secured without a fight. Thus characters are evolved which serve for threat, as symbols of fighting strength, or even for bluff, in lieu of fighting strength.

Sometimes the weapons themselves are also threat symbols. This is so, for instance, with stags' antlers. An unmated stag will not challenge a stag in possession of a harem if his rival's antlers are too big compared to his own. Sometimes, on the other hand, the threat character has the special function of accentuating the general impression of size and strength, or giving a more horrific appearance. The male elephant seal when angry inflates his proboscis; the male mandrill has brilliant patches of color on his cheeks, which serve the same purpose as the war paint of savages; the male bison and lion have size-enhancing manes. And this may pass over into bluff. Various male lizards have bright colors which they display as threat characters to save fighting. The most elaborate threats are found in the species which fight least.

Finally, there is another kind of threat, which is very common in birds, being specially developed where the males stake out a large territory, as is the case in most song birds. Round this territory the whole business of reproduction later centres. The females will only mate with males that are in possession of a territory; the nest is built there, and in the territory is the area in which the parents find food for their young. Males will fight each other viciously for the possession of a territory; but they prefer not to have to fight, and so a male without a territory will often prefer to go on in search of an unclaimed area rather than run the risks of battle. Accordingly, it is biologically important to advertise the fact of being a territorial owner: it may keep a number of rivals

from trespassing, and so obviate the need for fighting. At the same time, the advertisement has to be directed at the other sex also—here is a territory complete with cock, at the service of the first hen bird to take up her quarters there. As the advertisement has to serve two purposes at once—attraction to mates as well as warning to rivals—it must not be all threat, as with the elephant seal's proboscis: it must be a mere symbol of possession, and concentrate on conspicuousness.

This appears to indicate the origin of bird song, and also of some of the conspicuous colors of male song birds. The yearly business of reproduction begins with the males staking out their territories. In migratory species, the males migrate first, and may be in possession of a territory for several days before there are any hen birds in the country at all. Once in possession, the males spend a considerable part of each day singing, which they generally do from one or other of a few conspicuous perches—or on the wing, if they are birds of open country, like the lark. The male's song is usually at its best before he has been joined by a female. Thus full song is a sign of a male in occupation of his territory. Another male will normally not wish to risk a serious fight by invading the territory, but will pass on, warned by the song, until he finds an unoccupied area. Conversely, the hen birds will be attracted by the song, for it advertises a potential nest. If there is another hen already in possession, a newcomer will have to fight; if not, she simply settles in, and the pair is then normally mated for the season.

Of course, everyone knows that birds may sing at other times of the year (as after the autumn moult) or in other circumstances (for instance, as a result of anger); it is also doubtless true that the individual bird usually sings because it "feels good." But this does not contradict the idea that song owes its evolutionary origin to the need for male conspicuousness on the territory; and this indeed is the only view that will fit the facts.

The conspicuous colors of so many male song birds, like goldfinch and cardinal and blackbird, serve the same sort of

purpose. They advertise the presence of the cock bird as prominently as possible.

Such is the broad general theory of the biological meaning of song and male conspicuousness in song birds. When, however, we explore the detailed differences between different species, we run up against a great many other interesting points and principles. One of the most striking things about song birds (though it is one which naturalists do not seem to have bothered about until quite recently) is the degree of difference which we often find between the males of closely related species. In the thrush family, for instance, the primitive coloration is brown with spotted breast and underparts. But the American robin has a chestnut-red breast; the European blackbird is jet black all over with golden bill, and so on. Or again, almost every species of finch and bunting is distinctively colored in the male.

It is the word *distinctive* which gives us the key. The cock bird on its territory needs to be conspicuous; but he needs also to be different from the cock birds of other species, especially those of closely related species, so that there shall be as little biological wastage as possible through hybridization, through hens of another species presenting themselves as potential mates, or through battles with other mates which are not really rivals.

Distinctiveness to the ear is demanded as much as to the eye; and thus we find that on the average related species differ as much in their songs as in their plumage. However, when we go into details, we are confronted with some cases where related species look very alike but have highly distinct songs. Why is this? Such birds generally look alike because they need to escape detection, and have developed a coloration which matches their background—mottled brown for the pipits of the moors; pale green for the leaf-warblers of our deciduous trees. The need for visual protection has overridden the need for visual distinctiveness. All the more reason, then, for accentuating the distinctiveness of what is left—namely, song. In some cases, most remarkable results have

been effected by evolution. Thus the two European leaf-warblers, the chiffchaff and the willow-warbler, are almost exactly alike to look at, and often overlap in the same area. But while the latter has a typical warble song, the chiffchaff has a song of two repeated notes (from which it takes its name). Sometimes, however, it gives a brief and faint warble at the close of its chiffchaffing, revealing that its song has been evolved from one like the willow-warbler's—and evolved as it has just in order to be as different as possible. Something of the reverse sort has, likewise, taken place in birds in which visual protection is not so necessary.

However, all these elaborate characters of song and distinctive coloration, combining warning to rivals with attraction to mates, are territorial advertisements, and not display or courtship in the usual sense. Territorial birds do have a real display, but this does not begin until *after* a female has settled in an occupied territory, and the pair is therefore mated for the season or the brood. So obviously Darwin's original idea that courtship had something to do with the selection of mates will not work here. Yet the male's displays may be elaborate and often repeated, with drooping of wings, fanning of tail, raising of crest, strange posturings and antics; and when bright plumage is present such displays actually show it off to special advantage. They could not have been evolved unless they had some biological meaning and advantage. For a long time, this puzzle remained unsolved. In the last few decades, however, we seem to have reached the solution. For one thing, they stimulate the female's readiness to mate; and for another, they have a physiological effect on the reproductive organs and help to ripen and activate them.

Readiness to mate may be determined mainly by purely physiological agencies, such as the discharge into the bloodstream of hormones from the gland part of the reproductive organs: this is what happens to female cats or dogs or other lower mammals "on heat." In this state they are not only ready but eager for mating; accordingly, no display by the male is needed—and none is to be found.

In birds, however, this does not happen; there is no such special discharge of "mating-readiness" hormones over a brief period, and readiness to mate is largely a psychological and emotional matter. Male display in birds is thus a device for stimulating the hen's emotions to a pitch at which she is ready to mate. Sometimes, as when one sees a peacock displaying all his magnificence before an apparently quite indifferent hen, this may seem a trifle far-fetched. However, we can remind ourselves that male display can be looked on as an advertisement, and in human affairs manufacturers are willing to pay large amounts of hard cash for advertisements, even though these may have no effect on 99 people out of 100, or on 99 occasions out of 100. The only question that matters, both for the human advertiser and the male bird, is whether the expenditure produces results.

That is one point; but there is another. It is now well established that in birds emotional stimuli, apparently acting through the nervous system and the ductless glands, may help in the ripening of the eggs. In doves, an isolated hen may even ripen and lay eggs (though these of course are sterile) as the result of seeing a male in another cage display at her. So a great deal of the apparently fruitless display of male birds (as of cock sparrows before the hens) is really serving to ripen the eggs in the female's ovaries.

This would be of particular biological advantage in bad seasons. It is well known that inclement weather may discourage birds from breeding. When the weather has been cold and wet, the number of eggs in a clutch is on the average lower than in good seasons. So any stimulating effect of display on reproduction would be of biological advantage both to the individual male through his leaving more descendants, and to the species.

There is a good deal of evidence that something of the same sort happens in the males too, though here it is more the successful rivalry with other males, coupled with the general excitement of the breeding season, which produces the result.

Quite recently, a further interesting fact has come to light: this effect of display and general emotional excitement on the reproductive organs can extend over from the individual to the group. In other words, if a number of birds have closely congregated together in the breeding season, the effect of a male courting his mate may have a stimulating effect on other females, and in general, the excitement caused by display is shared by the group as a whole. In gulls, this has the effect of making egg-laying a little earlier in large than in small colonies, and in concentrating it into a shorter time, which reduces the total toll of eggs and young birds taken by enemies.

This group-stimulating effect at once accounts for the fact that so many birds conduct their display publicly, in crowded groups—either at the nest in various gregarious breeders, or at special places used for nothing else. Communal display grounds are found with all kinds of birds, from grouse to birds of paradise, from waders like the ruff to song birds like manakins.

There are two other quite different kinds of bird courtship that must be mentioned, since they show so clearly the connection of type of display with mode of life. One is the exaggeration of purely masculine display, which we find in birds which are polygamous or promiscuous in their mating habits, instead of monogamous (at any rate, for each breeding season) like those so far described. Pheasants, peacocks, various grouse, birds of paradise, ruffs—in all these the females alone brood the eggs and look after the young, and therefore must be dull and inconspicuous, while the function of the males in reproduction is confined to securing as many mates as possible, and they are accordingly very conspicuous, with an elaborate display. In the most striking examples, as in ruffs, blackcock, sage grouse, or some birds of paradise, the cock birds gather each spring on special display grounds, where they spar and fight with each other and display at any female who visits the mating ground. In these cases, Darwin's original idea apparently holds good, and there is a real sexual selection, a hen

choosing her mate according to her fancy, the males merely endeavoring to stimulate her to choose them by means of their display.

At the other end of the scale are those numerous kinds of birds where both cock and hen play equal or almost equal parts in all reproductive activities, both helping in building the nest, in brooding the eggs, and in feeding and looking after the young birds. In most of these birds (unlike the bird of paradise or the barnyard rooster), this equality is reflected in appearance and in display—both sexes having special bright plumage, and using it to show off to each other in similar displays.

Apparently in Darwin's time these mutual displays had not been described. Yet they are very widely distributed. The great crested grebes pose in the most extraordinary ceremonies, showing off their handsome ruffs; egrets pose before each other in a mutual display of filmy lace aigrettes; dab-chicks indulge in a loud duet; loons run races side by side in strange set poses.

The biological meaning of mutual display is in the main the same as that of one-sided display in territorial birds—to stimulate readiness to mate and to ripen the reproductive organs. But it appears to have another function, too. The mutual ceremonies seem to give great emotional satisfaction to the pair, and to act as a bond between them, helping to keep them together throughout the breeding season. This is biologically important, since the co-operation of the parent birds is necessary if the brood is to be hatched and reared. In confirmation of this, we find that mutual displays, instead of coming to an end when the eggs are laid, are often continued right through the breeding season, until the young can fend for themselves.

I have already said something of the need for escaping notice (by enemies) against the need for attracting notice (from rivals and mates). This has led to a number of very interesting results. The two needs make contradictory biological demands—the one for inconspicuousness, the other for con-

spicuousness. The contradiction is reconciled in various quite different ways, according to the circumstances of the case. When the species is defenseless and lives in open surroundings, where it is in urgent need of concealment from enemies, then, as with skylarks, the coloration may be entirely protective in both sexes, and masculine display may be reduced to posturing, with drooping of wings, and spreading of tail, without any brilliance to set it off. Or species that need protection may have some bright sexual plumage, and yet keep it hidden most of the time, flashing it out only for display, as with the yellow crest of the goldcrest, or the white of the bustard, or the orange pouches of the prairie chicken.

In most territorial birds, however, the need for concealment does not seem so great, and the males are generally brightly or strikingly colored, as with finches, buntings, or blackbirds. As the hen has to brood the eggs, she is in greater need of concealment, and her plumage is correspondingly duller. Exceptions to this are found in birds which nest in holes, where the brooding female cannot be seen; here, as in nuthatches, the force of heredity can work unopposed by selection, and the bright plumage of the males is much more completely transferred to the females.

In ducks, the males neither brood the eggs nor help in looking after the young, and are, therefore, of much less value to the next generation than the females. Hence, if enemies are going to take a certain toll of the species, it is better that the males should suffer, and so, while the ducks must be made as inconspicuous as possible, it will be an advantage to the species (though not to the individual males!) for the drakes to be conspicuous. This is probably one reason for the bright colors of so many kinds of male ducks, which make their possessors conspicuous all the time, and not only for purposes of threat or courtship.

Finally, we reach a point where we can give quantitative expression to the forces working for conspicuousness. In monogamous territorial birds, courtship display characters will have what we may call a fractional reproductive advan-

tage—for instance, they may, as has been said, counteract the depressing effects of bad weather and stimulate the hen to lay rather more eggs than she otherwise would have done. But the advertisement characters which warn rivals off an occupied territory and attract a mate to it—these may have a whole unit of reproductive advantage: either a bird secures a territory and a mate, or it does not, while the display characters come into play only when a mate has already been secured. So, as their advantage is larger, it will override the need for concealment to a greater extent; and in point of fact we find that the most conspicuous male characters, both of plumage and voice, are concerned with territorial advertisement, while those used exclusively in display are less conspicuous, or are revealed only during display itself.

Finally, when the species is polygamous or promiscuous, the unit reproductive advantage may be multiplied a number of times, if the male secures several mates. Nature here is playing for very high stakes, and we find that display characters (which are those that count in such cases) may be developed to such an extent that not merely do they leave little room for concealment, but they may actually hinder the cock bird in its day-to-day struggle for existence. The train of the peacock is a hindrance; and the wings of the male argus pheasant have become so entirely devoted to purposes of display that they are almost useless for flight.

I have spent so much of my space on birds because courtship is better developed in them than in any other group of animals, and also has been more thoroughly studied. But there are other kinds of animals with some sort of courtship display, and the type of display differs with the type of animal.

In the first place, we clearly shall not find anything in the nature of courtship in sedentary creatures like sea anemones or sea squirts; nor in brainless and headless and eyeless creatures like jellyfish or sea urchins; nor indeed in any of those many types which loose their eggs and sperms at random to consummate their microscopic marriages in the waters of the

sea. All these depend at best on some simple chemical stimulus: for instance, the discharge of eggs by one sea urchin causes all other sea urchins in the neighborhood to liberate their sexual cells.

This, however, is a very wasteful process: an average sea urchin has to produce some five or six million eggs every season. The first approach to courtship is seen in some sea worms, in an attempt to reduce this wastage. The worms gather in swarms, and the males wriggle and contract themselves, probably also releasing some chemical substance. This primitive dance is a stimulus to the females to shed their eggs, which in its turn stimulates the males to release their sperm.

However, this can hardly be called courtship in any proper sense of the word. As we ascend the scale of animal life, the first performance meriting the name is found among the highest form of crustaceans, the crabs. Most even of these have no courtship—the males merely search lumberingly for a mate, approaching any smaller individual indiscriminately, and succeeding only by trial and error. But in one small family, the fiddler crabs, while the females have two tiny claws which act as spoons in feeding, the males have to be content with one, the other being enormously enlarged (sometimes weighing almost as much as the rest of the body) and often brightly colored. These “sex claws,” as we may call them, are not primarily weapons; the males use them in a form of display, rising on tiptoe and lifting and brandishing the giant claw. As one observer put it, “they seem to be advertising their maleness.” Often several distinct species of fiddler crab may live in the same area; but the color of their claws and the precise method of brandishing them are then very different.

Crabs have very rudimentary eyes and brains. They seem to be able to recognize only a very limited number of different situations—food, danger, sex, and a few others. What the waving of the giant claw does is to advertise, in the simplest possible way, the existence of a sex situation. And the difference between the claw display of different crabs is to empha-

size the separateness of the sex situation for each species. In other words, we have here the beginnings, but in very rudimentary form, of the type of advertisement display connected with territory in birds, with its conspicuousness on the one hand, its distinctiveness on the other.

Our next group up the scale is the spiders; and here the value to the male of advertising a sex situation is particularly high—because otherwise he may be mistaken for a food situation and eaten, since the female is much bigger than he, and equipped with a brain which cannot go much beyond treating any small moving object of an animal nature as prey to be captured.

There is one group of spiders that stalks its prey by sight, and another, of course, which is virtually blind and traps insects in a web. In the stalkers the male's display is visual—an elaborate dance, made more conspicuous by patches of bright color on some of his limbs, and as different as possible from the behavior of a fly or other small insect. As he approaches gesticulating, the female will often rush at him as if to seize him, and he will retreat. So the display goes on, until at last the female is persuaded that this is a sex situation and not a food situation.

In the web spiders, it is no good appealing to sight: it is touch which is the master sense. So here the males crawl up to the edge of the web and vibrate one of the strands—again in a special way, quite unlike the vibration caused by the struggles of a trapped insect. Spider courtship is thus unique—it is concerned not only with stimulating the female's readiness to mate, but with masculine self-preservation.

Next we reach the insects, that astonishing group which includes more than three-quarters of all animal species, and lives by elaborate instincts, hardly complicated by intelligence. It is among insects that the most bizarre specializations of life and behavior are to be found, and their courtships are no exception. Male grasshoppers of one family advertise a sex situation by means of sound—but they do it with their legs. A kind of cricket anticipates the human male by pre-

senting candy to the object of his attentions—but he produces it himself, in the shape of the sweet secretion of a special gland on his back. This is normally covered with a flap; but when he approaches a potential mate he lifts this lid and invites her to partake. Then there are the strange little flies called “empids.” These are carnivorous, eating other insects, and in some of them the males present a captured prey to their mates. In certain species the gift is made more conspicuous by being embedded in a large “balloon” of glistening bubbles, secreted by a special gland: this conspicuousness doubtless serves to advertise the fact of a sexual situation, complete with potential husband and juicy gift, to the females. Finally, in some species the advertisement is all that is left. The male flies parade their glistening balloons without any captured prey; but sometimes they make them more conspicuous by inserting a flower petal or other bright object. If you scatter little bits of colored paper, the males will pounce on these and use them to adorn their balloons.

Sometimes it is the female which advertises the sexual situation by a special odor: and then the males may evolve amazing organs of smell, like the huge branched antennae of certain moths such as the oak egger, far more sensitive even than the nose of a dog, by which they can discover the females at a distance of miles.

In the little fruit-flies called “drosophila” (famous because of their employment in research in genetics) there is a stimulating display by the males, which vibrate their wings in a special way before their mates. That this stimulates the females to a general readiness to mate, rather than leading to a real selection of one male above another, was shown by an ingenious experiment of Professor Sturtevant’s. When he cut off males’ wings and put them singly into bottles with a female apiece, the number of successful matings was reduced, and the time before mating happened was much lengthened. But when he put a wing-clipped male into a bottle with a female and a normal male, not only was the time before mating quite short, but the wing-clipped male was successful

almost as often as his intact rival. In other words, the wing display of the normal male had induced in the female a general readiness to mate, and then it was more or less a matter of accident which male she mated with.

But now we must get back to the vertebrates. There are a few fish with male display—all of them, as might be expected, species which have internal fertilization, instead of discharging eggs and sperms into the water. Male newts have large and brightly colored crests, and an elaborate display, in which a stimulating scent is wafted at the female by movements of the tail. Frogs and toads advertise a sexual situation by sound—the first employment of true voice in the evolutionary history of life. Little is known of the display of reptiles: in lizards, as has already been noted, it seems to be entirely concerned with threat or bluff towards rivals of the same sex.

Finally, we come to our own group—the mammals. From our point of view they fall into three groups of very different size: our own species; the primates, or apes and monkeys; and all the rest. Beginning with the third group, the lower mammals, we have first the fact, already mentioned, that their sexual life is much more directly under physiological control, less under psychological control, than that of the birds. Of course, birds have hormones just as mammals have emotions; but the relative importance of emotions is greater in birds; of hormones in mammals.

Thus (if I may oversimplify the question a little) while in birds elaborate displays are required as an external stimulus to induce readiness to mate, in mammals this is not necessary since the stimulus is provided from within by the periodic turning on of the tap, so to speak, of the female sex hormone. Accordingly, emotionally stimulating display is reduced to a minimum, and all that is left for the males to do is to mate—or to fight, threaten, or bluff for the possession of mates. The evolutionary result appears in such grotesques as the male wart hog. In nocturnal mammals, the males often advertise their presence vocally. The most familiar example,

as town dwellers know only too well, is the cat; but there are many other examples, such as bush-babies and hyenas.

I have already given examples of organs of combat, threat, and bluff in lower mammals. When we come to the monkeys and apes, we find these in great profusion. Many male primates have their faces rendered conspicuous and impressive and, indeed, horrific in one way or another—by mustachios, beards, ruffs, great fleshy folds as in the orang-utan; by wiry white gums and patches above the eyes which are revealed only when the animal is angry, as with *Gelada* baboons; colored fur, as with the *Diana* monkey; or colored skin, as in the horrifying mandrill, with his blue and scarlet cheeks and nose. The male mandrill is of some psychological interest, for apparently no one has ever witnessed in him any expression of emotion which could be construed as tender—nothing but rage, anger, and hostility; he is also about twice as heavy as the female. This is the logical outcome of an evolution stressing combat at the expense of courtship.

There is another fact of considerable interest about the primates; whereas the colors of lower mammals are entirely restricted to shades between black and white, and between yellow, russet, and brown, in primates we find blues, violets, greens, and true reds as well. This is without question to be correlated with the fact that all lower mammals (if we may judge from all those which have been investigated) are color blind, whereas primates can see in color. If birds were color blind, all their display plumage would be in pigments which made striking tone contrasts with each other; we should never have witnessed such gorgeous productions of nature as the peacock's train or the glories of the birds of paradise, which depend mainly on color contrast.

Finally, as scientific observers interested in fact and undeterred by ugliness, we must note the frequent presence in lower primates of strikingly conspicuous posteriors. Sometimes these are found in the males, as with the pastel shades of the mandrill; more frequently in the females, as in chimps. The absence of this particular type of sex character in the

human species is one of the major differences between man and lower primates. The change is correlated with man's adoption of the erect posture. As J. B. S. Haldane has stressed, this was one of the most far-reaching changes in our evolution—a new mental attitude growing out of a new physical attitude, and leading to a long new chain of consequences in our behavior and our standards of beauty.

Indeed, man, though so closely related in structure to the apes, differs radically from all lower animals in his sexual life. For one thing, he is fully sexed throughout the whole of his adult life. Birds and all other lower vertebrates, for instance, pass through one or more "neuter" periods each year, during which their interest in sex is nil or at best minor. In monkeys and apes, there is a tendency to extend the periods of emotional interest in sex; and in man this tendency has been pushed to its limit.

As regards sex characters, two curious trends have appeared in the later stages of human evolution. One is the tendency for the male human being to shave, even if shaving involves immense discomfort. There can be no doubt that the human beard (including under that term mustaches and whiskers), like that of monkeys, originated as a masculine threat character, concerned solely or primarily with warning, intimidating, or bluffing rivals, and scarcely or not at all with any effect on the female. The tendency to its artificial removal is an indication of a decreased importance of sexual threat in our human affairs, and of the increased importance of personal choice of mates, and in general of the finer shades of personality and their expression. When beards or portions thereof have survived, they have often been cultivated as the expression or symbol of some non-sexual characteristic—a Vandyck beard for the artist, a long gray beard for the sage, a mustache for the soldier, and so forth.

The other and biologically even more remarkable tendency is that towards the enhancement and advertisement of feminine more than of masculine beauty—a tendency the

exact opposite of that found in almost all lower animals in which the sexes differ in their adornments. This tendency has been effected partly through heredity—in woman's long hair, delicacy of feature, and beauty of figure—but has been from time immemorial reinforced by art. Art has accentuated in the woman features which she shares with men, like prominence of eyes, or color of lips and cheeks and nails; or it has accentuated her inherited differences of figure, as by tight-lacing or bustles; or it has provided new distinctive beauty and conspicuousness, as in so many features of women's dress throughout all history.

This seems to be the result of another unique feature of human reproduction. In all lower animals, the only measure of success in mating is the number of offspring produced. But in our own species, there is, in addition to and sometimes in virtual exclusion of this biological measure, a social measure of mating success, in the shape of social position, wealth, comfort to be gained during the individual's lifetime, or transmissible to his or her children by social inheritance. Not only this, but during most of human evolution, especially in its later stages, women have stood to gain more by a "good marriage" than have men. It will be interesting to see what effect in the long run will be exerted by the economic emancipation of women: human nature is so complex that prophecy is difficult, but probably it will tend towards less difference between men and women in the matter of sexual adornment—but whether this will be brought about by less finery and attention to appearance for women, or more for men, is hard to say. Perhaps we can hazard that this, too, will depend on economic factors, and that if we get real economic equality between the sexes, and also real prosperity and plenty for all, we shall find both men and women blossoming out in beautiful clothes.

Display, whether courtship display before mates or threat display against rivals, is biologically speaking a product of two different components—reproduction by means of sepa-

rate sexes, together with a psychological development that has reached beyond a certain minimum level of sense organs and brain.

All these posturings, these songs, this gorgeous plumage, this distinctiveness of voice or appearance, these expressions of hostile excitement—all these are devices for projecting into the mind of another individual the fact that a sexual situation exists. At the lowest level, the devices are the simplest and crudest symbols—an exciting odor, a huge claw brandished aloft. But as sense organs become more elaborate and emotional life grows more complex, the display devices follow suit, until they come to constitute a large fraction of the beauty and the exciting strangeness of life. All the most elaborate beauty of birds, all their songs; the antlers of deer, with their recurrent growth and shedding, which if they were not familiar would be among the most astonishing facts of nature; the masculine grandeur of lion or bison; the cheerful music of frogs and toads, of grasshoppers and crickets; the bizarre faces of our monkey cousins; *haute couture* and the huge cosmetics industry—these are all in their various ways the product of this trend of evolution to project this or that aspect of a sexual situation into the consciousness of potential or actual mate or rival.

The type of display varies with the kind of sexual situation and the animal's general way of life. The peacock or the bird of paradise reminds us that in certain conditions beauty is of more avail than brutality; the mutual courtship of grebe or egret, with pleasures shared by both sexes, shows that one-sided masculinity is not an evolutionary necessity, and that sex equality can be in some conditions the correct biological solution. It is at least entertaining to speculate as to what possible new beauties and shared delights sex display, if sublimated and consciously guided and rooted in economic prosperity and equality, may have in store for the human species, which is still in the very early stages of its evolutionary career.

LETTER OVERSEAS

By NANCY CARDOZO

NOW you are gathered and armed
from the cities and fields of home,
called each from numbered dooryard, separate room;
from the deep land you rise
against the enemy, and now are gone
across the oceans and the walls of the sky.

On alien shores
where the curve of earth is new,
you stand, who never crossed the sea before,
nor lived with strangers,
nor killed a man;

and strange to your flesh the weight of the gun,
the skull-curved helmet. In the face of death
wherever in the world, you ask of home. . . .

Thrust of mountain, span of plain,
river valley somnolent and green,
where you were born, soldier, these are the same.

Yet each, waking at home on a childhood morning
was first aware of differences:
one of the color of day in the frame of a window,
one of a woman moving below in the kitchen,
calling his name.

Take Saturday night in town, thinking
it is the same in a thousand places
strung like lit baubles on the tree of dark,

and the same music down a thousand streets;
but in the beer-joint even the music changed
when the glow from the juke box was on your girl's face.

You were long years growing: then America
was a song in school, Oh beautiful, voices together,
Washington on a white horse, Lincoln freeing the slaves,
was the night crazy with stars on the fourth of July;
but the voices are scattered, the stars drowned in the sea.

There was a place, on a street, in a town,
and earth around it rose in familiar hills, in arms of trees;
there were the hands of work, the faces of friends.

Only your body now and bodies of comrades
move upon unknown continents, neither exiles
nor empire-bearers—why do you ask of home?

And it is no longer accurate on maps;
pinks and green of the geographies fade.
The mountains bow and the waves of the ocean
part; where you go, soldiers of freedom,
boundaries open—there are your countrymen.

FIESTA IN ST. PAUL

By GRACE FLANDRAU

THE celebration in honor of Mexico's Independence Day was to take place in the city's public picnic grounds. We arrived an hour or so after the exercises were supposed to begin, but nothing, of course, had started. In front of the fine new brick pavilion were one or two delivery trucks got up as floats and draped with Mexican and American colors. They were to have been in a parade, which, owing partly to threatened rain, partly to the fact that the paraders couldn't possibly assemble on time, didn't come off. A number of people, all Mexicans and mostly in native costume, had, however, arrived at the pavilion, and it was odd to see them there. An American city on the upper Mississippi does not seem quite the background for Mexicans—especially these full-blooded Mexican Indians who, for the most part, make up St. Paul's Mexican population.

Inside the pavilion, the noise was already satisfactorily loud. The huge, stone-floored hall re-echoed deafeningly to the shrieks of the children, the loud music of a juke box, and the boom of a drum left standing on a bench and pounded unceasingly by a small boy.

Below the platform—alluded to in the program as "*el Altar Patrio*"—were rows of chairs, still empty. There was only a young Indian woman, suckling a three-year-old boy dressed in the uniform of a naval officer, his white navy cap pushed back from his fat face as he fed.

On a bench near the door a group of very dark, very neatly dressed men were sitting. In spite of their American clothes, they might have been any of the Indians who used to come down from their high villages to work on our Mexican plantation in the coffee-picking season.

"Do you know," I asked one of them, chiefly to hear again the clipped Mexican Spanish, "when the program will begin?"

He rose and politely removed his sky-blue felt hat. "Well—who knows, Senora?" His small, studying eyes, liquid-bright and set deep behind high cheekbones, were fastened intently on my face. And he had the alert, upright carriage of those Totonaco Indians in our state of Vera Cruz who carry such incredible loads for such incredible distances over the mountain trails. But he was darker in color; his features were very small; his head, thatched with stiff black hair, was very flat behind.

"May I ask," I said, "from what part of Mexico you come?"

"From Guanajuato, Senora." He gave me a soft, quick smile. "But not from Guanajuato itself. My earth—*mi tierra*—is more beyond, in the hills."

There has always been a good sound to those words, "my earth." And I've often wondered how these people, who are so much a part and product of their earth, can endure the separation. But one remembers, too, those villages in the hills: the remoteness, the poverty, the slow tempo, the utter monotony, eventlessness, stagnation—for all that the romanticists have written to the contrary.

"Do you like it better here, Senor?"

"Well—" he considered carefully, "flowers. Over there are always flowers. Very beautiful. Also fruits—" his pace accelerated—"every class of fruits. One fruit finishes, another begins. Also, no snow and ice. And always flowers." He lingered on the pleasant syllables, *flo-res*. "But here the work is better. In the beet fields it is good for work."

One of his companions who had not taken his eyes off our faces, now stepped forward and inquired in a loud tone, "Franceeschmeet?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Mees—" slowly, then all in a breath—"Franceeschmeet? Office of Eemeegrating? You know?"

No, I did not know Miss Frances Smith. He bowed and stepping back, resumed his intense scrutiny of our persons. He was different in type from Number One, and had that biblical profile—big hooked nose, big lips and teeth—that is characteristic of certain Indian races.

Number One now had something to say. Might it be, he had been asking himself, that the Senora had lived in Mexico?

I said I had, and also in the hills. Beyond Jalapa. "We had plantations of coffee."

"Ah—coffee." As he took this information inside himself to reflect upon it carefully, Number Two came up with another inspiration.

"El Paso, Texas? Meestairereebraoun? You know?"

Unfortunately, I knew neither El Paso nor Mr. R. E. Brown. The smile vanished from his face, and it was plain that he regarded this as not only a melancholy but also a somewhat suspicious circumstance.

Unwilling, however, to close on so negative a note, he suddenly stated: "My Mama"—he pointed to the floor—"here in this same city lives my Mama. Also my sisters. Two." He held up two fingers. "And there you behold them."

Not far off stood the sisters, very dark, very stout, dressed in black with red roses in their hair, and, under the thick paint and powder, their skins showed a faintly bluish tinge. Identical, in every detail, with the young girls who used to walk round and round the park in Jalapa when the moon was shining and the band played bullfight tunes.

They returned our glances with shy and, I thought, expectant curiosity, waiting for him to give them the signal to approach. He did not give it. And I knew that if this were Mexico, he would be riding the donkey, and they trudging dutifully behind in the dust.

The conversation having come to a standstill, we parted with many bows. A refreshment tent had been set up outside under the trees, and we joined the small crowd that was

gathering about it. The menu included tamales, and the two varieties of flat corn-cakes—dressed with sauces in which red pepper and garlic annihilate all other flavors—known as *enchiladas* and *tacos*. We chose *tacos*.

But the young girl who was serving shook her head. "I feel it very much, but the *tacos* have not yet arrived."

"*Enchiladas*, then?"

"As little, disgracefully, has the sauce for these come."

"Will it be long?"

"Who knows?" And her smile, notwithstanding many bright gold teeth flecked with carmine lipstick, was rather lovely.

"Excuse me, please," a voice spoke, startlingly, in my ear, "is this not the Senora who owns the rich, the large, the magnificent *fincas* of coffee in Mexico?"

It was a twinkling, skull-like face covered with fine wrinkles that traced a pattern of sly, amiable insignificance. I replied that I thought it was the *agraristas*, now, who owned the plantation—anyhow, not I. And that it had never been especially rich or magnificent.

But this he would not accept. "No, no, very large, very rich, that is certain." Then, unfolding the program, a large sheet of paper in the red and green Mexican colors, he pointed to various items with a dark forefinger narrow as a claw. Patriotic Poem, recited by *el Senor* Refugio Gil. "Myself," he said. Patriotic Poem, recited by the youth, Alessandro Gil. "My son." *Las Chiapanecas*, danced by a group of boys and girls. "My children," he declared with a modest smile.

A truck, in the meantime, had drawn up, and out of the back descended a small man, closely buttoned into an immaculate blue serge suit and carrying a walking stick. Immense steaming kettles were handed down to him, and he dragged them to the tent without once letting go of his cane or removing his pearl-gray derby hat. Following the kettles, out came a stout, pock-marked matron and two young girls

in evening dress. Then the head of a small shaggy dog. The dog barked, leaped nimbly to the ground, and scampered off with the air of one accustomed to fiestas.

The *tacos* had come, but no sauce; so we decided not to wait. Through loud-speakers outside the pavilion, records of Mexican songs blared gaily and raucously in the twilight. We left Senor Gil at work with all ten fingers and formidable teeth upon a small mountain of tamales, and went back to the pavilion.

Crowds were pouring in. All the seats were taken, and the floor space was a surging mass of men, women, and especially children. Young men in the uniform of the United States Army, old men in slouch hats and fierce mustachios, crowded about the bar. Young girls strolled in pairs, cracking their gum. And the small naval officer slept soundly, stretched across the laps of his parents.

The non-Mexicans present were few. They were, chiefly, the City Councilmen invited as special guests; the orchestra—and an odd one at that; an unpleasing young man in fancy Western costume, down on the program as “*el Senor Bert* (Sunshine) Kahn,” a singer of cowboy songs; and ourselves.

With no diminution of the uproar in the hall, the program got under way. The orchestra leader stepped forward. She was an elderly lady, in spectacles, girlish evening dress, and false curls that nodded coquettishly under one ear. Except for two unconvincing young men, the musicians were female and not young. The banjo-player was a tired blonde in white satin; the pianist a crippled person with a bunch of red roses nodding on top of her pompadour. Why the orchestra should have had to be American I don't know, except that it probably cost more—even this one—and was, therefore, more worthy of so distinguished an occasion.

A dark gentleman in a pink satin blouse stepped to the microphone; a chorus of dark, very plain little children came on the stage. Then to the rousing accompaniment of the orchestra—the schoolmarmish leader alternately play-

ing the violin and conducting with her bow, her foot, her bare shoulders, and her false curls—the Mexican and American national hymns were sung by all.

The reading of the Mexican Act of Independence, in Spanish, and the speeches, in English, of the City Councilmen, were only an incomprehensible booming in the loud-speaker. But when Senor Gil began his recitation, fright diminished his voice to a point where the instrument could pick it up. The poem, however, was a long one, and in the middle of it Senor Gil faltered, stopped, stood with a smile of pure agony rending his face. It was touch and go for a moment; then, alas, memory revived, and he went on for another fifty verses.

More recitations followed. Then came the dances, *jarabes*, *jotas*, *zapateadas*. They were danced mostly by children, but the gestures, the music, the costumes, and especially the drumming of feet on the boards were startlingly familiar.

In the old days on our plantation, when the picking season was over and the last of the sacks of coffee had been tied on the mules, and the last of the long caravans had started on its three or four days' journey over the mountain to the nearest railway, the coffee warehouse would be empty and free for more frivolous uses. Often then, on a Saturday, our plantation people would give a dance. All afternoon the rockets would go up, inviting the neighbors to the ball; and the sound of these rockets exploding languidly, without fire or color in the lovely stillness of that remote place, was sad, somehow, and futile—like a pistol fired at nothing.

Far and near, however, they would be heard and heeded. And, as night fell, lights would twinkle along all the jungle-covered slopes and through the groves of coffee. Sometimes it would be a young blood alone on horseback, his gun and knife in his belt, his machete at his side. Oftener it would be a family of Indians, on foot, or with a burro among them. Classic and unchanging their outlines in the dusk—the big hat, the loose white pyjama suit of the man; the woman's head swathed and nun-like, her full ruffled skirts swinging

as she walked. The *rebozo* would bind the baby to her back; the children would march sturdily beside her.

Vendors of food came, and of drink; gamblers with their monte tables; the orchestra with harp and the stringed instruments locally called *jaranas*. Torches flared in the darkness under the warehouse porch. And all night there would come to us, distantly, the rhythmic pounding of feet on the wooden floor, stomping out the *zapateadas*.

The dawn is red-gold and sudden in those latitudes, the morning air wonderfully sweet and pure. But this beauty was in no way compatible with the procession that staggered across the patio to our house. The survivors of the dance could not bring themselves to leave without saluting the *patrones*; or the orchestra without offering us a serenade. And, gaily, drunkenly, excruciatingly out of tune, it would play under our window something that could almost be identified as "After the Ball."

Tonight on this Minnesota picnic ground were the same dark, naïve faces, the same feeling of zest, amenity, and good manners that did not in the least preclude the ever-present hint of sleeping violence. And just as on the plantation there had seldom been a ball without its stabbing or shooting, so this St. Paul fiesta produced at least one minor knifing.

"You like, Senora? The fiesta is beautiful, truly?" It would be Senor Gil, his face thrust suddenly into mine. And each time he came back, he would smell increasingly of strong drink. "Poetry, music, the dance! In a word, *el ideal*. Ah!" Then, turning, he would totter off through the dense crowd, in the direction of the bar.

The heat now, the smells, the noise; the children racing about, crowding past you, dripping ice-cream pies down your neck; the stone floor sticky with crackerjack, dampened by the indiscretions of the very young; the state of suffocation and general frenzy—whatever they had to do with the ideal, at least indicated a fiesta that was a complete success.

It had also reached its climax. Her Majesty the Queen was to be crowned by His Honor the Mayor of the city. His

Honor arrived on the dot, but, needless to say, Her Majesty did not. During the interminable wait, a space was cleared and the audience danced. A rather large contingent of Syrians had turned up from their adjacent quarter, and there were a number of Negroes. Also, the lady standing next to me stated that she was an American Indian, half Sioux and half Potawatami. And when at last the pretty Mexican girl arrived, she was crowned Queen by an Irish Mayor in a State that boasts the biggest—or is it second biggest?—Scandinavian city in the world.

So it all seemed very American and heart-warming, the times being what they are. And the presence, too, of the Mexican boys in the uniform of the United States Army gave an authentic accent to this small pageant of international good will.

Outside, my new acquaintances waited to say good-bye. There was the man who knew Franceeschmeet; there was Senor Gil, smelling to high heaven of assorted liquors; and there was the little, very dark Indian from “more beyond” Guanajuato, whose studying look now gave way to one of sudden illumination.

“Your husband, Senora,”—he nodded towards the friend who was with me—“he is the Governor of the State, truly?” But he took it quite well when he learned that he was neither my husband nor Governor of Minnesota.

And then, with expressions of mutual regret, we said good-bye. The night had already taken their dark faces into itself, but the flash of their white teeth was very friendly under the lights.

TWO PLANS FOR INTERNATIONAL MONETARY STABILIZATION

By JACOB VINER

SINCE the one thing upon whose permanence we can count is change, the post-war world will be bound to be a somewhat new world. We must not take it for granted, however, that it will also inevitably be a better world. It is within the power of mankind, mostly by taking thought, to make it so. One field in which the world urgently needs remaking through rethinking is the field of international economic relations. In that field the pattern of international monetary institutions and practices is of key importance.

There is not, there never has been, anything like unanimity of opinion, whether among experts or among laymen, on the ideal pattern of international monetary relations. Some find virtue in freely fluctuating rates of exchange between national currencies. Others hold, either on dogmatic grounds or because what they regard as theoretically superior alternatives appear to them to be unattainable in practice, that exchange rates should be absolutely fixed. Most persons with views of any sort on this question stand somewhere in between these extremes. Different kinds of worlds, moreover, call for different kinds of monetary systems, and the design the world adopts or permits to prevail for its international economic relations in general should dictate the pattern of its international monetary relations.

There is at least one monetary principle, however, on which almost all persons who believe in international economic collaboration would agree. Exchange rates are properly matters of international concern. They should not be manipulated unilaterally by particular countries regardless of their consequences for other countries. Above all, they should not be used either as weapons of economic aggression or as beggar-

my-neighbor instruments of economic defense. Alfred Marshall, the great English economist, writing in 1887 at the heyday of Victorian utopianism with reference to such matters, forecast that "the time will come at which it will be thought as unreasonable for any country to regulate its currency without reference to other countries as it will be to have signalling codes at sea which took no account of the signalling codes at sea of other countries." That time has not yet come. As recently as 1932, it was stated as a matter of course by an official international conference, the Stresa Conference, that "decisions touching upon monetary policy belong exclusively to the sovereignty of each country." But if the post-war world is to handle its monetary problems satisfactorily, the Stresa doctrine must give way to the Marshallian one.

A second widely accepted principle is that any individual person or firm having a holding of any foreign currency acquired as the result of a normal commercial transaction should be able to exchange it freely at the prevailing rates for his own currency. In other words, foreign balances arising out of normal trade transactions should for their individual holders be as liquid, as "unfrozen," as domestic bank balances or domestic currency in one's pocket.

I believe that if these two principles were fulfilled substantial stability of exchanges would result as an almost inevitable consequence, but that neither of these principles will be realized unless substantial stability of exchanges is both prescribed and facilitated by an international monetary code and an international monetary institution designed to enforce the code and to create the conditions which will make such enforcement possible without undue hardship to any country.

Before 1914 for about a century, stability of exchange rates prevailed most of the time for most of the world. This was only to a minor extent the result of international agreement. It was, for the most part, an incidental, though generally welcomed, by-product of the adherence of most countries, primarily for internal reasons, to the gold standard or some other closely related form of metallic monetary standard. The

First World War, and especially the economic disturbances which were its immediate aftermath, put an end to this monetary golden age.

In the 1920's most countries strove to return to the gold standard or its substantial equivalent, and many of them succeeded in doing so. But there had failed to be restoration of the conditions which are necessary for the smooth and beneficent working of an international metallic standard, and especially moderation in trade barriers, flexible internal price structures, and the initial establishment of exchange rates at levels consistent with the maintenance of equilibrium in international balances of payments without resort to seriously deflationary measures at home. The gold standard of the 1920's was a fragile thing, without vitality and internal strength. It maintained a precarious existence largely with the aid of infusions of dollar credits by gullible—and gulled—American investors, individual and institutional. Its weakness became apparent with the sudden cessation of American exports of capital in 1929, and its collapse began almost immediately after the first onslaught of the great depression. England, and with it the whole “sterling area,” abandoned it in violent manner in 1931. The United States abandoned it in even more violent manner in 1933. In 1936, with the unduly protracted demise of the “gold bloc”—France, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland—the gold standard survived apparently only in Albania.

The gold standard was largely replaced after 1931 by more or less regulated exchanges, by exchange controls, and by resort to bilateral trading on lines approaching closely to primitive barter on a country-to-country scale. In a few countries, most notably the United States, there was a partial return to a shadowy form of gold standard on a strictly national basis, where constancy in the gold value of the national currency, if maintained at all, was not legally required, was not confidently expected to continue indefinitely, and, because of the absence of general prevalence of the gold standard, did not involve stability of exchange rates. In the late 1930's probably

no country was wholly satisfied with the existing monetary situation. But there was no agreement as to the directions in which improvement was to be sought. Some wished for a return to the rigid pre-1914 gold standard, without fundamental change therein. Others dreamed of a new kind of gold standard—an internationally managed one designed to produce both stability of the exchanges and stability of world price levels, so as to cure the great defect of the traditional gold standard, that it made the world subject to sustained deflationary or inflationary price trends resulting from fortuitous developments in the discovery of gold fields and in the technology of gold mining. Still others, and especially the totalitarian countries, sought a permanent and complete divorce of their monetary systems from gold and a further extension and intensification of exchange controls administered on a national basis and with narrowly nationalistic and indeed, in some cases, openly aggressive objectives. What, if any, was the American long-run monetary objective it is difficult to determine from the record during these years, when policy was avowedly on a “24-hour basis,” and statutes—though after 1933 not practice except for silver—were such as to permit of strange doings in the monetary field.

A return in the post-war period to something like the traditional gold standard through the autonomous action of individual countries is highly unlikely. Many countries will emerge from the war period with shattered or distorted economies. Many countries will have a heavy accumulation of short-term external indebtedness which they will be unable to liquidate except by a very gradual de-freezing process or by conversion to long-term debts with a slow amortization schedule. Some countries will emerge from the war with exchange rates which will turn out to be too high in relation to their internal price levels and to the foreign demand for the things which can be bought with their currencies. Most of the world's gold will be concentrated in a few countries, especially the United States, and many countries without gold mines or stocks of gold will feel too poor to carry the load of

acquiring sufficient gold reserves to permit their return on a secure basis to an orthodox gold-standard basis. Many countries will have no inclination to subject themselves to the international monetary discipline which adherence to the gold standard involves and will prefer to retain full monetary autonomy if such procedure will not involve their subjection to punitive measures by other countries or to exclusion from attractive financial or commercial privileges. In some American quarters which have miraculously preserved their nostalgic isolationism through the events of the last two decades, the notion is current that if only the United States returns to a rigid full-fledged gold standard, the rest of the world will of its own accord, or perhaps after a few private deals on our part with some major countries, soon either follow our example or, failing this, will peg its currencies to the dollar, so that either a world-wide gold standard or a world-wide gold-dollar standard will prevail. This seems to me to be day-dreaming, and, considerations of national prestige aside, the dream is not a wholly pleasant one. An unregulated international gold standard would put the world into a monetary strait-jacket which would block the adoption of desirable as well as of foolish policies. A world standard based on the dollar and managed predominantly by the United States might conceivably work admirably. But there is little in our monetary record for the past 150, or 25, or 10 years, or in the character of our legislative procedures and official and private attitudes in the monetary field which would justify confident expectations that we would be passably good managers even in our own interest of a world monetary system if we were free to operate unrestricted by an internationally framed code.

The post-war world monetary system, if it is to have good prospects of being a satisfactory one, will have to be deliberately designed and to be operated under strictly international auspices. The technical complexity of the problem, the diversity of ends which monetary institutions are expected to serve, the conflicts of interest and even more of opinion between and within countries, will make difficult the reaching of agree-

ment as to principles and as to technical details. But there is likely to be less difficulty in reaching international agreement in this than in any other important economic field, because the conflicts of opinion and of interest in this field for the most part cut across national boundaries instead of following them. The monetary arrangements of the world have their impact upon the material well-being of every one of us. They have also their contribution to make to the determination of whether this is to be a peaceful world or a world always preparing for war and periodically achieving it. The public, therefore, should share in the process of planning the post-war international monetary order.

The task of clarification of thinking, of discovery of basic issues, and of crystallization of opinion, has been facilitated by what seems to me to have been an ideal procedure on the part of the British and the American governments. In each country, a draft plan has been worked out by experts with official standing and of the highest professional credentials in the monetary field, has been made the basis for discussions on the expert level between the governments of the United Nations, and has been issued to the general public for examination, discussion, and possible improvement. These plans have not been made formal official proposals. Neither government is committed to them beyond conferring upon them an official blessing as deserving of being used as a basis for exploration and discussion of the issues involved. No private person has any obligation with respect to them except that of giving them the careful and objective consideration to which their quality entitles them.

In form and style, the two draft plans are strikingly different. The English one, prepared under the direction of Lord Keynes and bearing every evidence of being mainly the product of his pen and his brains, is cast in the essay form. It presents not only a statement of the desired principles and a description of the proposed new institution which is to carry them into effect but also a reasoned argument in support of the proposals, which, as was to be expected, is a masterpiece of

persuasive exposition. The American draft plan, prepared by Dr. Harry White, the Treasury's able monetary adviser, is in very much the form of a draft bill (minus the preamble) as it would be prepared for submission to Congress. As far as effectiveness of presentation to the public is concerned, no one who has looked at the two drafts will deny that the advantage is wholly on the side of the Keynes one. But there are compensating advantages for the reader in Dr. White's procedure. It left him with less leeway for ambiguity or indecision. It imposed upon him the obligation of finding a concrete procedure for implementing every specific proposal made by him. It left an open field for the public in finding reasons for—or against—his proposals, whereas the Keynes form of presentation involves some danger that some of his proposals will be judged rather on the persuasiveness of the arguments by which he supports them than on the inherent merits of the proposals themselves. Even when they are substantially in agreement, however, the two drafts admirably supplement each other; and when there are real or apparent differences between them, a comparison of them brings to light important issues which otherwise might have remained unexplored. In finding the time, in the midst of their heavy and responsible war-time tasks, to make these constructive contributions to the planning of a better international economic structure for the new world which is to come, Lord Keynes and Dr. White have been good public servants and have earned our gratitude.

In the comparison of the two draft plans which follows, only the more important aspects are dealt with. The plans have in common the pursuit of at least the four following objectives: (*a*) control by an international agency over the levels of exchange rates of national currencies; (*b*) provision by this agency of an effective system of multilateral clearings; (*c*) regulatory power or admonitory power of this agency with respect to monetary and other procedures followed by particular countries which are such as to disturb or threaten international economic equilibrium; (*d*) augmentation of and a better distribution of the world's supply of liquid means of

international payment. All these objectives are desirable and important. The most significant differences between the plans are in the extent of the grant of power and financial means and in the types of procedures for promoting these objectives which they propose.

Under each plan, a new agency is to be set up by international agreement: in the case of the White plan, a "United and Associated Nations Stabilization Fund"; under the Keynes plan, an "International Clearing Union." Membership is to be open to all countries meeting the stated conditions, and is to be confined to governments; and all transactions (with some minor exceptions under the White plan) are to be conducted with and on behalf of treasuries, central banks, or other official national or international agencies. Under both plans, the governing board of the agency is given the power and duty to call for relevant information from the member governments, and to make recommendations to them, whether they are debtor countries or creditor countries, when their policies or practices are such as to threaten the international equilibrium of their own or of other national economies. Penalties can be imposed under both plans upon member countries in the form of charges on excess debit balances and of withdrawals of the privileges afforded by membership in the agency. The Keynes plan has the novel and logical feature that it provides also for penalty charges on excess creditor balances. In both plans, however, the penalty charges are so inconsequential that they are likely to have only symbolic importance. As the agency to be established acquires prestige through the years through successful operation and has demonstrated its objectivity and its competence, its comments and recommendations may, however, prove to be its major contribution towards maintaining a satisfactorily operating international monetary system. The desire to avoid public reproof from an agency of this sort may be more effective than financial penalties or rewards in inducing member countries to avoid practices which are inimical to the maintenance of international monetary equilibrium.

In the name proposed by Dr. White for the new agency, its exchange stabilization function receives emphasis; in the name proposed by Lord Keynes, its clearing function receives emphasis. Under both plans, however, the agency will have as its primary operating function the banking function proper, that is, the transfer of monetary assets on a loan basis from those who are in liquid position to those who are in need of funds. Under both plans, the banking operations will be of the "mutual" type; all transactions will be between members, each of whom will in principle be expected to be in a creditor position at some times and in a debtor position at others.

In the White plan, each member makes an initial capital contribution to the Fund in local currency and gold (and also, for reasons which are not very persuasive, in part in its own government securities); and borrowing by a member would normally take the form of the exchange with the Fund of an additional quantity of its own currency for the currency of some other country or countries which the Fund had acquired as capital contribution or otherwise. There is to be a new monetary unit, the "Unitas," expressed in terms of a specific quantity of gold, but it will have only extremely limited book-keeping significance. The Keynes plan makes no provision for an initial fund or for formal contributions by members, and what it contemplates can perhaps most accurately be described as a mutual credit pool. Members in need of foreign currencies can draw on the pool for the loan of "bancor," a new international "book-money" to be created by the Union, and a book credit with the Union in terms of bancor must be accepted by a creditor member at a prescribed rate in exchange for its own currency when presented by a debtor country. (Why "bancor"? —I venture to suggest "mondor," or if less stress on gold is desired, "monda.") Under both plans, the purpose of such banking operations would be to provide suitable credit facilities for countries temporarily short of means of meeting external liabilities on current account so as to make it possible for them to make the necessary payments without pressure on the exchange values of their currencies and with-

out resort to deflationary internal measures, to restrictions on imports, or to the application of exchange control to commercial transactions.

As far as the purely banking function of the new agency is concerned, the Keynes plan unquestionably provides for simpler and neater bookkeeping procedures for the agency and simpler financial relations between the agency and its members. If the world is to move eventually to a genuinely new international currency, divorced from gold and constituting the sole monetary unit generally usable in making international payments, the Keynes plan will have gone farther in the direction of setting up formal relationships appropriate to the new currency and of abolishing or rendering obsolete some of the formalities of the existing procedure in international monetary transactions. On strictly economic grounds I see no important distinction between the two procedures. It may, however, be an advantage of the White plan, especially but not only in the United States, that adherence to it would require immediate legislative authorization of the necessary capital contributions and some revision of monetary and banking statutes and would, therefore, legally and politically commit the member countries to the new régime more definitely and unambiguously than would a mere conditional pledge to accept *bancor* credits in exchange for local currency.

Both plans stress the multilateral clearing function of the new agency, and it is a major purpose of both plans to get rid of the bilateral exchange controls which spread over the world in the 1930's. But it is in each case not the clearing function of the agency which promotes the free exchangeability of any one currency for any other. "Clearing" means matching or offsetting debt by reciprocal debt, and credit by reciprocal credit. In a pure clearing fund, no net credit or debit balances can be carried over from one clearing period to another. Such net balances as do appear in clearing transactions represent uncleared margins and must be settled in the ordinary monetary fashion. In the case of each plan, the mechanical performance of the clearing function would make

of itself only a minor contribution to the restoration of multilateral clearings, for it is the actual or prospective occurrence of uncleared and unclearable net balances, not the absence of machinery for offsetting debits and credits, which explains the wide resort in the recent past to bilateralistic exchange controls. The real contribution which adoption of either of the plans would make to the restoration of multilateralism in international clearing procedures would be: by promoting exchange stability and expectations of its indefinite continuance; by requiring or persuading countries to abandon bilateralistic policies as fully and as quickly as possible; and by providing for member countries assured credit facilities, on attractive terms, for the temporary acquisition when they have need for them of means of making external payments. There is no obvious reason under either plan why actual clearing operations should not again be conducted, for the most part, as they were in the past by the private machinery of the great money markets, which can operate with a dispatch, a smoothness, and an economy which are not likely to be matched by any new institution.

Under the White plan, each country would be assigned a quota for a capital contribution to the Fund in the form of gold, currency, and government securities, of which only half would be called for at once, with \$5 billions suggested as an appropriate minimum figure for the size of the Fund when all quotas had been fully contributed. Under the Keynes plan, the Clearing Union has no capital, and no country is required to make any contribution until other member countries wish to borrow *bancors* in order to make payments to it. When this occurs, such country makes its contribution by accepting a credit balance in *bancors* in exchange for its own currency. No specific limits are set to the amount of contribution which any country may be required to make on this basis except as it results from the limits set for the *borrowing* quotas of the member countries. In theory, assuming the wholly improbable eventuality that all member countries but one were short of the remaining country's currency and of no other coun-

try's currency, that one country (say Haiti, or perhaps more likely, the United States) could find itself obliged to contribute to the Union an amount equal to the sum of the borrowing quotas of all the other countries. Assuming that all countries in the world join the Union and accepting the formula suggested by Keynes for fixing the borrowing quotas, namely, 75 per cent of the average sum for each member during the pre-war years of its exports and imports, this would amount to something like \$35 billions if the sole contributing country were Haiti and \$31 billions if it were the United States. If, to make the hypothesis reasonable, these sums are divided by half, they still seem unnecessarily large even if the new agency is to go beyond the proper limits of monetary stabilization and to be wholly out of proportion if intermediate- and long-term credit operations are to be confined to other agencies. The Keynes plan, moreover, provides for further automatic increase in the borrowing quotas as the (physical?) volume of foreign trade expands.

In the White plan, the normal limits to member-country borrowing are set by the provision that the Fund's holdings of any local currency shall not exceed 200 per cent of the contributory quota. Since the capital contributions are to be made in gold or in local currency, this means that the normal net borrowing limits will be 100 per cent of the capital contribution quotas. There are carefully guarded provisions in the White plan for exceeding these limits under specified circumstances. The maximum aggregate loans to members, assuming the aggregate contributory quotas to be \$5 billions, and half the member countries to use their borrowing powers and to use them to the limit, would be about \$2½ billions. In contrast to the Keynes plan, the White plan in this respect seems to me not to be daring enough even if its operations should be more strictly limited to monetary stabilization proper than the plan appears to contemplate.

Under both plans, of course, these over-all figures are of limited significance. They would be approached in practice

only if many countries wished to borrow heavily simultaneously, and under both plans this would result in a crisis for the agency. Under the Keynes plan, there would be a run on bancors by the debtor countries with weak currencies and a flight from the Union by creditor countries with strong currencies. Under the White plan, a run would develop for the currencies in strongest demand and the Fund's holdings of them would be exhausted. Both plans provide for restraints of various kinds on borrowings by members beyond specified fractions of their quotas, which in both plans are to be applied according to the amounts of accumulated indebtedness and their current rates of increase, and in the Keynes plan also according to the duration of the indebtedness. If these restraints should prove effective in checking borrowings but ineffective in inducing correction of the factors responsible for the disequilibrium, the agency would become inoperative and we would be back in a world of defaults, of frozen balances, and of unilateral exchange depreciations. Neither plan, therefore, will have succeeded in its objectives if the over-all borrowing limits it provides are reached or even approached.

Under the White plan, member countries, regardless of their quotas, can borrow the particular currencies they need only to the extent of the holdings thereof by the Fund and the willingness and ability of the Fund to borrow or otherwise acquire additional supplies. There are, moreover, no absolutely unrestricted borrowing quotas under the White plan, and the maximum permissible borrowings are much smaller than under the Keynes plan.

Keynes's arguments against rigid limits to obligatory lending quotas are persuasive. If it can be reasonably taken for granted that the lending agency will operate on sound principles and with wise and objective management, and that member countries will give due regard to their obligations as well as to their privileges under the plan, then quantitative limits on the operations of the new agency must be regarded as irrational. But it cannot be overlooked that under Keynes's plan there will be very substantial unrestricted borrowing

rights for member countries regardless of their credit-worthiness—a situation which is without precedent as far as I know in the financial field, whether private or public, national or international.

Keynes claims that a country which acquires a credit balance in bancors in liquidation of its creditor claims on other countries is immediately at least as well off as it would be in the absence of the Union and that it can always limit its credit balances in bancors as it pleases, for example, by removing some of its barriers to imports, by carrying on an expansionist policy at home which would operate to increase its imports and to reduce its exports, and by lending at long term abroad. But is he not here letting his enthusiasm run away somewhat with his judgment? Under a stable international gold standard, a country with an unwelcome credit balance could count on its being reduced—through gold transfers, repatriation of its own securities and bank balances, and transfer to it of third-country financial assets—as the result both of automatic processes such as interest rate changes and of methods of deliberate pressure available to it. Reducing a temporary credit balance by removal of barriers to imports or by internal credit expansion is not a quick-working procedure and often not a welcome one. If credit balances can be held only in forms which are distasteful, moreover, recent experience shows that restrictions on exports become attractive to the creditor countries as a remedy. The valid appeal to creditor countries of Keynes's proposal consists, it seems to me, not in the spurious claim that it would leave the creditor country with all the immediate rights and opportunities to collect its claims in a form acceptable to itself which it would have under other monetary systems, but in the probability that the long-run over-all advantages of his proposals would very much overbalance the temporary and occasional disadvantages. He might also have claimed credit for refraining from appealing in support of his proposals to the plans recently proposed from various quarters, including high American quarters, for making creditors' international claims a sort of "perishable" international money,

which would automatically lose validity unless used to purchase debtor-country products.

Whatever may be the logical merits of Keynes's proposal, it seems highly doubtful that countries which expect their currency to be in special demand after the war will be willing to participate in any plan under which there are no definite limits to the amount of lending they will be obligated to do. Not only are they likely to insist upon such limits, but they are likely also to insist that either there be no absolutely unrestricted borrowing rights or that these be subject to much smaller quantitative limits than Keynes proposes. Such limitations would do some violence to the logic of the Keynes plan, but so equally do the corresponding limitations in the White plan conflict with the logic of that plan.

Under both plans, shares in the control of the governing body of the agency are to correspond closely to the national borrowing quotas. Under the White plan, the quotas are to be based on size of national income, on the magnitude of the fluctuations in the "balance of payments," presumably after exclusion of non-commercial items, and on holdings of gold and foreign exchange. (It seems rather paradoxical to make the extent of access to borrowing facilities depend in part on the evidence of the lack of need for it.) The mode of calculation of the quotas is not more specifically spelt out. The United States by such a formula would no doubt be allotted over 20 per cent of the total votes, and Great Britain, including the Crown Colonies, under 20 per cent. The White plan requires also an 80 per cent majority vote for almost all important decisions of the Board of Directors of the Fund, so that the United States and the United States alone would have a complete veto power over most of the important decisions of the Fund. Under the formula suggested by Keynes, which would be based only on volume of foreign trade, Great Britain with its Crown Colonies would have something over 15 per cent of the total votes, whereas the United States would have not over 12 per cent of the total voting power, in each case if all countries participated in the plan. It goes without saying that

neither formula deserves serious consideration. Fortunately, there are signs that neither of them will be pressed for. I doubt whether the mode of allocation of voting power will prove in practice to be of much importance as far as the workings of the plan are concerned. There will be either substantial agreement on important issues, or restriction of the operation of the plan to the area in which substantial agreement is obtainable, or collapse of the plan. But it is already abundantly clear that political acceptability of any plan will depend in large part on the appearance of fairness in its formula for the apportionment of voting power.

The key provisions in any international agreement with respect to monetary relations must of necessity be those relating to the determination of exchange rates. Under the White plan, the initial value of each country's currency in terms of gold and, therefore, also in terms of other countries' currencies is to be fixed by the Fund, subject to a permitted range, presumably narrow, between buying and selling prices, presumably upon entrance of the country into the Fund. What the procedure shall be for fixing this value is not indicated in the draft. The implication might seem to be that entrance into the Fund of any country would have to be prior to knowledge of what gold or exchange value of that country's currency would be decreed by the Fund and that the decision as to such value would be by simple majority vote, but in neither respect is this a practicable procedure. It is impossible to imagine either the United States or the United Kingdom undertaking to accept the unrestricted decision by an international body by simple majority vote of what the gold or exchange value of its currency shall be, and it is difficult to conceive by what voting procedure a majority decision can be reached as to which of the indefinite range of possible rates shall in any particular case be the governing rate. The Keynes draft is not more helpful. All that it says on this point is that "The member States will agree between themselves the initial values of their own currencies in terms of *bancor*." Since sixty or more countries may be eligible for membership, this offers

no real light as to the intended procedure in the absence of any indication of a required pattern of negotiation and of what the outcome would be if agreement was not reached in particular cases. I find myself unable to suggest a practicable procedure for dealing satisfactorily with this essential problem and suspect that the obscure treatment of it in the two drafts reflects similar failure on the part of the draftsmen. Perhaps the only workable procedure will be for a small number of the most important charter members of the new institution to become "active" members after agreement among themselves as to mutually acceptable rates, and thereafter to accept applications for additional "active" membership upon condition that the rates these applicants propose to maintain are acceptable to a voting majority of the governing board of the agency.

Under the White plan, the gold value of each member's currency will not be alterable except upon the initiative of the country in question and with the approval of four-fifths of the votes. If any member country permitted, or found itself unable to prevent, an unsanctioned depreciation of its currency, it would be subject to suspension from membership by majority vote. Since except under extraordinary circumstances each country tends to regard it as against its own interest that the currency of any other country should be depreciated, the requirement of a four-fifths majority approval for downward changes would probably mean in practice that such changes could almost never legally be made and that, assuming the Fund to continue indefinitely to exist, exchange rates and the monetary value of gold would in general be frozen indefinitely for member countries at their levels at the time of inception of the Fund. Under the Keynes plan, a member country with a debit balance to the Union which has been in excess of a quarter of its borrowing quota on the average during a period of at least two years may reduce the value of its currency in terms of *bancor* by 5 per cent at its own discretion, and, subject to the consent of the governing board of the Union, by more than 5 per cent and on more than one occasion. If the debit balance of a member state reaches half of its

quota, it may be *required* by the governing board to reduce the value of its currency if the board "deems that to be the suitable remedy."

The White plan thus seems to look towards absolutely fixed exchange rates as the normal situation while the Keynes plan, on the contrary, seems to look towards internationally regulated flexibility of exchange rates. But I believe that, in the absence of log rolling, majority consent to the depreciation of a major currency would scarcely ever be obtainable from an international body, and, therefore, that the Keynes plan, except for its sanction of an initial depreciation of 5 per cent, would in practice impose as much rigidity of exchange rates as would the apparently less elastic White plan. Neither plan would in my opinion provide as much flexibility of exchange rates in practice as did the traditional but not impregnable gold standard (although I have no doubt that it was the intention of both draftsmen to introduce greater flexibility and that both of them would dispute this opinion as to the probable mode of operation of their respective plans). While both plans provide formal procedures whereby depreciations can occur with the sanction of a responsible international body, this body will be one whose general bias will almost inevitably be against exchange depreciations. On the other hand, both plans set up a contractual barrier of probably high effectiveness against unsanctioned exchange depreciation. I think that both plans have unintentionally provided in effect for more rigidity of exchange rates than it will be wise to bind the post-war world to in advance, and especially for the immediate post-war period if the plans are intended to be in active operation during that period. It seems to me that either plan would be improved if, after it were made to include criteria for permissible reductions in the exchange value of currencies stricter and more guarded against abuse than those proposed by Keynes, it provided that such reductions could be made when approved by, say, only 30 or 40 per cent of the total votes exclusive of those of the country concerned. Exclusion of the votes of the country immediately concerned would have the

extra merit that it would put small countries more nearly on a par with large countries in access to the privilege of having an internationally sanctioned exchange depreciation.

My belief that neither plan makes adequate provision for sanctioned alterations in exchange rates does not arise from any conviction that in an otherwise well-ordered world economy it would be desirable to rely upon resort to frequent and automatic changes in exchange rates as a normal means of maintaining equilibrium in international balances of payments. Quite the contrary. All changes in exchange rates, and, even more, their susceptibility to change, are in themselves disturbing. Small changes are ineffective as corrections of an underlying disequilibrium or as means to any good end. Change, whether small or large, according to a formula, even if the formula were supposedly secret, would create a speculators' paradise or would involve rigid and comprehensive exchange control. Regulation of the exchanges by international mass-meeting would result in a general atmosphere of uncertainty between meetings and in chaotic conditions while the meetings were under way. It is an illusion that exchange rates can have managed flexibility without the surrender either of "stability" in a fundamental sense in international economic relations or of free markets or of both. It is an illusion also that there can be exchange depreciations which do not throw unfair burdens upon particular sectors of the internal or of the external economies. Nevertheless, there come times when changes in exchange rates, usually major ones, either become inevitable or are lesser evils for almost all concerned than any available alternative. It is only for dealing with such emergencies and for what will be the very experimental immediate post-war period, that I believe both plans need to make more elastic provision for exchange flexibility.

An important question with respect to both plans is their bearing on the status of gold. In both plans the mingling of permissive with mandatory provisions makes it hazardous to predict what would be the bearing of the plans when in full operation on the status of gold and also makes it somewhat

hazardous to attempt to determine what are the intents of the authors in this respect. In interpreting what follows, the reader, in fairness to White and to Keynes, should bear in mind that I am relying heavily on the familiar principle of constitutional interpretation that when an institution has been given certain functions and general powers appropriate for their execution, it is obligated to use these powers to the extent necessary to execute these functions. I may perhaps also have been influenced by the familiar principle of institutional history that once an institution is in active operation, the intent of its originators soon becomes not only an obscure historical issue but of slight relevance as compared to the logic of the institution's functioning and to the nature of the environment in which it currently operates.

Under the White plan, members may use gold at a constant monetary value fixed by the Fund to meet their capital quotas to any extent and must use it in prescribed minimum ratios; with the consent of the Fund, members may exchange gold for Fund holdings of their own currency or of any foreign currency; the Fund may use its own gold holdings to acquire supplies of a scarce currency; member countries may use gold at their pleasure outside the Fund as a medium of international payments, provided they adhere to the monetary value of gold fixed by the Fund; member countries must upon demand make available to the Fund, in exchange for their own currency, all their holdings of gold in excess of the amounts held at the time of joining the Fund; the Fund has the power (duty?) to fix (firm?) buying and selling prices for gold in terms of local currencies, and once fixed, these prices can be changed only by a four-fifths majority vote; gold deposits with the Fund are exchangeable at fixed rates for the currency of any member country.

The White plan thus does not present any obstacle to the operation of a traditional gold standard, and in some respects provides it directly or by implication with additional sanctions. One essential feature of the gold standard is the acceptability of gold at a fixed rate in terms of local currency. Under

the White plan, such acceptability is not enforced directly upon the member countries, but it appears to be enforced upon the Fund, and the absence of any superior internationally liquid asset deprives all countries adhering to the plan of any possible motive for refusing to accept gold. In fact, the White plan, in providing by international contract against the reduction of the monetary value of gold would give the international gold standard a sanction which it has never before had, and only in recent years shown any need for.

The other essential feature of the strict gold standard is the obligation to provide gold upon demand for purposes of external payment at a fixed rate in terms of the national currency. This requirement would be operative under the White plan only for gold holdings in excess of the amounts held at the time of entrance into the Fund, and once the prescribed minimum contribution in gold to the Fund had been made there would be no obligation on the part of any member country, and resulting from its membership in the Fund, to hold any gold reserves. What economic motive it would have to hold gold would depend on the extent to which it had used up its borrowing quota with the Fund. If its borrowing quota were near exhaustion and it was short also of gold, it would be in very much the same position as a country short of gold under the traditional gold standard, except that it would be less free, legally at least, to resort to exchange-depreciation to improve its position.

It seems to me indeed that if the White plan were to be put into successful operation, it would result in fact if not in form in an international gold standard, strengthened, moreover, by additional legal sanctions international in character, reinforced by the establishment of additional facilities for international short-term credits, and improved in its functioning by virtue of the supervisory activities of the new international monetary board. It was the primary international function of the gold standard to guarantee fixity of the exchange rates, and this the White plan aims to accomplish by more direct means. Even under the pre-1914 gold standard, moreover,

actual gold transfers played only a residual role in settling international liabilities; aside from clearing or offsetting transactions, there was an elaborate pattern of use of international credits to meet—or to postpone—immediate liabilities to payment, which differed only by its lesser formality and the absence of *guaranteed* credit facilities from the procedure provided for under the White plan. The account of the traditional gold standard given by Keynes, according to which international liabilities had either to be settled by actual shipments of gold or to be allowed to go into default, borders upon conjectural history. It may well be, however, that under the White plan the actual use of gold as a means of international payment would in practice be even less extensive for non-gold-producing countries than it was under the traditional gold standard. Gold will be unevenly distributed after the war, while credit from the Fund will be available upon demand, within limits, at a negligible cost. There will, therefore, be somewhat less reason for countries to want to acquire gold as a liquid reserve and probably considerably less occasion for its actual transfer in settlement of international liabilities.

In the Keynes plan, the value of bancor in terms of gold—and, therefore, also the value of gold in terms of bancor and, indirectly, in terms of the currencies of all the member countries taken together—is to be fixed by the governing board of the Union and may be changed freely, upward or downward, at its discretion. The only obligations imposed on the member countries with respect to gold are that they shall not purchase gold at a higher price in terms of their currency than corresponds to the parity of their currency with bancor, and that if their debit balances to the Union exceed half their borrowing quotas, the governing board may require the deposit of gold collateral and even the outright transfer to the Union towards the reduction of their debit balances of any gold they may own. Member states may also use gold to obtain a credit balance in terms of bancor (and also to reduce a debit balance?), but no country is entitled to demand gold from the Union.

The Union may, however, distribute gold in its possession among countries with credit balances with the Union. While any individual country may refuse to accept gold directly from other countries, if there is a demand for its currency by countries having gold supplies it will in effect have to meet that demand indefinitely by accepting in exchange for its currency at rates determined by the Union either gold tendered directly to it or gold assigned to it by the Union or bancor balances created by debtor countries by the sale of gold to the Union. Under the Keynes plan, therefore, there will be available a substitute international currency, bancor, resort to which will be at the pleasure of debtor countries, and the value of this substitute currency relative to gold will be freely variable at the determination of the governing board of the Union. The Keynes plan thus sanctions and facilitates a much more fundamental departure from the traditional gold standard than does the White plan but, nevertheless, leaves open the possibility that the international monetary system under it would operate very much like the traditional gold standard.

The position of the United States as holder of a great gold stock and of South Africa, Canada, and other countries as important producers of gold would today seem to many persons to pose a more crucial question than the role of gold in the mechanism of international payments. Under the White plan, the position of holders and producers of gold would be strengthened, even as compared to the traditional gold standard, since gold would be usable for all its traditional monetary purposes and in addition would have an internationally guaranteed monetary value. The 80 per cent majority vote required for a change in the monetary value of gold would in fact give a combination of several of the gold-producing countries a veto over any reduction in the dollar price of gold. Keynes claims that his plan also would strengthen the position of holders and producers of gold: "The fact that a member State is entitled to obtain a credit in terms of bancor by paying actual gold to the credit of its clearing account, secures a steady and ascertained purchaser for the output of the gold

producing countries, and for countries holding a large reserve of gold. Thus the position of producers and holders of gold is not affected adversely, and is, indeed, improved." But Keynes is comparing the status of gold under his plan with its status at the present time, not with its status under a firmly established international gold standard. He overlooks, moreover, that under his plan the world monetary value of gold can be reduced at the discretion of the governing board of the Union.

But would it be a point of merit in either plan that it improved, or left unimpaired, the status of gold holders and of gold producers? On behalf of gold holders, it can be argued that since the use of gold already produced is costless, there would be no point in abolishing or impairing its serviceability as a supplement to the stock of internationally-liquid assets in non-gold form which the Fund or the Union will provide, and that, since the gold was acquired in exchange for value rendered, to do so without the consent of the holders and without compensation to them in some form would be a breach of faith equivalent to cancelling the value of poker chips after others had honestly won your pile away from you. The existing stock of gold, it is true, is held predominantly by the United States, which is the country which seems least likely of all major countries to need any means of meeting external liabilities in the post-war period beyond what its current exports and its holdings of foreign balances will provide. But Keynes exaggerates the degree of concentration of the world's gold stocks in the United States when, in another connection, he refers to "the remnant of gold reserves held outside the United States." This "remnant," not only at its current monetary value but also in physical quantities, is greater than countries other than the United States have ever in the aggregate held before. At its current monetary value it is greater than were the total monetary holdings of gold of the world as a whole, *inclusive of the United States*, in 1913 or even in 1929.

It is harder, however, to make out a case on behalf of the gold producers. Under the Keynes plan gold production could be held in check by reduction by the Union of the monetary

price of gold. The White plan provides no machinery for the regulation, direct or indirect, of gold production. If something like either the White plan or the Keynes plan should be successfully put into operation, I can see little sense in continuing to provide a guaranteed market at a guaranteed price for whatever supplies of gold the gold-mining industry chooses to add to the present stocks. But since the American special interest in gold is primarily in the protection of the value of gold already in stock while the British special interest is primarily in the protection of the prosperity of the gold-mining industry, I suppose we may expect that whatever international agreement is reached on the future status of gold will be a compromise providing excess protection for both sets of special interests.

By creating an additional and flexible supply of internationally-liquid means of payments, both plans would provide needed safeguards against either world or local deflations originating in national balance-of-payment difficulties. This is the greatest service which the plans would render and is a sufficient service to justify the adoption of one or the other of them even if other aspects of the plans were not to be regarded favorably. In doing so, however, both plans would also furnish additional tinder for world-wide inflation. While each plan makes partial provision for withdrawal in case of need of the extra tinder it will have itself contributed, they both fail to supply any procedure (except for the provisions, of doubtful counter-inflationary effectiveness under the new régime, for the lowering of the monetary value of gold) for mopping up or immobilizing on a world-wide scale excess supplies of money or credit originating from sources outside the proposed agencies. The problem is not explicitly dealt with in the White draft, and all of Keynes's emphasis is on the value of his proposals because of their expansionist tendencies. Both plans urgently require additional provisions for concerted action to check widespread inflationary tendencies.

It is one of the objectives of both plans to remove any necessity for and to check the use of exchange control as a means of

restricting imports or as an instrument of bilateral trade bargaining, and both plans provide for prohibition of restrictions on the use of the foreign exchange proceeds of international commercial transactions. Both plans, however, give sanction to exchange controls applied to capital transfers, and the White plan makes co-operation with the capital-export controls of other countries obligatory upon member countries upon request by the board of the Fund. Keynes treats sympathetically the idea of centralization of all exchange transactions in government agencies as promoting "order and discipline in international exchange transactions in detail as well as in general."

During the 1930's, flights of capital induced by fears of currency depreciation, of social revolution, and of political persecution were a major factor in undermining the normal processes for maintaining international monetary equilibrium and in bringing about direct controls of international transactions of one objectionable sort or another as means of coping with the resultant problems. Capital flights are no doubt an evil in themselves, whatever their cause, and it is right to seek remedies. There is, happily or unhappily, less sympathy today than once was *de rigueur* in democracies with the individuals who, because of what have come to be regarded as morally questionable profit motives or even because of their involuntary and unpleasant contact with the processes of social revolution, persecution, oppressive taxation, or discriminatory legislation, find themselves in conflict with the objectives of their own or of some other government. The fact that exchange controls facilitate direct governmental regulation of national economies is widely regarded today as a consideration in their favor rather than a disadvantage. Many would find a musty and antiquarian flavor in the limitation placed by the Financial Commission of the Genoa Conference of 1922 upon permissible measures of exchange control to prevent capital flight to the effect that "Every proposition tending to limit the freedom of the exchange market or to violate the secrecy of the relations between bankers and their

clients must, in our opinion, be absolutely condemned." Both plans are in this respect riding high on what has been the wave of the past and may well be also the wave of the future.

As an unreconstructed liberal, all of this, quite frankly, rather frightens me. It is not so simple a matter to distinguish between foreign exchange transactions which do and those which don't involve capital transfers as both plans seem to assume. Exchange control going beyond compulsory reporting is readily evaded when there is strong incentive to do so unless the control is reinforced by censorship of communications and by crushing penalties for violations. Compulsory reporting is slackly enforced when direct and important activities affecting the financial interests of individuals do not depend on what is reported and is evaded when they do unless the penalties are severe. There are virtuous objectives which exchange control can be made to serve. But the instrument is so powerful, so flexible, so versatile, that, once introduced, its operators tend to succumb to the itch to experiment broadly with its possibilities, while a half-hearted use of it is ineffective and demoralizing. If we are going to be provided with better international monetary institutions than we ever had in the past, if violent exchange depreciations, social revolutions, persecutions of minorities, and gross discriminations against alien investors, are not to be normal expectancies in the world to come, it is not evident why disruptive capital flights should be more of a problem than they were before 1914 or need much more drastic preventive methods than would then have seemed decent. Removal of the exchange controls existing at the cessation of hostilities will have to be accomplished gradually and cautiously. International sanction for later resort to it may perhaps be a necessity in a world which is going to continue to be imperfect. But let such sanction be supported only for genuine emergencies, and, I would add, in regretful rather than in joyful terms.

There will be a period of several years' duration after the cessation of hostilities when the United Nations will be faced with the formidable problems of dealing with acute currency

disorder, with relief and rehabilitation needs of reoccupied countries, and with needs by non-relief countries for substantial foreign credits which they will be unable to liquidate promptly. Many countries will emerge from the war with huge frozen foreign liabilities whose unfreezing will inevitably be a delicate and slow-moving operation. Both the Keynes and the White drafts, and still more, the public discussions to which these have given rise, leave regrettably unclear the precise role of the new monetary agency in connection with these problems of the interim period.

The White plan apparently contemplates the coming into full operation of the new agency immediately upon the cessation of hostilities and proposes the assumption by it of major responsibility for the gradual unfreezing of frozen balances. In Keynes's presentation of his plan, there does not appear to be consistency throughout on the question whether the new monetary agency is to begin operation immediately or only after some of the difficulties of transition from war-time to peace-time conditions have been resolved. For the most part, however, he writes as if the Union is intended to be fully operative immediately after termination of hostilities, and to be an important instrument, among others, for handling the transition from war-time conditions to stable post-war conditions.

The United Nations should agree as soon as possible on the nature of the proposed monetary agency and on the principles which shall govern its operation. Its key personnel should be selected as promptly as possible, so that they may become familiar with each other and with the tasks which they will later have to perform. But the monetary agency to be established should be looked upon as an agency with predominantly routine peace-time functions to perform for a stable and orderly world. Its personnel should be chosen for qualifications and temperament appropriate to the performance of such unspectacular functions. The emergency salvage and rehabilitation tasks should be left to other agencies specially designed for such purposes. The intermediate and long-term

capital needs of non-relief countries should be provided for on non-political, non-usurious, and otherwise generous terms, but once more by agencies appropriate for such functions. To put on what is intended to be a long-run monetary stabilization agency any important responsibilities with respect to the handling of the emergency problems of the transition period—problems difficult not only technically but because of their magnitude, their political entanglements, their acutely controversial character, and the absence in many cases of solid, established governmental authorities to deal with—would be to put a curse on the agency from the start. If there is merit in this position, then it would be a mistake also to assign an important role to the new monetary agency in the liquidation of frozen balances, as proposed in the White plan. This should be regarded as a long-term financial operation, to be handled by another agency of a different character.

Keynes suggests assigning to his proposed Clearing Union still other functions which seem to me to have little relationship to the monetary stabilization function proper, to blend very badly with it, and to be well-designed if assigned to the monetary agency to endanger its continued existence and the successful execution of its primary function as well as its initial acceptability. One such suggestion is that seizure of its credit balance with the International Clearing Union be made use of, if the occasion should arise, as a financial sanction against a country threatening the peace of any other member country. The idea of financial sanctions may be a good one. It is certainly an old one. As far back as 1712, Leibnitz suggested, in what I fear was an ironical mood, that more effective as a means of maintaining peace than the league of nations proposed by the Abbé de St. Pierre would be the deposit with an international tribunal by the potentially aggressor princes of substantial sums of money proportional to the importance of their countries, such deposits to be confiscated upon their being found guilty of violating the rules of peaceful international relations. A similar scheme, which was proposed during the First World War by a Swiss jurist, Busch,

and which attracted some attention, provided for using the same international fund, along the lines now suggested by Keynes, for the dual purposes of international monetary stabilization and direct enforcement of peace. The two purposes won't mix. If financial sanctions are desirable, they should be provided through another agency. The stabilization agency should not be obliged to carry the political burden of a sanctions-enforcing agency. Moreover, aggressive-minded countries presumably know their own intentions some time ahead. If they contemplated an aggression, they would draw down their credit balances in plenty of time, thus preventing the agency from working effectively either as a monetary stabilization agency or as a sanctions-enforcing agency.

So, also with respect to Keynes's suggestion that the proposed agency should be a source of credits for ever-normal granary schemes (very much, incidentally, along the lines of a proposal made by Sir James Steuart in 1759), as well as for international relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction agencies. These activities, granting their desirability, either should be conducted on a gift instead of a loan basis or should obtain long-term or intermediate financing. The relation of their operations to international monetary stabilization would for the most part be tenuous and indirect, and there would frequently be the widest possible contrast between the financial principles and the qualifications for suitable personnel appropriate for their operations and those appropriate for the operations of the international monetary agency. There should unquestionably be effective liaison between the various international economic agencies which it will be desirable to set up, and perhaps there should be an over-all international economic board such as Keynes suggests with the power and duty to require the co-ordination of all of their activities. In general, however, I am sure that it will prove highly expedient, both in obtaining public acceptance of new agencies and in maximizing their prospects of durability and of efficient operation, if separate agencies are set up for separate functions and if the public is asked to digest the briefs presented on their

behalf only one agency and one function at a time. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer has well said, "We must be very careful not to waterlog this scheme for handling current trading transactions with problems not directly related to ordinary current trade."

Monetary stabilization alone will not suffice to cure the world of its troubles in the international economic field. Indeed, disturbance in international monetary relations is often rather a symptom of more deep-lying causes of international disequilibrium than an initiating factor. Planning for the constitution of a better post-war world must extend far beyond the monetary field. But Lord Keynes and Dr. White are right in regarding the monetary aspect as a key aspect and in holding that it will be necessary to reach substantial agreement, at least on a tentative basis, in the monetary field before it will be possible to make much progress in planning for other equally important or even more important fields.

There is an additional reason, though of a lesser order, why it is expedient to deal with the monetary problem at an early stage. It happens to be the problem on which in all probability it will prove easiest to obtain international agreement. But now that the initial steps towards agreement have been taken in this field, it will be an ill omen for the possibility of framing a better world order for the post-war period if inertia, low metabolism, negativism, isolationism, excessive maneuvering for national advantage or prestige, or diplomatic ineptitude, should prevent a substantial and constructive outcome. With respect particularly to the two draft plans, I have probably made it sufficiently apparent that my own preference is for a blend of the two, with only a few substantial deviations from both. Suggestions for important departures from either plan have come and will come from many quarters, and some of these will no doubt be of great value. I am convinced, nevertheless, that as compared to the pre-war situation adoption of either plan very much as it now stands would be a great step forward, in the mutual interest of all countries wishing an orderly and collaborative world.

THE QUIET STREETS OF HOME

BY ROBERT SHAPLEN

FROM his office on the twenty-third floor Richard Clayton could observe the deceptive flow of the boats on the river. They seemed to move so slowly over the sun-spangled water, and yet they were suddenly so far, lost in the smoky harbor mouth when he looked up again. He never tired of watching them disappear.

He got up from the desk and went to the window. There was a freighter moving downstream—a long low black one, with a stump smokestack in the stern. Richard stood, tapping the rubber end of a pencil methodically against his forehead, and followed the ship in its sleek channelled progress seaward.

When he finally lost it in the glare of the late afternoon sun, he went to the closet and took out his coat. A moment later he was in the elevator, dropping, and then he was out in the cool air. He headed towards the subway, his tall, broad figure moving briskly along the sidewalk. Under his black Homburg hat, the beginning-gray of his temples was etched against the strong, still youthful lines of his face. He ran easily and athletically to cross a street before the light changed.

The man behind the newsstand handed him two evening papers. It was early, and the subway platform was not yet crowded. Richard glanced quickly at the headlines: "Russians Take Eight More Towns" . . . "Raids Grow in Solomons." Then he folded the papers and put them under his arm.

There were seats in the train, but he stood by the centre door, glancing abstractedly at the advertisements. He wondered how Jim Thompson was going to look in the major's uniform—the brown khaki in place of the customary business gray. Even when they had roomed together at college, Jim had always worn gray. Richard thought of the morning Jim's

letter telling of the commission had arrived, and the queer reaction it had caused in him—the flickering feeling he had sought unsuccessfully to deny.

From the subway to the house, along the park, Richard walked slowly, his hands in his coat pockets. It was growing bleak and cold. But in the house it was warm and well lit. The maid already had the drinks out in the living room. Flora was dressing, and the children were in their playroom. He washed and put on a fresh shirt. Then he mixed himself a drink and sat down to read. Johnny, who was ten, came in and asked for the sports section, and Louise, eight, asked for the jokes. Richard gave them what they wanted.

When the bell rang, Richard's heart jumped. He was anxious to see Jim, but it wasn't quite the same old eagerness. He heard the maid go to the door and the familiar sound of Jim's voice, and in a moment Jim came bounding in. He was tanned and he looked neat and hard in the new uniform. The two men grasped hands.

"It's good to see you, Jim," said Richard. "It's good seeing you." His voice sounded strange to him and hollow, as if it were coming from another part of the room. He found his eyes fixed on the gold maple leaf on Jim's shoulder. "A major," he said. "What d'you know—a major. You old son-of-a-gun!"

Richard mixed the drinks, and they sat down. He told Jim how well he looked. "I never felt better in my life," Jim said. "It does something to you, Dick. When you're training, it's not just what you're doing, but why you're doing it. It's having nothing else to do but this one thing, and it's wonderful. It makes you strong all over, no worries, no tricks, and everyone around taking it like that."

Richard nodded his head. "When do you leave?" he asked.

"I go to Washington tonight," Jim said. "Maybe right away."

"Africa?" asked Richard.

Jim smiled. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe, maybe not. They haven't told me."

Something about the way Jim spoke made Richard wonder. He tried to keep from asking, but the words sprang out—"Military secret, eh?"

"Sort of, but I really don't know," Jim replied.

There was a pause, and the two men stared at the carpet. Flora entered, and Jim snapped to his feet. "You're looking marvellous," she said. "I hope you're hungry. It took a week's strategy to get your roast beef from the butcher."

Jim laughed and lit a cigarette. "You're as reliable as ever," he said.

When they went into the dining room, Richard got out an old bottle of wine. "I've been saving it," he explained. After he had filled the glasses, he lifted his. "Well," he said, "give 'em hell."

Jim stood up and looked serious. "Thanks, Dick," he said, and he touched his glass to Flora's. Somehow it didn't come off, and everyone was quiet for a moment. Johnny wanted some wine, and Richard poured him a mouthful. It made him cough, and Louise giggled.

Jim asked about Richard's work. The question was clipped and concise, and Richard noticed how different Jim's voice sounded, how much more official and efficient than before. "It's slow, Jim," he said. "There aren't many new cases."

Jim paused and shifted his chair. He glanced at Johnny and Louise. "Why not try the army, Dick? I can help arrange something."

Richard looked quickly at his wife. "Flora says no," he said. Jim turned to her.

"My health, Jim, you know. It's not been good, and then the children." She cleared her throat. Jim looked down at the table and moved a finger over his cheek.

"Well," he said, "if that's how it is—" He turned back to Richard. "If you change your mind, let me know." It was the first time that he had spoken without conviction.

"It's different with you, Jim," said Flora. "You've no commitments, no obligations, there's just you."

"Yes," said Jim, "being a bachelor pays some dividends." He laughed, forcedly. Richard laughed a little, too, but he didn't quite know why.

After dinner they adjourned to the living room, and Johnny and Louise went off by themselves. Flora left, too, knowing that the two men wanted some time alone together. But when she had gone, Richard could find nothing to say. They didn't talk about the customary things. None of the old friendly discussion about marriage and security, the good life Richard had—which had always been its own best answer to Jim's vagabond theories. Now Jim spoke again about the army life, telling of the soldiers, and Richard just listened. It was interesting, but he wished Jim would stop.

Jim was describing more of the drills and the way tired, nervous men of thirty-five became young and new again when Richard interrupted. "I guess things have changed, Jim," he said. "It's a fighting world. We're fighting for the old institutions, but meanwhile they're in the back seat."

Jim looked up at him. "I know, Dick," he said. "I know how you feel."

Richard went to the closet and got out the bottle of prize Scotch. There was ice still in the thermidor, and he made each of them a drink. He sat down on the armless chair, turning the cool glass in his hand.

"The doctor thinks she's better," he said. "He told me she thought too much about it."

"Maybe," said Jim, "maybe later then—"

"No," Richard broke in, "no, I don't think so. Not unless they come for me first."

"Well," Jim said, "of course, I'll send you my A.P.O. anyway."

At nine o'clock Jim got up. "Train's at nine-thirty," he said. Richard said he would leave with him to go on warden duty. He got out his helmet and put on his old warm coat and gloves. Beside Jim he looked shabby, a little bedraggled, and older.

"I've been doing this since the war started," he explained. "At times it seems like playing a kid's game, but it's something, I guess."

Jim took the helmet and looked at it, inside and out. "Seems pretty strong," he said. "The material's good." He handed it back.

They went down in the elevator together and shook hands in front of the house. "So long, Dick," Jim said. "Keep 'em burning."

Richard tried to smile. "Good luck, Jim, and let's hear about it." They held hands firmly for a moment, and then Jim walked off quickly through the dim-out. Richard stood and watched him disappear—the way he watched the boats on the river from his office window, sailing down the harbor with their vital war matériel.

He began walking slowly in the opposite direction. It was damp out now and a little misty. A mournful whistle wafted from the river, hanging poignantly in the wet air, full of the sound of distant places and of movement in the night. Richard put on his white helmet and adjusted the strap. The wind rose up and slapped sharply at his face. He passed a woman walking a dog and saw her look at the helmet and smile. He cut west a block and then returned on the other side of the street. When he came to the front of a small hotel bar, he hesitated a moment before he went in. The bartender said, "Good evening, warden," and Richard asked for a brandy. He gulped it and had another. It was good, sliding hotly down his throat, singeing his stomach. He stood at the bar, listening to the thin stream of dance music from the box radio on the shelf, and had a third and a fourth shot. He began to feel light-headed, and his resources slowly began to return. He found himself humming an accompaniment to the radio.

The door opened and two soldiers came in with girls. They took a table in the corner, and soon their laughter packed the tiny room. Richard ordered a fifth drink, swallowed it hurriedly, and left.

A light drizzle had begun to fall, and the wind was damper

and more penetrating. He moved slowly along the edge of the park, down a side street again, and then turned. He felt that something was going to happen to him, but he didn't yet know what. He was drunk, but his brain was functioning splendidly in a strange, new sort of way. Suddenly he knew what he had to do. It was quite simple. It came over him like a shock, but he didn't have to hesitate. He brought out his warden's whistle and put it in his mouth. He blew, and blew again, hard, and he found himself jogging down the street. He kept on blowing, shrilly, hardly pausing to catch his breath, and he was vaguely conscious of the windows in the houses around him opening and of voices shouting through the dark, and heads leaning out. He ran on and nearly knocked a figure over on the sidewalk. And still he blew, harsh but beautiful sounds, and he was running faster now—until he found himself in the entrance to the park. Bathed in sweat, he fell on a bench. He touched his fingers to his face and discovered he was crying. Then he wiped his eyes and got up and went slowly away, towards home. The streets were quiet again, the windows shut and the shades pulled down. From the river came the low mysterious baying of the boats, full of sadness, but he scarcely heard them, he was so tired.

NOTES OF AN AMATEUR BEE-KEEPER

BY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

TODAY I opened the beehive to prepare to take off the summer's yield of honey. First I blew a couple of good whiffs of smoke into the entrance, and then when I pried up the cover I added a few more. There was no protest. A slight commotion took place inside the hive when the pickets, retreating from the smoke, fell back on the nurses and other indoor workers, but it died away when the scouts, rising quickly to inspect me, went back to report. I could almost overhear them saying:

"It's all right. It's only himself fooling around the hive again. No cause for alarm. Everybody get back to work."

This quiet acceptance pleased me. It was so different from the reception I got two years ago when I opened the hive for the first time after having bought a swarm that a man was taking home in a burlap sack thrown over his shoulder. Those bees knew I was an alien, and they disliked my foreign smell. They were, besides, not yet adjusted to their new house with its fresh pinewood smell. Hence I had no sooner taken off the metal rain-shedding cover than clouds of them came at me shrill and red-eyed. They banged at my screened face like bullets. They crawled up under the netting that guarded my face. They tried to get at my ankles between trousers and shoes. On my left arm they found an inch-wide opening between sleeve and gauntlet, and I got a vicious sting just above the point of the elbow. That night the arm was swollen and feverish, and I felt a kind of bone ache in the elbow for a week afterward. Some nerve or blood vessel must have been pierced.

But today, although the pitch of their hival hum was

raised perceptibly in recognition of my presence, the inhabitants made no fuss. These bees are not the same that greeted me so angrily two years ago. Those bees—queen, attendants, nurses, door-guards, and pickets—have long, long ago been gathered to their mothers. These creatures are their descendants. Probably fifteen bee generations have come and gone since then, maybe more; for during busy springs and summers a field bee's life is scarcely five weeks long. Nevertheless, the word has come down that I belong to the enterprise and am not to be molested. And so when I inserted my lever under one of the "supers," or upper stories, and pried it up slightly, the bees did no more than stick their heads out inquisitively. There was none of that high-pitched whine that signifies trouble a-brewing. And when I took the wooden cover off the top super, they went on with business without agitation. This has never happened before. Hitherto at least one or two bees have lost their tempers and tried to attack. It means that at last my bees and I are one.

The top off, there came the delicious odor of ripe honey—appetizing and hunger-making. It was all the more so because the honey was being uncovered in a setting where it belonged—at the edge of an oak and hickory wood with a young orchard on one hand and a flower garden on the other. Revealed were thirty-two little wooden boxes, called sections, each containing one pound of honey in the comb. Everything looked well. The cells were properly capped over. The entire space in each section was filled from wall to wall. There were no loose ends, no aimless deposits of wax. The bees ran in and out of their passages and tunnels with an important and businesslike air. There was a bit of an opening in the side of one section where the wooden wall had split. Through this oozed a stream of amber honey. I dipped my little finger in it and tasted it.

If there is anything more delicious than the first taste of a new crop of one's own honey, I know not what it is. The flavor is, of course, partly proprietorial. In letting the honey run over my tongue, it seemed to me that it was a compound,

cunningly blended, of numbers of different flavors whose source I could name. I liked to fancy that every flowering plant in the neighborhood was represented. I thought I could detect a strain imparted by the *lonicera*, the winter honeysuckle; a taste of melilot, the white clover. I remember how madly the bees gripped the little white star blossoms of the privet, and how lovingly they hovered over the lavender weigela; and that winy, full-bodied flavor—that surely came from the fragrant white bells of the sourwood.

But all this honeycomb is so overrun with clinging and working bees that nothing can be done until they are cleared off. You can smoke them out of their passages and brush them off on the ground afterward—there is a bee-brush for the purpose. But this would take an hour or two. Much easier it is to insert between this laden super and the next one a little nickeled instrument called a bee-escape. It is three inches long and an inch wide, and it is fitted with metal tongues or springs that come together in such a way as to permit a bee to go out but not to come back in. It is pleasant to hold in the hand and to look at; men are highly ingenious when they wish to take advantage of animal habits, which are absolutely fixed in the species, scarcely varying a tittle from century to century.

The inside cover of the hive has a slot into which the bee-escape just fits. All I have to do is to shift the supers, put this slotted board between them, and the sections will soon be clear of bees; for once they have gone into the lower story, they cannot climb up again. Before I make the exchange I take my hooked lever and raise some of the laden frames out of the top super, so that I may look into their condition. All are heavy with comb honey. To this examination the bees make no objection.

When I first fitted up this backyard hive, the first I ever owned, an old bee-keeper advised me to visit the bees every day if possible. He said that thus they would not only come to know me, but they would work better. Bees, he reminded me, are females and like attention; bees that go unnoticed

don't produce well, and in resentment at being neglected they go to swarming. Accordingly, I visit the hive every morning and show myself regularly to the inhabitants. In winter I narrow the entrance so that freezing blasts do not get in and slow up the work, and in summer I cut away the weeds and grass that might block the door. These attentions do seem to pay dividends; the bees no longer question my inspections or suspect my motives. I can push them aside with my fingers, and even when I accidentally jolt a frame or jar the hive—a thing that usually incenses them—they keep quietly on with the work. Laden bees come in from distant fields “with their boots on”; that is, with the pollen baskets, which are formed by hairs on their hind legs, so filled that the owners seem to be wearing hip boots; and others, their cargos discharged, take off again with a quiet industrious hum. The guards watch the entrance to keep out ants and other obnoxious insects, and the drones bumble about, doing nothing. In short, although I have the top open to the sky, the colony is normally busy. For me this is a triumph. It was only a few months ago that I thought I would never learn to handle a hive of bees without upsetting them or myself.

While I am about it, I might as well look into the brood chamber also. This is the lowest and deepest chamber. It is never robbed because it is the queen's palace, brood chamber, and royal nursery. I pull out a few frames heavy with larvae and swarming with assiduous nurse bees. At a lower corner I spot the queen. It is fairly easy to do so for three reasons. In the first place, she moves with a pronounced dignity and stateliness as she goes from cell to cell depositing a single egg in each. In the second place, she has a longer and more pointed body than her subjects. And lastly, she is always surrounded by a circle of ladies-in-waiting that keep their heads pointed towards her. If they must move away, they do so backwards, just as the attendants did at Queen Victoria's court. Although this is a young queen, every one of the approximately 80,000 inhabitants of this colony is her child. Picture a census-taker asking a mother how many children

she has, and imagine his expression when she replies matter-of-factly:

"There were 80,000 this morning; there may be 500 or 1,000 more than that this afternoon."

I have a personal interest in this slim young beauty because she was raised in this colony. The old queen disappeared mysteriously last year in a May swarming. It was the first time I had ever had to deal with this phenomenon. I came home one afternoon to find my bees, which I had left peacefully at work that morning, filling the air with circlings and clamors. The firmament above at least an acre of ground was speckled with bees, all having quit work and gone on a spree of excitement. After an hour or so of shrill gyrations a few thousand of them settled down on the limb of a wild cherry tree. But the biggest part of them returned to the hive. Before sundown they were all back at work. It was plain what had happened. They had wanted to swarm, but the queen remained behind because her wings had been clipped. I congratulated myself on having followed an old bee-man's advice on that point. When the swarmers discovered that the queen was not with them, they had no choice but to go back to her court; for bees are loyal subjects. They have a horror of leaving their queen unattended.

The next day, when all was quiet again, I opened the hive to see if the queen was well and in her place. She was not visible. I searched every frame, I combed the grass outside the hive, but never found her. I could only guess that, responding to the tribal call, she had bravely tried to lead the swarming, but, not being able to use her clipped wings, had fallen outside the hive where she might have been devoured by beetles or picked up by birds.

The colony must be provided with a new queen at once. Fortunately the comb in the brood chamber had several queen cells already developing. These cells look like swollen purses having an outer surface veined and netted somewhat like a peanut hull's. I destroyed all these cells except one, for to have several queens hatching at once would be overexcit-

ing to the colony and embarrassing to the owner. In sixteen days from the laying of the egg, the new queen was mature and ready to assume her duties. I witnessed no part of the celebrated nuptial flight into whatever portion of the sky is not now crowded with airplanes, or her triumphant return to the hive. When I first saw her she was calmly walking over the comb, laying her eggs like a veteran, and the colony seemed to have a new morale. When her gold-banded progeny began to emerge, it seemed to me that they were larger and more vigorous, at the same time gentler, than the preceding line founded by the deceased queen. But this may have been mere fancy.

The golden Italian bees have almost everywhere replaced the black bees that were once found in every American hive. The Italians are less nervous and irritable, and are supposed to be better producers than their black brethren. I still see a few black bees competing for nectar with the humming birds and moths, but they are subdued in manner and seem content to efface themselves as if they have an inferiority complex and realize they are not wanted. If I am within two or three miles of my home and see a yellow-circled bee sipping nectar or gathering pollen among the flowers, I take it for granted that she belongs to my colony; if on getting her fill, she takes off in the direction of home it gives me a feeling of profound satisfaction. And if this proposed robbery of mine, to take place twenty-four hours from now, is successful, I shall, when I taste the honey oozing from the comb, think of all the garden and meadow flowers, all the fragrant tree blossoms, that contributed to it. To me it will be better than honey from Mount Hybla.

IN AUTUMN READ HISTORY

By KEITH THOMAS

LAKE-LEVEL reeds are brown, and birds
renew migration's anxious cry,
and shepherds turn their mountain herds
to downward paths; and so do I
turn back again from hill to shore
and memory brings joy to me
like Xenophon's, whose eyes explore
familiar and beloved sea.

Facing the solstice now, I see
the butterfly securely spun
in cotton and in destiny
to wait a northly rising sun;
and every root of elm and oak
completes the store of leaf-made food,
and fir and spruce from winter's stroke
protect with heavy bark their wood.

And I look down and back and down
through corridors towards the past,
see Babylon a shining town,
the riddling eyes of Sphinx and Bast,
the courts of Minos Homer knew,
the splendid hill of Pericles,
and Pindar's house preserved to do
honor for well-tuned victories.

The centuries of history
lend courage to the stormy days,
this winter of humanity
and cruel rigor of its ways;
and I look back along the plain
wherein our mighty sources lie,
while waiting for the spring again
and mountain paths that we may try.

SWISS NEUTRALITY

By MALCOLM MOOS

A SHORT time before the outbreak of the First World War, the German Kaiser was the guest of the Swiss government. In the midst of the annual military maneuvers which he was invited to observe, he said to one of the Swiss soldiers: "You are 500,000 and you shoot well, but if we attack with 1,000,000 men what will you do?" "We will fire twice," answered the soldier. Since then twenty-nine years have passed, and a far more tyrannical and despotic German government has arisen to challenge the institutions of all the democracies, Switzerland's amongst them. Recently angered by what he termed a "negative attitude" of the Swiss press towards the "New Order," a Nazi Foreign Office spokesman, Dr. Paul Schmidt, warned that in the new Europe, Germany "would make short work" of recalcitrant people and suggested that such persons would probably be sent either to the steppes of Asia or into the Great Beyond. Next day the Swiss press had a ready answer in the Zürich "*Volksrecht*" headline: "*Wir machen nicht mit!*" ("We won't play ball!")

Contrary to the report early this year of Charles Lanius, journalist and radio commentator, Switzerland has not permitted herself to be reduced to vassal status by the Third Reich. German inspectors do not supervise Swiss factories as was alleged, the Swiss can and do export merchandise without the permission of Germany, and Switzerland has not impoverished her people by sending Germany all the foodstuffs demanded of her.

When Germany consummated her first bloodless conquest by annexing Austria in 1938, she had a common frontier with ten different countries. Of this number, only Switzerland retains today territorial and political integrity. A landlocked

country, Switzerland is the fourth smallest state in Europe, being approximately one-half the size of Maine. This tiny democratic oasis is per capita the wealthiest country in Europe, yet almost one-fourth of its area consists of eternal snows, glaciers, or otherwise unproductive land. It must import nearly all the raw materials needed to give employment to its working population, 46 per cent of which is dependent upon the export market for its livelihood.

Culturally, Switzerland is one of the most advanced countries in Europe. Although it was primarily a German-speaking nation until the end of the eighteenth century, it has emerged as a trilingual nation, 71 per cent of the population speaking German, 21 per cent French, 6 per cent Italian. A fourth language, Romansch, a neo-Latin tongue, is spoken in some Alpine regions by the Rhaeto-Romans. The Rhaeto-Romans are a relatively unimportant national group, yet, unlike the Italian government which persecuted this minority group, the Swiss government recognized Romansch officially as a fourth language in 1937. Since the federal constitution was adopted in Switzerland in 1848, linguistic pluralism has never been questioned.

It is usually conceded that Switzerland is the oldest living democracy in the world, the only other contender for this honor being Iceland. In the year 1291, the free men of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden met in Rutli Glade and concluded a pact by which they bound themselves to defend each other mutually "with our deeds and counsel, with our strong right arm, . . . and with our might and soul," against all external aggression. The pact closed with the words, "This Covenant . . . shall with God's help endure forever." Born out of fear of Hapsburg oppression, this confederation was gradually added to in subsequent centuries by a series of alliances which bound various cantons together. The struggle to amalgamate these several cantons into a single cohesive federation was a dramatic one.

In August of this year, Switzerland celebrated the six hundred and fifty-second anniversary of her confederation. Al-

though she found herself on that occasion encircled by Axis military power and the victim of a tight German economic ring, she is still proving that the willingness of a people to submit to harsh economic controls and sacrifices is strengthened by the democratic process. She has also demonstrated by actions too numerous to recount since the start of the Second World War that though she wears the cloak of neutrality, the attitude of her body politic is far from neutral. At the outbreak of the war, Switzerland immediately requested belligerents to respect her neutrality and announced that all aircraft of warring powers flying over Swiss territory would be fired upon. Violations of Swiss neutrality by both British and German planes have been so frequent that the Swiss protests have become perfunctory. Swiss political sympathies, however, are reflected by the relative accuracy of her anti-aircraft batteries. Only two British planes have been shot down, but some fifteen German planes have been brought down by their fire.

Preservation of Switzerland's air neutrality has not been lacking in elements of humor. On October 29, 1942, a squadron of British bombers flew over the country on their way to Italy. Next day the German government registered a protest that the Swiss anti-aircraft fire against the British bombers was very slight. Carrying out the instructions of his government, the Swiss Minister replied that while these planes flew over only 110 miles of Swiss territory, they had already flown over 430 miles of German and German-occupied territory. If the Germans had not been able to shoot them down in 430 miles, how could the Swiss be expected to do so in 110 miles? It may be added that the Swiss made no protest to the British government during the series of heavy raids on Genoa last October.

Switzerland's economic status has been conditioned by her lack of natural resources. Nearly half the working population is engaged in industry or trade. In the processing of raw and semi-processed materials, the labor element for some products turned out by Swiss skill represents as much as 80 per cent of the final cost. Switzerland is so strongly dependent upon inter-

national economy that she has suffered immensely because of the war. A large segment of her population engaged in the tourist hotel business has, of course, been adversely affected. Many of her manufacturing branches such as fine textiles, because of their luxury character, have been heavily hit as the purchasing power of foreign customers has dwindled. Coupled with these difficulties is a rise in the cost of living up to 14 per cent, brought about mainly by the critical supply situation.

That the exigencies of war have caused the Swiss economy to gravitate more and more into the German economic orbit no one would deny. But it is fallacious to assume that the Swiss have capitulated to German pressure and that today they are, in effect, Axis slaves. A Swiss neutrality proclamation, issued by the government immediately upon the outbreak of the war, prohibited the export of weapons, munitions, and all types of war materials to belligerent countries. Five months later, this decree was modified to permit the export of timing mechanisms, precision instruments, and engine parts. In the early stages of the war, most of these articles went to England and France. For the past two years they have gone to Germany, but all raw materials, such as iron and copper, to be made into war products for Axis nations must be supplied by them. Raw materials and semi-processed products permitted to pass through the Allied blockade are exclusively for Swiss consumption. Such materials are used to manufacture arms for the Swiss army as well as to keep the economic system alive for the regular peace-time export. With a good deal of justification, the Swiss point out that only by securing steady work for their people can they avoid internal trouble that would seriously endanger the political situation. Their absolute dependence upon the supply of raw materials from overseas makes even the limited supplies sent by the United States and England of vital consequence to the maintenance of their economic system.

Switzerland does not, as has been alleged, manufacture trucks for export to the Axis powers. To keep alive her automotive industry, which has suffered more than any other industry, she does turn out engine parts for the Axis. Early in

1942, Germany tried to purchase 2,000 trucks in Switzerland for export to Germany. This request was rejected, but an agreement was effected whereby Switzerland undertook to convert 2,000 German trucks (not 40,000, as has been reported) for the use of wood gas. All raw materials including even the lubricating oil and grease necessary for the conversion were furnished by Germany. The Swiss government accepted this order solely for the purpose of alleviating the serious unemployment situation in the automobile trade.

Allegations that German inspectors supervise Swiss factories are without foundation. Swiss factories accepting orders from Germany do allow representatives of German companies to sample manufactured articles before delivery—which is a rather common trade practice. It should certainly not be interpreted to mean that Germans have replaced the supervisory personnel in Swiss factories.

Control by Germany of the iron and particularly the coal indispensable to Swiss industry has compelled Switzerland to make many concessions to Germany to keep her factories running. Switzerland has been able, however, to obtain amounts of coal, iron, steel, and mineral oils from Germany considerably in excess of the shipments necessary to fill German orders. Total imports of Switzerland from Germany in millions of Swiss francs were, in 1941, 656; in 1942, first six months, 321; total exports from Switzerland to Germany were, in 1941, 576; in 1942, first six months, 278. Undeniably, the Axis powers have been, for obvious transport reasons, the recipients of an increasing share of Swiss exports.

Germany's monopolistic position, made possible by her present control of raw materials and fuel, permits her to peg the prices of her exports to the great detriment of Switzerland. The Germans reduce the real value of their exports by increasing the prices of goods essential for Swiss industry. Thus, in June, 1942, the "*Neue Zürcher Zeitung*" reported prices of exports principally from Germany increased in the following percentages: heating oil, 546%; Luxemburg coal, 169%; and Siemens-Martin steel, 109%. Against this unilateral

practice of price increases the Swiss have been quite helpless. A refusal to grant further credits to Germany might shut down Swiss industry.

Of all Swiss industries, the economic ties of her chemical companies with German chemical enterprises are the strongest. Headed by five Basel concerns, and employing some 15,000 people, Swiss chemical industries have made repeated but unsuccessful attempts to show that they are connected in no way with German chemical manufacturers. Until 1940, Dr. Schmitz, now president of the German I. G. Farbenindustrie of Frankfurt, was also head of the I. G. Chemie, Basel—one of Switzerland's largest holding companies. In June, 1942, for the first time since it was formed in 1929 with a close mutual understanding with I. G. Farbenindustrie, the I. G. Chemie passed up dividend payments on its 125,000,000 francs of common stock. Ostensibly, the purpose of this cancellation of the dividend guarantee arrangement between I. G. Chemie, Basel, and I. G. Farbenindustrie, Frankfurt, was to remove the stigma of the former German interest in the Swiss concern. According to the I. G. Chemie's report, however, the reason for the dividend cancellation was that 80 per cent of the company's assets are blocked in the United States in the General Aniline and Film Corporation. I. G. Chemie's new chairman, Dr. Felix Iselin, insists that his industry is entirely Swiss-American owned, that dividend guarantee arrangements with Germany's I. G. Farbenindustrie were terminated in June, 1940, and that European dyestuff cartel agreements were severed as soon as war broke out. I. G. Chemie, Basel, still maintains a heavy interest in Norsk Hydro, however, as does I. G. Farbenindustrie, Frankfurt.

Nearly all Switzerland's chemical plants are situated near her German and French frontiers. Because the country is so small, no effort was made to decentralize these plants or to move them inland when war began, but certain formulas and confidential data on dyes and medicinal fabrication were sent abroad. Shortages of potash, sulphur, acids, coal, and oil have made it necessary for some Swiss dye and pharmaceutical

companies to transfer part of their production to subsidiaries in foreign countries.

According to their war-time financial statements, Swiss chemical industries have held up fairly well. When war started, there were 272 chemical factories in Switzerland. As synthetic production has expanded, more factories have been built.

Much has been made of a recent report that electric power generated at several Swiss hydroelectric plants along the Rhine has been diverted to Germany to run plants in the highly industrialized Ruhr, and it has been rumored that many Swiss homes were cold because of this diversion of electrical energy. Rivers separating nations are international, and the Rhine is no exception. When the hydroelectric plants were built on the Rhine long before the outbreak of the present war, contracts were executed granting rights to both Germany and Switzerland in the electricity generated. After Germany overran France and Alsace-Lorraine, of course, she was also the beneficiary of the power rights which had formerly accrued to Alsace-Lorraine. Observers who returned from Switzerland last winter reported that the ski-lifts, which require large amounts of electrical energy, were still functioning. It is difficult to believe that the Swiss would waste current on ski-lifts in these critical times if their homes heated by electricity were freezing because Germany had forced them to divert most of their power to the Reich.

On the home front, Switzerland has mobilized her people and resources with systematic and democratic efficiency to compensate for the decrease in imports of foodstuffs and raw materials. After Germany invaded Poland, a stringent national food supply and rationing system was introduced. In its initial stage, rationing was carried out upon a somewhat arbitrary basis—children received one-half of the amount allotted to adults until October, 1940, when special ration cards were issued for minors. As the need for conserving foodstuffs became more serious, the so-called "Wahlen Plan" was inaugurated by the Federal Council. In essence the Wahlen Plan

called for two decisive measures: (1) a rapid diversification of agriculture and conversion of forests, parks, and grazing areas into cultivable land; (2) a scientific diet adapted to meet the needs of people in various occupational pursuits. Although the original aim to bring an additional seven hundred thousand acres under cultivation has not been realized, largely because of tractor shortages and lack of farm labor, the area suitable for crops has been increased 65 per cent, and domestic production of cereals has increased 32 per cent. If the Wahlen Plan were completely realized, however, Switzerland would still lack 300,000 acres of tilled land necessary, according to estimates, for bare self-sufficiency.

The second part of the Wahlen Plan (the scientific diet) was instituted in July, 1942, with an elaborate system of differential rationing. A special commission of physiologists, hygienists, and physicians submitted a diet based upon minimum nutritive needs. In formulating a diet schedule, the commission proceeded on the theory that everyone should have a properly balanced diet, but that physiological needs should be the *only* determinants in allocating food. In accordance with this principle, the population is divided into four categories: (1) persons having normal needs who perform no physical labor; (2) persons who do part-time physical work; (3) laborers who have full-time physical tasks or are on regular shifts; (4) laborers engaged in unusually arduous work under difficult conditions. Under this scheme, every person gets one normal ration card irrespective of his classification. People in the second category receive one normal ration card plus one supplementary card, while people in the third and fourth categories each receive one normal card plus two supplementary cards. Experience has led to the creation of three additional classes—adolescents, children, and pregnant women with whom are grouped infants under six months. Expectant mothers receive a normal card plus one-quarter of a supplementary card, while infants under six months are entitled to one-fourth of a normal ration card.

Conversion provisions give the Swiss differential rationing

system its most unique feature—a flexibility which is highly desirable because it permits some individuality in food selection. In this respect, differential rationing is not unlike point rationing. Thus a person entitled to a supplementary card may obtain coupons instead, which may be used for specified amounts of vegetables, fats, cheese, and meat.

The rationing of commodities has placed all manufacturers and importers under the Swiss Central Office of Importation of Foodstuffs (Cibaria) or the Swiss Centre of Butter Supply (Butyra). Manufacturers and importers are required to produce monthly inventories of their stocks, and they must turn over all coupons received against merchandise to the Cibaria or Butyra. In spite of strict rationing measures, Switzerland is better off than any other country in continental Europe except Portugal. Nevertheless, owing to lack of fodder, Swiss farmers have had to slaughter many thousand cattle, thus reducing the milk and cheese supply. The daily milk ration is one pint for adults, and a quart for children. Bread and potatoes were not rationed until a year ago, when rationing of bread was necessitated by the rise in its consumption as other commodities had become scarce. The daily bread ration is now ten ounces per person. No bread may be sold until it is two days old, the theory being that since stale bread is more filling than fresh, less will be consumed.

Considerable misapprehension exists in the minds of impartial observers over the amount of foodstuffs which Switzerland exports to Germany. Charles Lanius has stated that the Swiss have been forced to export such huge quantities of foodstuffs to Germany that they will soon have to reduce food rations to the low level now prevailing in Germany. Actually, Switzerland imports from Germany and German-occupied territories a great deal more than she exports to them. Switzerland gets chickens, butter, and eggs from the Balkan countries, and from Germany seed potatoes, malt and yeast for the brewing industry, and large quantities of sugar. Switzerland's principal food export to Germany is fruit, of which she produces a surplus above domestic consumption. In the first half of 1942,

which is the last period for which there are reliable data, Switzerland exported to Germany and German-occupied territories agricultural commodities valued at 6,645,000 Swiss francs—fresh apples, canned fruit, cheese, milk, and cattle. During the same period, Switzerland imported from Germany and German-occupied territories excepting France foodstuffs valued at 46,041,000 Swiss francs. Imports included sugar and molasses, poultry, eggs, fish, wheat, barley, oats, various grains, peas and beans, malt, hops, and seed potatoes.

Few nations with an export business as important as that of Switzerland have shown less concern over a domestically owned merchant marine. Following the First World War, Switzerland had only three ships, and until April, 1941, she depended exclusively upon the foreign merchant marine for overseas transportation of her imports and exports. Her desperate need for foodstuffs from the Western Hemisphere and Africa coupled with the lack of cargo space led to the acquisition of a merchant marine. Today this is composed of eight ships of Swiss registry and ten Greek ships which have been chartered for a limited period. One of the Greek ships has disappeared, but the other nine have continued to ply between Genoa or Lisbon and American ports. None of the Swiss ships has been molested. Early this summer the German safe-conduct for the chartered Greek ships was withdrawn.

In establishing the various transportation links with the non-Axis world Switzerland has shown exceptional ability. Actually, the importation of bulk articles has been possible only via Italy. Prior to Italy's entrance into the war, a special transit agreement guaranteed the free transit of goods arriving at Italian ports and destined for Switzerland. After Italy's entry, this agreement was reaffirmed by the Italian government, although port facilities for Swiss imports were limited to the port of Genoa, while the chartered Greek ships were denied access to this port and, therefore, had to dock at Lisbon—which proved a distinct hardship because of the shortage of rolling stock. A trucking service from Lisbon to the Spanish border and the reconditioning of 200 Spanish and

Portuguese freight cars for the exclusive transportation of Swiss goods have helped to lessen this handicap. But if the life line via Genoa were cut, the supply of foodstuffs to Switzerland would, of course, be gravely endangered.

Great as are the complications involved in the physical movement of materials, they seem almost inconsequential by contrast with the complexity of the agreements sanctioning passage of the goods through Allied blockades. In order to assure belligerent nations as to the proper use of imported raw materials and semi-finished products, Switzerland has set up a rigid control system for its entire import and export business. All commodities consigned to Switzerland which must pass through the British blockade are granted passage only when covered by a navicert issued by the British Ministry of Economic Warfare. Issuance of a navicert is dependent upon a corresponding Swiss guarantee certificate prepared by the Swiss Central Office for the control of imports and exports and forwarded to the British Ministry of Economic Warfare. The guarantee certificate states that the commodities mentioned in it are destined for Swiss territory, where their use will be subject to strict supervision by semi-official syndicates. Syndicates control the consignee of imported foods and require the consignee to observe the regulations on all shipments. Before a consignee may obtain a guarantee certificate from the Swiss government he has to sign a document whereby he obligates himself to see to it that the goods in question will under no circumstances be re-exported in an unprocessed form. He must further agree to submit complete records of all such commodities to the Swiss Central Office and to comply strictly with export regulations if the imported material is used for the manufacture of products to be shipped abroad.

No shipment may leave Switzerland without an export license and a Certificate of Swiss Origin, and an article is deemed to be of Swiss origin only if it has received the essential part of its finishing process in Switzerland. In practice, this has been construed to apply to articles that have been manufactured entirely by Swiss labor or to those that have

undergone such a complete transformation in Switzerland that at least 75 per cent of the sales value of the finished product depends upon cost of production within Switzerland. If a Swiss firm desires to export overseas, it must file application with the competent British consulate which in turn decides whether or not to issue a Certificate of Swiss Origin. When one is granted, the British Consul simply states that the Swiss manufacturer has produced evidence that the merchandise designated has not been grown, produced, or manufactured in enemy territory, and that no person who is an enemy or with whom trading is prohibited has any interest in the article being exported.

Materially, Switzerland has had to conform to manifold Axis demands. What concessions have been made, however, have been granted grudgingly, and by virtue of a dogged democratic determination she has managed to preserve an important vestige of her economic autonomy. Most military experts agree that if Germany so desired she could defeat Switzerland in a military engagement. There is every likelihood that Germany did at one time intend to invade Switzerland, but the premature collapse of France made invasion unnecessary for her purposes. Switzerland, however, has not been devoid of persuasive means to hold Germany in check. The German High Command know only too well that the 12.3 mile Simplon, the 9.04 mile Lötschberg, and the 9.3 mile St. Gotthard tunnels are heavily mined. They also know that the Swiss would not hesitate to blow them up in case of an invasion, and that it would take years to repair them. Four-fifths of the traffic between Germany and Italy has gone through the St. Gotthard and Simplon tunnels. The German High Command also fear that the power plants along the Rhine border would be destroyed by the Swiss at the first sign of aggression.

Any belligerent that engaged the Swiss army would be certain, at least, to pay a high price. This well-trained army is the most democratic in the world. While the Swiss people

abhor professional militarism, their army is characterized by a vitality that has aroused the admiration of professional soldiers for a hundred years. Today general mobilization gives Switzerland an army of 600,000 men. One out of every seven of her people is a soldier. (The same proportion would mean for the United States an army of 20,000,000.) Moreover, Swiss men classified as unfit for military service (4-F in our Selective Service system) are heavily taxed. All Swiss citizens who are found to be physically unfit or are deferred because of their employment, must pay a nominal personal tax of six francs. In addition they are required to pay a tax of one and a half per cent on all property they possess, and a tax of one and a half per cent on income. A person having property valued at less than 1,000 francs or an annual income under 600 francs pays only the nominal tax of six francs.

Many reasons why Germany has not tried to invade Switzerland have been advanced. One of the latest suggestions is that the Nazi leaders want some haven to which they may flee when the storm breaks. The strongest support may be adduced for the view that invasion did not fit into the grand strategy of the German High Command. In any event, the Swiss army is not unprepared. Stores of ammunition have been hidden in rocks and crevices, during the past four years, large enough to enable the Swiss to carry on a savage guerrilla warfare. Still more important, nature has endowed Switzerland with a terrain which makes strafing by planes difficult. Swiss artillery is embedded in crevices at an altitude of 10,000 feet, where it is inaccessible to tanks and unassailable from the air.

The spirit of resistance in Switzerland has won for her the admiration of all democratic people, but her record on the philanthropic side is equally impressive. In the humanitarian field her greatest contribution has been the Red Cross, which was conceived by a Geneva business man on the battlefield of Solferino. In the first three years of the present war, the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva received 19 million letters and sent out 20 million messages. Besides answering

thousands of telegraphic inquiries, the Red Cross receives and records the names of all soldiers who are taken prisoner or who die within enemy lines.

The Swiss have shown that people of varied cultural and ethnic characteristics can not only live peacefully together but also derive mutual benefits by reason of their fraternization. One need only visit the modest Swiss Legation in Washington to witness Swiss co-operation. Here employees speak French, German, and even some Italian, while carrying on routine transactions. Through their ability to live together amicably the Swiss have provided a model for Europe. They have demonstrated that a nation can exist with few raw materials or natural resources and thus by their example have exploded the fascist "have-not nation" doctrine.

Switzerland is a nation with a democratic political structure, but more important is her heritage of a democratic way of life and her determination to keep it fluid. Her democracy connotes a philosophy and a social attitude rather than a mere governmental structure. It is this quality which in the language of the Swiss Covenant may, "with God's help," permit the Swiss nation to "endure forever."

BUT NOT SO FINAL

By GALE WILHELM

THAT night after supper he walked up through the woods to look at the meadow for the last time. He stood at the edge of the meadow and sucked on his dead pipe and felt the cool soft air of spring on his face and heard the nighthawks overhead, in the early dark the sudden sound of great bowstrings singing, and he saw the dogwood in bloom on the far side of the meadow, and he said good-bye sadly because he had loved the meadow and it had given him much. He had watched the deer come out to feed there at evening, he had seen Bessie and the deer feeding there together calmly, and the skunk whose house was somewhere in the brush on the far side always brought her family there to play. He had sketched them all many times, the deer, the skunks, the owls, the chipmunks, always sitting on an old cedar log that lay near where he now stood.

He knocked out his pipe and turned to go back. He walked slowly, thinking, You didn't make it after all. You thought you'd won but you've lost. At least, temporarily. This is a defeat as important but not so final as the other kind, the kind the old man would have nailed into a pine box and had hauled into town. Not nearly so final. I *can* start all over again.

The girl was sitting on the step when he got back to the house, and he sat down beside her and, without speaking, began to fill his pipe again. He knew the old man was asleep in his chair in the kitchen, his feet up on the oven door, his coffee cold in the cup beside him. The girl held her bare knees in her arms, sitting very still and small and hunched over her knees, and suddenly, as though it had spoken itself aloud, he knew the loneliness that she held close within herself. He half turned towards her, touched, in a way startled. "I'm going to

miss you so much, Tina," he said, speaking quietly not to startle her. She said nothing, and he lighted his pipe and didn't see her eyes turn in the dark to catch his face in the match-light, and he said, "I walked up to the meadow just now and I felt sad about it. I've made so many friends up there in the meadow. I hate to go. It was so easy to forget there's a world beyond this one."

"You get letters," she said suddenly.

He glanced at her, "Oh sure, but that doesn't mean anything." He was silent for a moment. "I hate to go. I hate to leave everything I've learned to love."

She felt his words within her like flowers opening to a morning sun, but she hugged her knees tighter in her arms and said nothing. Outside that core where his words lay, there was no belief and no hope that she would ever see him again. She had known for several weeks that he was going to go. "You aren't sorry," she said suddenly. Her words had the spread sound of laughter on them.

He took his pipe out of his mouth. "Why do you say that?"

"You aren't sorry," she said, laughing the soft bitter laughter. "How could you be sorry going back where you came from?"

He knew he couldn't make her understand, but he wanted to try. "The things I told you about, Tina, don't even exist any more. Those were things that happened when I was young, they were what they were *because* I was young. I'm not going back to anything like that at all. When I first heard about the war I thought it couldn't possibly touch me up here and I wouldn't even have to think about it. But it hasn't worked out that way. I haven't much left to give, but it has a certain value and I'm going to offer it for what it's worth. But, Tina, there's nothing on earth so horrible as war. You don't know. You've just heard men talk about it when it's a long time separated from them, something they remember, an adventure, like a hunting trip."

"Then why're you going?"

He shook his head. "I can't make you understand. I just have to go."

"If I could go where you're going," she said, "I wouldn't be sorry about anything."

He looked up into the sound of the nighthawks. "You're thinking about something else," he said softly, remembering the stories he had told her. "That's gone now. In war time everything changes, not just the ground that's being fought over. People and cities thousands of miles away change, too. That's what I like about living up here. That's why I'm coming back. Up here nothing changes. You can go down to the post office and hear them talking about the war and the radio is talking about the war, but the moment you leave, the moment you leave the road and start up the trail it's all behind you."

"Not you," she said bitterly.

"I've been up here four years, do you realize that, Tina? and nothing has changed." He thought suddenly, Nothing but Tina. Good Lord! and he looked towards her, his teeth tight on the stem of his pipe. Why, she's grown. This has happened right under my nose! and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed softly, uncertainly, and said, "Nothing but you."

"And Bessie," she said with bitterness in the words. "Bessie's calved three times, and she's ready to drop the fourth."

He laughed again, "You'd make a liar out of me, wouldn't you? That's different. That's a natural change, like your growing up. That's all around us all the time. It's the *unnatural*, the forced change I object to." He slid his body out, stretching his legs, resting his elbows on the porch floor a step above. "The day I climbed up here," he said, "you were about the size of a squirrel. I can still hear the swish of that pine-needle broom on this very ground my heels are resting on now."

And she could see clearly the shadow that lay suddenly at

her feet, and she turned quickly and he was standing there smiling at her. "Such industry," he had said, panting softly, his face pale but splotched with red under the cheek bones. "Did I frighten you?"

"No," she said, looking like a frightened squirrel, frozen into a small tight brown knot of fright.

"I didn't mean to," he said. "Is this where Mr. Webb lives?"

"Yes," she said, "but he isn't here now."

The rucksack came down off his stooping shoulders onto the bare swept ground. "Are you *Miss Webb*?"

"My name's Tina," she said staring at him.

"Mine's Carl Hollister. May I sit there on the step for a moment?" Her head went yes, and he walked slowly to the step and sat down as though the bones had dissolved in his legs, in his whole body. "If that's in your way," he said, nodding at the rucksack, "please just sweep around it. I'll move it later." He opened a little leather box that hung on his belt and took out a collapsible metal cup. "Would you mind filling this from your water bucket, Tina?"

She stood the broom against the trunk of the pine tree whose boughs swept the roof of the cabin, and took the cup and started towards the water bucket that stood on a bench beside the door. She had to go past him up the steps. Her ankles were as brown as hazelnuts.

"Don't dip it into the bucket," he said softly.

She ladled his cup full of water and brought it to him, and he thanked her and drank it very slowly. "They told me down at the post office," he said slowly, slowly collapsing the empty cup, "that Mr. Webb had a cabin he might rent to me. Would that be the cabin?"

"*That!*" she said, horrified. "That's where we used to keep Baldy. He died in there last winter."

"Baldy?"

"Our horse," she said. "We haven't any horse now."

He looked up at her and smiled, and she smiled back at him

without knowing why, not meaning to smile. "That's where I want to live then," he said.

"There's a miner's cabin down on the crick you mi—"

"No," he said. "One of the happiest times in my whole life was a night I spent in a stable."

Her fright came back without warning. She stepped down off the porch, avoiding the steps, and got her broom. It had a solid hickory handle. "My father'll be back for dinner," she said. "You better talk to him." . . .

They heard the old man's feet hit the floor and the creak of the chair released from his weight. He came to the door behind them and stood looking out. "I guess I dropped off," he said. He slipped his suspenders up onto his shoulders and belched deeply with the effort. "Tina, you shut up the chickens?"

"Yes," she said, not moving.

They felt the porch floor give under his weight as he stepped down. He crossed the porch and leaned against the post supporting the roof. He looked up at the sky for a long time, the taste of coffee in his mouth, sleep still on him.

She hugged her knees tighter remembering. She could see them at the kitchen table in the lamp-light, her father talking, glad to talk like that, flattered that someone was willing to listen. Since her mother's death he had lived in silence, as she had. She could hear her father's voice, coming gladly out of the long silence, unused to itself. "That was a day I won't forget," he said. "I brought Tina's mother up here through snow so thick you couldn' see your hand afore your face. That was the day the schoolhouse burned. They never built another. Tina's mother was the first an' the last school-teacher up here. That was a day I won't forget, the snow so thick an' pilin' up in drifts as high as a man's head an' me carryin' Elsie all the way. She'd had her feet burned so bad she never walked again without the help of a cane. Them books there was the cause of it. I reckon she musta loved them books like as if they was people, runnin' back in that burnin' schoolhouse the way she

did to drag out them books. I reckon the coal oil can blowed up an' she run through it, there wasn't no other way for a person's shoes to catch like that. I don' know how many trips she made back an' forth gettin' them books out, but I found her layin' there in the snow with a arm load of 'em spilled out beside her. When I went back with the sled next day to see what was left, there was all them books dumped there in a drift. And them's what she taught Tina her letters out of, them books there. If you was to look close you'd find the mark of fire on some an' on others the mark of snow. I reckon they been like people to Tina here too, since her mother passed on, the times she's read 'em."

He leaned above them in the dark, his hands hanging by the thumbs from the waistband of his pants. "I reckon we're gonna miss you," he said over them towards the sky, "now we got so use to havin' you around. But it don' make sense to me, you goin' off to fight in a war an' maybe get yourself killed, after spendin' four years makin' yourself well. I reckon iffen it was me I'd let the younger boys take care of it."

He shook his head. "No," he said, "it's the men my age who ought to have to have a go at it. Men of my age head governments. We're responsible for conditions of war or peace."

"You was as near dead as I ever see a man walkin' around on his two legs," the old man said. "I sure thought it was jist a waste of time an' money, you was that near gone. I never seen a man try harder to live." He paused to spit out into the darkness. "You reckon them stories you wrote an' all them pitchers you made will ever be put in a book like them books of Elsie's that Tina's read a hunerd times?"

"Yes," he said, "they'll be put into a book. And you and Tina will be the first to get a copy. Tina can read them to you."

"That allus seemed a funny thing to me," the old man said, "a feller jist a-writin' about squirrels an' deer and bobcats an' a-drawin' them pitchers, things everbody knows about anyhow."

He laughed and tapped out his pipe on the end of the step. "I guess you're right," he said. "I guess it is funny."

"It ain't no funnier than a man that's been through one war, comin' outta it a sick man an' spendin' the best part of his life in one of them hospitals an' then a-comin' up here an' gettin' his health back jist so's he can go an' get himself killed off for good." They heard his voice strengthen with anger and protest, and he straightened away from the porch post and turned to go inside again. "I reckon there ain't anything any funnier than that."

He put his pipe into his pocket. He felt suddenly alone there on the step between them. "You're right of course," he said slowly, getting to his feet, "but I still have to get started pretty early tomorrow. I'd better be getting to bed. I'll see you in the morning."

The old man grunted and went back into the kitchen. They heard him jerking the stove lids around and spilling kindling out of the woodbox onto the floor.

"Good-night Tina," he said, standing in front of her at the foot of the steps.

"Good-night," she said, hugging her knees, hugging her bitterness close to her.

He turned and walked off in the dark towards his cabin, thinking of all the things he would like to say to comfort her.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

AIMS AND MEANS OF FOREIGN POLICY

U. S. FOREIGN POLICY: SHIELD OF THE REPUBLIC, *by* WALTER LIPPMANN, *Little, Brown & Co.*

THE WORLD OF THE FOUR FREEDOMS, *by* SUMNER WELLES, *Columbia University Press.*

To discount the suggestion that he sees the mote in the eye of his brother and not the beam in his own, Mr. Lippmann makes a frank confession in the preface of his short book. The ideas therein presented, he says, are not those which he has always had: they have been acquired only after thirty years of stumbling over brittle and broken notions of peace and war, of disarmament and collective security, and of the nature of the world in which we live. He confesses that he is "ashamed" of having, in times past when he "should have known better," loudly approved of certain crass stupidities—the disarmament policy adopted at the Washington Conference, for example. The confession is one which the United States, if it were a thinking personality capable of repentance, might well make; and the fact that stupidities became obvious only by hindsight would not make the confession any the less good for the soul.

Mr. Lippmann is concerned with two questions. What is a foreign policy? And what would be the foreign policy of the United States if it had one? His starting point is that a country has a foreign policy when it has sufficient power to meet its foreign commitments: when it hasn't sufficient power it hasn't a foreign policy—that is to say, it is, in foreign relations, "insolvent." "The thesis of this book is that a foreign policy consists in bringing into balance, with a comfortable surplus of power in reserve, the nation's commitments and the nation's power."

Applying this definition, Mr. Lippmann finds that after 1821 the commitments undertaken in the Monroe Doctrine could be met because we could rely upon the assistance of Great Britain. But by 1900 we had acquired Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines—commitments extending throughout the Pacific and into the Far East. Yet no one, unless it was Theodore Roosevelt, seemed to realize what these commitments implied; and for forty years we made no effort to acquire

the naval power or the alliances that would enable us to meet these commitments. The result was that we got into two unexpected world wars without knowing why, and made peace after the first one without knowing what we wanted.

The analysis of our policy, or lack of one, from 1900 to 1939 is particularly illuminating. Even the First World War did not teach us that we were involved in world affairs whether we liked it or not. We still clung to the illusion that we could have peace with all nations and entangling alliances with none, whereas the plain fact was that we could have peace with all nations only if we formed alliances with those nations—with Great Britain particularly—whose interests in preserving peace were the same as ours. Mr. Wilson's idea of the League of Nations was inspired by an aversion to all alliances. It was based on the untenable assumption that "fifty juridically equal but otherwise unequal states" could provide collective security because their common desire for peace would always be stronger than their desire to promote their several and often conflicting national interests. The League might have succeeded if the United States had joined it—but only "because American participation would in practice have been tantamount to a working nuclear alliance . . . with Great Britain, and with France indirectly. The alliance has had to be reconstructed in order to conduct the present war. If it had existed in 1919, and had been perfected, it might have prevented the present war. Certainly it would have prevented Great Britain and the United States from disarming each other in the presence of Japan and Germany. And if the war had come nevertheless, we should not have been brought so perilously near to destruction."

Mr. Lippmann, therefore, urges an alliance with Great Britain, which would carry along with it France and the democracies of western Europe. This combination would have an interest in defending "the Atlantic community," and in preserving peace and order in Europe. It could preserve peace and order in Europe only with the co-operation of Russia, which need not be difficult if it be recognized that the settlement of eastern Europe must be satisfactory to Russia. To break with Russia would be disastrous because it would make possible the recreation of the Russian-German pact. Fortunately, Russia has always had the same interest as Great Britain and France in preventing the domination of Europe by a central European great power; and although we have never liked the Russian form of government and the Russians have never liked ours, the national

interests of the two countries have never been in conflict, and need never be so far as Europe is concerned. So far as the Far East is concerned, the situation will be more "dynamic" and is, therefore, more unpredictable, chiefly because China may or may not rapidly develop into a power of the first magnitude. In any case, peace and order in the Far East will depend on whether the four powers—Russia, China, Great Britain, and the United States—can work together for a settlement satisfactory to themselves and to the divers peoples of that part of the world. Whether they can is problematical, but Mr. Lippmann works it out (with a neatness that leaves me a little nervous) that they can.

If the book has any serious weakness it is that the whole thing is worked out a little too neatly in terms of a definition of foreign policy that is formal rather than substantial. It is more in accord with the meaning of words and with the realities to say that a country always has some sort of foreign policy, adequate or inadequate, good or bad. It is true that foreign policy depends on commitments and on the power to meet them, but it depends also on the purpose for which the commitments are made, and upon the use that is made of the commitments and the power in peace as well as in war. In 1914, France had commitments and, as it turned out, the power to meet them, but it does not follow that her foreign policy was a good one unless it can be shown that she used her commitments and power to prevent rather than to precipitate the war. Certainly in acquiring the Philippines, the United States stuck its neck out, and did not acquire the power to protect its neck; but even if it had acquired the power, it does not follow, as Mr. Lippmann seems to suppose, that party politics and domestic dissensions would have "stopped at the water's edge" and that we should, therefore, have had an effective foreign policy. If our foreign policy after 1900 was inept, it was not simply, as Mr. Lippmann infers, because we did not acquire the power to meet our commitments, but also, and I think primarily, because the people did not agree that the commitments were worth making in the first place. Did we fight Spain to defend the national interest by freeing the Cubans, or to defend the private interests of certain Americans whose profits were destroyed by the Cuban rebellion? Did we take the Philippines because, as President McKinley said, it was our duty to Christianize and civilize the Filipinos, or because certain powerful American corporations thought it would be good for their business? I do not know, but the inquiry is relevant to the question of

why our foreign policy after 1900 was inept, or why, as Mr. Lippmann would say, we had no foreign policy.

These, however, are small matters. Mr. Lippmann's book is a most trenchant and illuminating analysis of "the order of power" in the world today, of the position of the United States in that order, and of a proper foreign policy in the circumstances. I strongly recommend it to all who are capable of taking an intelligent interest in the subject.

Mr. Welles's book consists of twelve lectures, delivered on various occasions between 1939 and 1943, which deal with the war and post-war reconstruction. Mr. Welles's position in the State Department no doubt required him to express his views in general terms and to avoid committing himself to specific plans and concrete measures. Within this limit the lectures are admirable. We know what Mr. Welles thinks, and it isn't what many liberals think he thinks. He knows as well as they do that the United States must take a leading part in organizing and guaranteeing peace, if there is to be any. He knows that unless the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and France can work in a co-operative way for that purpose there is nothing to look forward to but another exhibition of human folly such as the present war. He knows that the economic problem is the crucial one; that it is necessary to restore international trade and to provide some means other than individual and national self-interest for more equitable distribution of the world's resources among nations according to their needs; and that a Smoot-Hawley tariff, based on an assumption that the United States can export goods and services to advantage without importing goods and services in payment, is not one of those means. I judge from what I hear that to know all this is to know a lot.

CARL BECKER

THE ENGLISH AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, *by* D. W. BROGAN, *Alfred A. Knopf.*

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES, *by* R. B. MOWAT *and* PRESTON SLOSSON, *Oxford University Press.*

THESE two books are welcome additions to the rapidly increasing store of volumes written with an idea of enabling the English-speaking peoples better to understand each other.

"The English People" is the much more lively of the two. Quite at home in this country, and, one may add, in the American idiom, Professor Brogan knows what things in contemporary England need

most explaining to Americans, and because of his Scottish background, he can take a detached, or at least a semi-detached, view of the English. His capacity for sharp observation and ready analogy, his wit and common sense, make his book a delight to read.

He limits himself to the discussion of topics that he thinks are most misunderstood in this country—the Englishness of the English (sometimes called English complacency), education, religion, democracy, the empire in general, India in particular, and the English at war and their attitude to the outside world. He is at pains to show that the contemporary Englishness of the English is quite different from the complacency, confidence, and immunity to criticism from foreigners that marked Englishmen of the nineteenth century—they no longer necessarily believe their ways to be the best but only best suited to them. It was this feeling that made them back the declaration of war against Germany in 1939 and served them so well in the dark hours of 1940.

Americans have always been somewhat cold to the English class system, privilege, and snobbery which have been reflected in England's educational system, religious divisions, and political system, and have been inclined to believe that, because of these things, England is less democratic and up-to-date than America. While Mr. Brogan acknowledges the validity of a good deal of this criticism, he believes that, in spite of their attachment to an almost unfathomable division of classes, the English are in many real respects even more democratic than ourselves. The educational system, it is true, reflects a duality in which the well-born and the wealthy are assured of secondary and higher education which can only be obtained by the less wealthy and the poor by the most rigorous kind of competition. It is this difference between a "public school" education and a truly public education, that most significantly divides English society. Yet Mr. Brogan feels that the great day of the English "public schools" is over; they served England well in the nineteenth century in marrying the newly rich and the newly powerful to the old social order; the problem today is to provide for the education of the brainy youth of the masses. Americans to whom the "old school tie" is a red rag will find his discussion of the problem enlightening, and they are asked to ponder over the "public school" type as represented by such different personalities as the Harrovians, Baldwin, Churchill, and Pandit Nehru; the Rugbians, Neville Chamberlain, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Professor R. H. Tawney; and the Etonians, J. B. S. Haldane, the leading intellectual of the Communist Party

in England, and Captain Ramsay, now in his third year of captivity as a suspected fascist.

It is in dealing with England as a democracy that Mr. Brogan is at his best. He shows that under its mediaeval trappings the English government is a modern and efficient instrument of democratic policy. For real inefficiency of interlocking jurisdictions he suggests going to Cook County, Illinois, and for the delays and intricacies of a really antiquated common law to New Jersey. The English have no love for equality, but they have a deep attachment to liberty and law; and their parliamentary system of responsible government with its almost unlimited power to put into effect immediately the expression of the people's will is what the English mean by democracy. In this sense, their government is more democratic than the American. The monarchy is not simply a relic of the Middle Ages but an up-to-date instrument for providing the English people with a centre of emotional unity that *has* to be supplied, and the sole legal as well as the emotional link between the Dominions. The outstanding public display of the king's acting in this capacity is not his presence at Ascot or the Derby but at the football cup final at Wembley, for football is the national game—it isn't cricket.

In his discussion of the empire, Mr. Brogan does not apologize for English acquisition and continued rule of the red splashes on the globe. He points out what is on the credit and the debit side of the ledger, and that the connection between imperial and English power is less close than is often thought. The average Englishman, indeed, is not particularly interested in the empire; he can conceive of a world without the empire but not a world without England. The inheritor of the British empire, however, is not yet in sight. Dominion status, legalized in the Statute of Westminster, Mr. Brogan classes as one of the greatest modern political inventions, and he is careful to explain to Americans just what it is—for "George III is dead. . . . And it is time that the news got around." Of India, the brightest jewel in the British crown and the stubborn stumbling-block to Anglo-American understanding, he has much that is sensible to say. While he anticipates the eventual freedom of India, he warns that both "India" and "freedom" are terms that need defining. Modern India is in reality a British creation, and freedom from British rule may well mean the loss of other freedoms and will expose India to probable subjugation by the one Eastern power that has adopted the Western ways which allowed England to impose its will on four hundred million Indians.

Altogether, this is a penetrating and wise book. If it does not make Americans love the English better, it should destroy a good many misconceptions about them and lead to a better understanding of the people with whom, for better or for worse, our future appears to be inextricably connected.

Professors Mowat and Slosson provide the reader with a good deal of the historical background that is necessarily missing in Mr. Brogan's volume, for their contribution to Anglo-American understanding is to tell the story of the English-speaking peoples all over the globe. While Mr. Brogan is concerned with explaining the differences between the English and the Americans at the present time Mr. Mowat and Mr. Slosson emphasize their common heritage as the basis for their contemporary community of interest. They find this not in race (even the late Professor Boas would have nothing to cavil at in their handling of the racial question), only partly in the common language but even more in the similarity of institutions and ideals. Like Mr. Brogan, Mr. Mowat and Mr. Slosson are well qualified to write for English and American readers. Mr. Mowat, tragically killed last year while returning to England in an airplane, was a British professor with teaching experience in the United States, while Mr. Slosson, the American member of the team, has taught in British universities.

The authors sketch rapidly the development of England and the British people down to the eighteenth century, with special attention to institutional growth and the "continuity in change" that led to the eventual supremacy of Parliament. Next they turn to the beginnings of the empire, show how the cleavage and irreparable break came between the mother country and the thirteen American colonies, and bring down to date the history of the various groups of English-speaking peoples, whatever their actual connection with the British crown. It is a long story and an exciting one, and the authors tell it well. Only occasionally does the narrative bog down into a sequence of text-book factual details. The sketch of Australia and New Zealand suffers in this respect. The account of India, and the Indian problem, on the other hand, could hardly be improved upon in the space allotted to it. In a book of this kind, it is difficult to know just what to include and what to leave out. On the whole, the authors stick to their purpose of emphasizing institutions and traditions and of making comparisons, but they might well have trusted even more than they have to the knowledge of Macaulay's schoolboy. For ex-

ample, less of Perkin Warbeck, Lady Jane Grey, and the Forty-five, and more of Tudor government and the development of the cabinet-party system would have been a profitable exchange.

From this volume, the American reader will get a good idea of what the English-speaking peoples have contributed to world history and modern civilization, and he will find helpful the comparisons between the expansion of his own country and the growth of its institutions and ideas with those of Great Britain and the Dominions. The total effect is to make him aware of the similarity in the points of view and underlying political and moral assumptions throughout the English-speaking countries despite their environmental differences. It is in this similarity of belief in common principles—the most important of which are “‘the reign of law’ as opposed to mere executive force, civilian control of military power, a wider range of personal and local liberty and freedom for minorities than prevails elsewhere in the world, and ethical ideas of kindness, decency, and fair play”—that Mr. Mowat and Mr. Slosson see the real bond of union among the English-speaking peoples.

ALEXANDER THOMSON

THE ALOOFNESS OF ARGENTINA

THE BATTLE FOR BUENOS AIRES, *by* SAX BRADFORD, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNEY, *by* WALDO FRANK, *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.*

THERE will be no authentic Pan Americanism without Argentina. That land is too vigorous, too rich, too competent to be ignored. The present official aloofness of Argentina is countered by a studied disdain from the architects of the all-American front—the one attitude is as misleading as the other. It is high time that Argentina joined the team, it is also high time that the team recognized the critical importance of Argentina. The battle waged in Argentina between the champions of fascism and the protagonists of democracy concerns us all.

Mr. Sax Bradford, after a year spent in Argentina, brings back some excellent reporting on the contest. It is no play battle. On the one side is a resourceful nation of thirteen million people, an almost completely homogeneous white population of European stock (chiefly Spanish and Italian), whose traditions and temper should place them squarely on the democratic side. On the other are the nimble agents of the totalitarian powers. They are slugging it out with fury. Much of the story of Nazi penetration in Argentina—and all Latin America—has already been told by other

writers, but Mr. Bradford tells it in more detail, with greater documentation. Here is the familiar story of the multitudinous activities of the German Embassy, with its uncounted army of agents and spies working in every corner of Argentine political, economic, and social life; of the German clubs, schools, churches, newspapers, radio programs, movies which serve to solidify the ranks of the faithful, to win friends and influence the Argentine people. It is a shrewd effective campaign whose adroitness makes the propaganda activities of Washington seem sophomoric. The Germans carry the heavy end of the campaign, but they have valiant allies. Chief among these are the partisans of Generalissimo Franco—"With usurious interest, Franco is paying his debt to Hitler in South America." The Spanish agents are doing Hitler's chores in many spots where Hitler's own men would have difficulty in operating. "Falangism," concludes Mr. Bradford, "is the greatest single threat to the unity of the American nations."

Hitler has other aides in Argentina. A few of the many Italians (and it will be remembered that perhaps one-third of Argentina is Italian in blood) play the German game, although Italian-Argentines are for the most part well integrated into the land of their adoption. The numerous Ukrainians, Hungarians, Lithuanians, German-Russians, and Poles are also used to good effect by Nazi agents.

Democratic forces in Argentina are strong. These are revealed in the effective campaign among liberal deputies in resisting totalitarian drives; by an able and pro-democratic press; by the numerous organizations which show their active sympathy for the United Nations. They have a tough job, and deserve the support of all lovers of liberty.

North Americans are not doing what they could in Argentina. There are few of them, and their contacts with the Argentines are seldom authentic. They live apart and do not bother to understand the land of their residence. "There are some exceptions"—but not enough. Now is the time when democratic Argentines need the support of all friends on the outside. They are not getting enough of it.

Waldo Frank's name is great south of the Rio Grande. He is always assured of a warm welcome and an eager hearing when he journeys to Mexico or Cuba and to most places in South America. His present volume is the record of his latest journey, made at the

request of South American friends and at the expense of Nelson Rockefeller's office in Washington. It was a mission upon which he would preach democracy. Many of his notes on Brazil, Chile, and Argentina reveal keen insight into the realities of the social struggle waged between a stubborn feudal order and new men with new ideas. His book would be a better one were he content to write simply—as he can write, when minded—and if he could forget Waldo Frank. There is substance in the book for any reader willing to overlook its incredible egotism.

HUBERT HERRING

A CHART FOR CRITICS

SCIENCE AND CRITICISM, *by* HERBERT J. MULLER, *Yale University Press.*

HERBERT MULLER's title, "Science and Criticism," describes the book which he probably set out to write when he began the examination and evaluation of the work of contemporary scientists. He seems to have been led to survey modern physics and biology, the more recent work in psychology, sociology, and anthropology, and the modern contributions to linguistics and semantics by a desire to discover what the critic of literature might find relevant to his task in the method and the findings of the scientists. The book which he actually wrote never loses sight of this intention, but as its scope widens, it becomes an exhortation to all intellectuals who would live sanely and hopefully in the twentieth century. I am ready to grant that a critic of literature would be better off for being an enlightened citizen of his world; and I am prepared to admit that the critic does eventually find himself thinking about most of the problems with which this book is concerned. But this is equally true of men who ply a dozen other trades. Somewhat abruptly, then, we find ourselves brought back from an extended discussion of one of the sciences to consider the special implications of this discussion for the practising critic. It is at many of these moments that I feel the book is weakest. The critic will therefore profit most, I believe, when he is being addressed as an enlightened citizen, who seeks to become more completely aware of the personal, cultural, and temporal factors that condition his thought and his world.

I think it fair to say that Muller believes that the man who makes most sense in talking about himself or about his world will make most sense when talking about books. Talk about an author's

thought comes best from a man who has spent some time thinking about the nature of thought. To cherish the illusion that thought can attain "utter objectivity and utter freedom" is to remain to that very extent a blindly limited and determined thinker. To hold that the findings of science are irrelevant to the act of evaluating is short-sighted, for "there can be no sound judgement of any values without a knowledge of actual conditions, the nature and possibilities of man and his environment." If one is temperamentally predisposed to travel light, and can "accept" the modern world as eagerly and jauntily and courageously as Muller does, then he will find Muller's Faustian passion for "maximum consciousness" contagious, and will sympathize with his desire for a temporary synthesis, urged with the sure knowledge that it can only be temporary. As modern man, he may thus gain poise, become less panicky. And finally—if he turns to the criticism of literature—he may well do a better job.

Muller's work is, however, not without more specific implication for the modern critic. From his survey of the scientists, he returns to report sharp attacks all along the line on a strict dualism. If the scientists are recognizing the interdependence of mind and matter, the critic might well consider abandoning theories which locate a piece of literature either entirely within, or entirely outside the critic's skin. In their growing tendency to look upon man and matter as organisms, as wholes which differ from both their parts and the sum of their parts, the sciences have achieved an exciting and clarifying perspective which the critic might well adopt in looking upon a work of art. Scientists, becoming more critical of their own work, are seeking to guard against the partial view, the restricted approach ("Every insight is also an oversight"). The critic may well seek that degree of self-consciousness which will lead him to recognize that "all interest limits because it focusses attention, all perspectives have shadows because they are perspectives." The critic may thus become a critic of his own criticism, discounting the partiality and exclusiveness that necessarily attend talking to any one point. Muller suggests that the work of one critic may well become the subject of another critic's consideration, with criticism advancing, as science does, by seeking the reconciliation of conflicting or opposite views. Critics may thus be led to guard against becoming casuists in defense of their own particular heresies, reducing "the rich experience of literature to a particular

scale of meanings," and then discrediting the values that are left over.

Finally, it should be said that Muller does not accept the conclusions of the scientists uncritically. He finds many of them myopic, confused, mistaking their own fictions for "reality," accepting their own abstractions as if they were not so partial and so exclusive as those of many critics. In his critical estimates, Muller always achieves clarity and always seeks to be fair-minded. I find his comments on Marx, Pareto, and Freud especially shrewd. In spite of his many reservations, he still seems too warmly hospitable to Korzybski's semantics; and his admiration for John Dewey seems to transcend the case which he makes out for his value. On the whole, however, he has provided a valuable chart through the writings of the scientists. Since one of the chief virtues of the book lies in providing this chart, he might well have brought the work within briefer compass, been somewhat less generous in leading us through the ramifications of ideas peculiarly attractive to him, been somewhat less conspicuously devoted to showing us precisely where he himself comes out.

WILLIAM M. SALE, JR.

MORSE'S VARIED TALENTS

THE AMERICAN LEONARDO: THE LIFE OF SAMUEL F. B. MORSE, *by* CARLETON MABEE, *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THIS book does more than provide us with a painstaking and highly palatable account of an important American inventor and painter; it provides us with a new biographical talent—perhaps the most promising talent to appear in some time. Carleton Mabee is twenty-nine. We learn that he has compressed into those years a remarkable range and diversity. He was born in the French concession at Shanghai; before he was three he had been to Japan, Canada, and the United States, and before he was nine he had been around the world. We are further told that he had his choice of four citizenships when he came of age but followed his Canadian-born father in choosing this country. Mabee's formal education, as might be expected, has the mark of a geographical tapestry upon it, although he has stayed put long enough to graduate from Bates College and to receive his doctor's degree from Columbia University. On the less formal side, he has accumulated a wealth of experience from truck-driving to teaching.

All of which would seem to suggest that Carleton Mabee has some useful equipment with which to approach so varied and disperse a figure as Samuel F. B. Morse, whose interests in life kept pace and indeed were synonymous with his skills. Too many multi-sided persons mistake their enthusiasms for their specialties, and squander their lifetimes in occasionally magnificent but more often ineffectual dabbling. Morse was no dabbler; whatever he did carried resolution, competence, and conviction. It is a serious-minded, intense, and tremendously able Morse who takes shape in these pages. In fact, Morse himself, who liked to be regarded highly, could ask for no better biography. Mabee treats him with respect and admiration. The story is deftly and comprehensively done, highlighting the fullness and the colors of an extraordinary career. Yet Mabee's careful scholarship does not take the shine off his enthusiasm and zest for his subject; indeed, the book reads as though Mabee never tackled a more fascinating job in his life.

Like a top-notch reporter tracking down his story, Mabee traces the Morse phenomenon back to its Charlestown beginnings; we then follow Morse through a somewhat indifferent and amorphous period at Yale; we see him hard at work abroad, studying and working and developing the skill that has given him such high standing among American painters; at home he throws himself into his art and we see him as head of the National Academy of Design; later we find him caught up in turbulent experiences as inventor and politician, distinguishing himself and winning acclaim only in the former as inventor of the Morse Code, if not the telegraph itself. This recognition came during Morse's lifetime only because he was sufficiently long-lived—he died at eighty-one—to be present when posterity eventually but inevitably got around to giving him his just due.

And yet, despite the obviously sympathetic treatment, Morse emerges from between the lines of this book as a strangely unlikable figure, a complex and often contradictory personality—someone whose life must have been a troublesome question mark to his family and to the few friends he was able to make and keep. He was curiously uneven—not in the erratic, unpredictable sense frequently observed and tolerated in genius—but in his personal outlook and philosophy of life. He was self-righteous to the point of arrogance—dominant, stubborn, iconoclastic. His anti-Catholicism went beyond the libertarian aspects to an extreme and dangerous

intolerance apparently growing more out of Morse's belief that his own view was the only correct one than out of any crusading zeal for religious freedom. This may be a harsh view, but there is evidence to indicate that Morse's obsession was competitive rather than corrective.

It is doubtful whether Morse was ever more obnoxious than during his Copperhead days. What a thorn he must have been in Lincoln's side, with his persistent holier-than-thou pronouncements on the justification for slavery! He was president of the pro-slave American Society for the Promotion of National Unity, in many respects the spiritual ancestor of the pre-Pearl-Harbor America First movement. Mabree seems a little too gentle with Morse in discussing this episode, but the parallel with many of our contemporary sour-noters seems striking indeed. Morse even threatened to leave the country if Lincoln were re-elected; and some readers may feel cheated of their pleasure when Mabree fails to tell how Morse ate crow. In fact, there is a noticeable gap in the chronology between Morse's Copperhead and "Patriarchal" days. This is all the more regrettable since it comes at the end of an otherwise full and rich picture.

This reviewer wishes to join in the demurrer over the title. To talk about Morse as an American Leonardo is to overstretch both enthusiasm and imagination. Morse's talents were many and varied—doubtless, he was a genius; but he wasn't a Leonardo, not by a long shot. He was good, but he wasn't that good.

NORMAN COUSINS

GENIUS IN ALABAMA

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER, *by* RACKHAM HOLT, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

It is doubtful if even Horatio Alger in his most optimistic mood could have composed a tale of struggle against adversity and of ultimate success to match that unfolded in real life by the Negro scientist, George Washington Carver. To her vivid account of Dr. Carver's life and work Mrs. Holt gives the subtitle, "An American Biography." This is a modest understatement, for the book is not only the story of a great American and of a great scientist but, indirectly, the record of the progress made by a whole race.

Born in slavery towards the end of the Civil War, young George was protected by kindly Moses Carver until, at the age of ten, the future scientist set out alone to make his way in the unfriendly world.

The diversity of his talents later shown in his scientific work was forecast in these early days, when he supported himself by such varied occupations as general household helper, cook, laundryman, farm laborer, and homesteader. Through these hard days he developed a consuming interest in plants, in animals, and in doing things with his own hands. Many men have driven oxen and made sod houses, but few of them could also make fine lace and turn out skilful paintings. George Carver did all four.

The year 1891 saw young Carver enrolled as a student in agriculture at the Iowa State College. Five years later he went to Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, to take charge of its newly established department of agriculture. Here was his life's work. Offers from other schools and from industry came in due course, but, at Tuskegee, Carver was able to realize a life-long ambition by devoting all his energy to the advancement of the colored people, and at the same time to work with the plants he loved so well. Other inducements mattered not.

Dr. Carver's greatest contribution to Southern agriculture was probably his persistent advocacy of a diversification of crops. In demonstrations at Tuskegee, in lectures and exhibits all over the South, and in a voluminous correspondence, he preached the necessity of growing crops other than cotton, particularly the legumes that enriched the soil. However, it was not enough that he should preach the advantages of a vegetable garden, of fruits, sweet potatoes, cow-peas and peanuts; he had also to show how these things could be utilized to best advantage. In short, Dr. Carver was a whole college of agriculture and home economics all by himself.

The campaign for less cotton and more peanuts was greatly aided by the timely spread of the cotton boll weevil, an insect which threatened to make cotton a thing of the past. As the acreage of peanuts increased, Carver's researches turned to ways of extending its usefulness. From the "goober" came stains, sauces, cream, peanut coffee, oils, face creams and many other products. Similarly the sweet potato was converted to hitherto unsuspected usefulness. However, despite his advocacy of other crops, Carver did not neglect King Cotton. By cross-breeding, he developed four new improved varieties capable of better yields than those to which the Alabama planters were accustomed.

These varied accomplishments and Dr. Carver's contributions to botanical science (he was an authority on fungi) are probably matters

of record elsewhere. We are particularly indebted to Mrs. Holt for the anecdotes, the quotations and various other devices by which she portrays the fine character and the lovable personality of her subject. It is clear that Dr. Carver gloried in his work. Honorary degrees and medals came his way. Theodore Roosevelt, Edison, Ford and other distinguished men were his friends. It seems certain, however, that to George Washington Carver his chief reward came with the knowledge that he had contributed as had no other Negro, except Booker T. Washington, to the steady advancement of his own people. One can only regret that Dr. Carver's death in January, 1943, prevented him from seeing how fully that contribution is recognized in Mrs. Holt's excellent biography.

F. B. HUTT

SOUTH AFRICAN NEWSREEL

SOUTH OF THE CONGO, by SELWYN JAMES, *Random House*.

THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, by LEWIS SOWDEN, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

IGNORANCE of Africa and its problems is so abysmal in both Britain and America that any book calculated to arouse interest in the subject and to provoke discussion is to be heartily welcomed.

"South of the Congo" is as lively a piece of journalism as one could want to read. Part autobiography, part travelogue, and part political reporting, it succeeds in conveying a vivid impressionistic picture of life in the Union of South Africa and also (though in more cursory fashion) in the colonies and mandates south of the Congo. It does not purport to be academic, for it is essentially a record of personal experience. As a young man of twenty-two Mr. James went to South Africa knowing little about the country. He stayed there for a couple of years or so travelling widely, keeping his eyes open, and interviewing anyone who had anything to tell him. This book is the report of his findings and of the shock they brought him: a shock which at times breaks into an indignation that is deeply moving.

Three dominant ideas run like lurid threads through the entire pattern of his narrative: disunity, exploitation, and intrigue.

There is bitter irony in the fact that South Africa, which is more deeply rent with racial and economic fissures than any other British Dominion, should be the only one to be officially designated a "Union." Two million whites operate a state founded upon a semi-servile population of six million colored people. But the

whites are themselves acutely divided. There is the enduring animosity between Boer and Briton; there is the hostility between town and veldt; there is the even profounder conflict between the ages—on the one hand, a seventeenth-century culture, dour, humorless, and tenacious, surviving astonishingly intact in the Dutch Reformed Church (whose *predikants*, as Mr. James points out, have “condemned scientific progress and political and economic reform”) and, on the other hand, a twentieth-century outlook symbolized by a man like the philosophic Smuts. And on top of all this are the resentments of the poor whites, the mounting insurgence of labor, and the machinations of big business concentrated in the gold and diamond industries. Mr. James gives us all this with the vividness of a newsreel and then shows the organized and deep-seated fascist mood which results—“frankly capable,” he says, “of starting a civil war.”

More than half the book is devoted to portraying the terrible lot of the natives whom General Smuts has described as “rotten with disease and a menace to civilization.” We are shown what their subject status under the Color Bar Act of 1936 really means in human terms; we are told of the appalling child mortality, of the poll-tax policy and of the man hunts; we are made to feel the universal fear of the natives gripping every section of the white population—a fear determining their entire system of organized exploitation and motivating such gestures as that of the late Premier Hertzog when he refused the offer of the Rockefeller Foundation to help establish a medical school for natives. Conditions are substantially better in most of the colonies and mandates, though even there the author finds plenty of occasion for his indignant sympathy.

Such a situation provides rich soil for Nazi intrigue. Mr. James presents for the first time for the general reader a circumstantial and comprehensive narrative of the insidious German fifth-column activity having its headquarters in the Consulate at Lorenzo Marques. It is a dramatic, not to say fantastic, story which reads like one of John Buchan's thrillers, involving espionage, treason in high places, Gestapo stratagems, and a secret radio transmitter which has already cost the lives of two counter-espionage agents who sought to locate it. This is tragically more than a thriller, however. Mr. James writes of it with a convincing sense of urgency, which only the North African campaign has rendered out-of-date.

If Mr. James sees things with the eyes of a sensitive reporter, Mr. Sowden may be said to look at them from the vantage point of the editor's chair. Perhaps that is because the former writes as a visitor coming from abroad while the latter writes as a resident and a citizen. In the one book, therefore, there is the fresh vividness of immediacy, and in the other there are perspective and a judical comprehensiveness. For this reason, "The Union of South Africa" constitutes the best general introduction to its subject since the last edition of Sarah Millin's "South Africans" nine years ago.

Although the two authors obviously have the bulk of their material in common, Mr. Sowden is more concerned to stress the potent forces of change stirring within the country. He has a keen sense of the emergence of new possibilities. Under the stimulus of war, there has been "crowded into three years a progress which otherwise would have taken a generation at least." He depicts the growing cultural influence of the United States and the consequences issuing from it; he indicates the progressive disintegration of the pro-Nazi opposition to Smuts; he suggests the steady diffusion of a new feeling of national unity. Above all, he emphasizes the remarkable and unforeseen industrial expansion which has taken place since the fall of France—an expansion which may eventually transform the Union into the workshop of Central Africa. In all these things the author sees cause for hope that those acute tensions which are South Africa's unhappy heritage from history may eventually be resolved. Indeed, he believes that even for the miserable Bantu brighter prospects will unfold if industrialization continues and a saner immigration policy accompanies the expansion. But it is going to be a slow process, albeit one bearing intimately upon the long-range strategy of peace. Certainly neither of these books will bring much comfort to those who yield themselves to some of the more facile illusions about post-war reconstruction which now seem to be so prevalent.

C. H. DRIVER

PSYCHOANALYTIC PSYCHIATRY

MIND, MEDICINE AND MAN, *by* GREGORY ZILBOORG, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

THIS is a scholarly presentation of the history, fundamental principles, and sociological significance of mental medicine as presented by an able and unusually convincing Freudian psychoanalyst. It will orient the intelligent layman as to psychiatry's place in the world as well as in the individual's life.

The author explains the usual misconception of the layman in re-

gard to mental disorders as well as the nature of man's affective urges and tendencies. He discusses the neuroses, disorders of personality, certain aspects of mental illness, and outlines how he believes psychiatric problems should be treated. All of this he relates to civilization's progress and the problems of society. The best chapter in the book is the one entitled "Crime and Judgment," inasmuch as it contains original material supported by the author's broad experience in medical jurisprudence.

This is an excellent, well written book, filled with valuable information. It might be criticised as unnecessarily pleading for psychoanalytic interpretations in medicine and giving little or no credit to any other point of view. Fortunately modern psychiatry, like medicine in general, has combined the truths of science into a rational whole, and there is no longer a need to present the case for psychoanalysis, which has assumed its proper but not all-important place in psychiatry.

WILLIAM B. TERHUNE

THE WRITING OF AMERICAN HISTORY

JOHN BACH McMASTER: AMERICAN HISTORIAN, *by* ERIC F. GOLDMAN, *University of Pennsylvania Press.*

JUDGING by opinions expressed during the recent controversy over the teaching of history in American schools, started by the "New York Times," history is a very definite subject, perhaps in the nature of the multiplication table. Few if any dissidents in that dispute ventured to ask, publicly at least, "Whose history?" In fact, it is only during the past few years that American historians have begun to consider this question seriously and to publish books and articles on the lives, ideas, interests, and selective methods of persons who have written works called "history." But with increasing insistence they are wondering about what the historian *thinks* he is doing when he is writing history.

To this promising movement in American thought, Dr. Eric Goldman has made a brilliant and indispensable contribution by his volume on John Bach McMaster, whose "history" has long been a standard and popular work in the United States. Dr. Goldman's book is based on painstaking searches in manuscript letters and papers and numerous articles from McMaster's pen. And these searches have been supplemented by minute scrutiny of McMaster's many volumes on American history. Though Dr. Goldman keeps his report within the compass of 186 pages, he could have easily expanded it to a thousand pages if he had devoted to genial

narration the labor given to preparing the few analytical tables tucked away in the appendix.

Here at last we have a factual and yet delightful volume on the youth and education of McMaster, his early trials and tribulations, his growing interest in history, his stock of ideas, his writing of the great work on the history of the American people, his career as professor and publicist at the University of Pennsylvania, and his relations with family and friends. Having furnished an abundance of materials bearing on McMaster's sentiments, inclinations, and predilections, Dr. Goldman makes a microscopic examination of the methods, selective processes, composition, style, and points of emphasis and exclusion as revealed in "The History of the American People." From this division of the report before us it appears that, while McMaster was unceasingly laborious in research, he proceeded without fear, without persistent inquiry into the tacit assumptions on which his historical operations rested. Nowhere and at no time did he seem to be troubled by the restless wondering about the nature of all things, which filled the life of his contemporary, Henry Adams, with torment and drove him deeper into thought about the process of history as actuality and about the office of the historian in the world.

As a result of Dr. Goldman's labors, we now have at our command a documented biography of McMaster and a solid treatise on his methods of writing history. What is more, unlike most of the brethren in the historical gild, Dr. Goldman has respect for the English language and for his readers. He does not escape every pitfall, but he writes in a style which combines precision in the use of words with a flowing, even sparkling, grace of presentation. Having met McMaster often in old days, I can say with some confidence that Dr. Goldman has also come close to appreciating the spirit of a genial and engaging personality.

CHARLES A. BEARD

PIONEER CITIZEN SOLDIERS

MUTINY IN JANUARY, *by* CARL VAN DOREN, *Viking Press.*

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION is significant in the history of war for the fact that for the first time in modern history a citizen army bore the brunt of the fighting. The common soldier in the professional armies of eighteenth-century Europe was normally recruited, sometimes by shanghaiing, from the lowest social stratum. His military status gave him no dignity; a chasm incapable of being bridged

separated him from his commissioned superiors. He saw and followed his officers only in time of battle; in the routine of camp and garrison life he looked to the non-commissioned officers for direction. In contrast to this European pattern the people's army of the American Revolution was made up of citizens who entered the ranks voluntarily and who were sensible of the basic issues at stake in the conflict. Many of these private soldiers were ignorant and illiterate. A large number of them were excluded from the privilege of voting by the suffrage laws of the time. They were, however, conscious of themselves as free men participating in a war for political liberty. This fact gave them both status and a sense of responsibility that set them off from their European contemporaries. Von Steuben, Inspector General of the American forces, recognized the new situation created by the American citizen army when, at the behest of the Congress, he prepared the first training manual for the Army of the United States. The Steuben regulations declare that the first duty of the commissioned company officer is to treat the soldiers under his command with respect and to gain their affection by seeing that their needs are attended to and that they receive justice from those in authority.

Carl Van Doren in the present volume describes in great detail the mutiny in the Pennsylvania Line and that later uprising in the New Jersey Line, both occurring in January, 1781. The outlines of these two stories have long been well known. Van Doren fills in the details both from published and unpublished sources. He prints in the volume many communications and reports that have not hitherto been put in type. The scholarship is meticulous and exhaustive. A dramatic story is told in a simple, straightforward narrative. The author is at pains to point out the conditions of uncertainty and inadequate information under which the various commanders, British and Americans, made their decisions. Every general in active service does his best to penetrate what has been called the "fog of war." Van Doren has given this aspect of his story a proper emphasis.

The significance of the book is greater than the mere publication of the details of an eighteenth-century mutiny. It is a study in eighteenth-century American character. The volume gives a portrait of the common soldier in the first great citizen army in the world. The portrait is not complete; the private is not shown in campaign or in battle. The book gives a picture of life in camp in the midst of winter. It deals with all ranks. The author sets forth admirably the re-

lations between the common soldier and the commissioned officer. Wayne, who commanded the Pennsylvania Line and who never lost their confidence, fulfilled the Steuben ideal in dealing with his men. Not so much could be said of many of the company officers. The story is, however, primarily one of the weakness of popular government in the Revolution when political leaders attempted to supply large armed forces from the resources of a relatively poor and primarily agricultural country. The most striking aspect of the volume is a paradox: soldiers driven to desperation by the failure of their government to provide for them strove, in spite of their resort to mutiny, to win justice within the pattern of military discipline. The climax of the drama was the handing over by the mutineers to the political authorities of two emissaries from the British General Clinton in New York. Clinton had hoped to persuade the disaffected Americans to join his forces. The two "caitiffs," as Wayne called them, were hanged. The event illuminates in a strange way the patriotism and the sense of responsibility among the rank and file of these pioneer American citizen soldiers.

R. H. GABRIEL

REFLECTIONS OF A PHYSICIST

PHYSICS AND PHILOSOPHY, *by* SIR JAMES JEANS, *Macmillan Co.*

As a swiftly moving projectile is followed by a cloud of turbulence, so does every major scientific advance entrain a wave of mysticism. This, in turn, creates a demand for elucidation which occasions the writing of popular books, generally belonging to one of three classes: (1) the simple but objective account of the scientific facts which endeavors to enlighten, and thereby to dispel obscurity; (2) the fascinated flight of poetic fancy which soars beyond known facts and takes the reader into a delightful wonderland; (3) the loosely scientific account which aims, chiefly by the use of homespun analogies, to give its reader the comfortable feeling that he understands what science means.

The latest advance in physics has been the invention of quantum mechanics. The mysticism it has engendered is still unallayed; popular books are still appearing at a prodigious rate. Jeans's latest book is among them: it belongs to class 3. "Physics and Philosophy" has all the admirable qualities which made Jeans's earlier books outstanding: it is simple and lucid in conception as well as diction; it bears on issues of widespread interest; it is unprepossessing in its

aims and disarmingly modest in most of its assertions. The philosophical flavor is mildly positivistic; the doctrine of empiricism animates most of the discussion. Only towards the end of the book, where attention is drawn to a distinction between events in an imperceptible substratum and events in the world of phenomena, a distinction reported to be due to Dirac, does empiricism give way to thin conjecture.

In the preface, Jeans suggests as a subtitle of his book the more deflated caption: "Reflections of a physicist on some of the problems of philosophy." The selection implied here includes such items as materialism, free will, space and time, the possibility of *a priori* synthetic knowledge, and determinism in nature. The evidence of contemporary physics on all these problems is reviewed.

As has been already noted, Jeans wishes to defend a thesis of thoroughgoing empiricism. To do this effectively, he finds it necessary to demolish Eddington's epistemological idealism which, in turn, requires the defeat of Kant. Considerable space is devoted to this undertaking, and the reader is left, of course, with the impression that it succeeds. But the misfortune is that the Kant who lies prostrate under our author's blows may be identified on closer inspection not as the Kant of the "Critique of Pure Reason," but as an impostor. He is the psychological idealist of the "mental sieves," the Cartesian rationalist who inquires into the "cause of *a priori* knowledge" (note the most un-Kantian use of the word cause), not the abstruse philosopher who explained the transcendental unity of apperception. It is true that Jeans, in his misinterpretation of Kant, enjoys the company of numerous other commentators whose error the author is perpetuating.

More interesting, and also perhaps more astounding, is Jeans's interpretation of quantum mechanics. There can be no criticism of the account of the physical and mathematical facts constituting the theory; for this the author's competence as an astrophysicist provides an ample guarantee. From the curious tangle of metaphysical assertions which compose Jeans's version of the philosophy of quantum mechanics I shall select and exhibit two.

The author believes, though not quite so firmly as in the past, that elementary particles possess a dual nature: for certain purposes they are to be regarded as corpuscles and for others as waves. He admits that there is a theory which allows an amalgamation of the two aspects, but this theory, he feels, does not describe observable reality. He has not experienced the modern Copernican upheaval, which

tends to abandon the senseless dualism and place in the centre of things the abstract but uniform reality of basic theory.

The second point at issue concerns the meaning of the quantum-mechanical state function. According to Jeans it describes waves of knowledge, not an element descriptive of "reality." This point of view was voiced years ago in a tentative way by one of the inventors of quantum mechanics. But it transcends this reviewer's understanding how Jeans can fail to see the inconsistency of still proclaiming it and announcing in the same breath that the state functions obey dynamical laws. Waves of knowledge interfere, waves of knowledge are refracted from the surfaces of metal crystals, waves of knowledge form pictures of heretofore unseen objects in electron microscopes. The latter statements are not made by Jeans, but they are immediate consequences of his assertions.

In line with his failure to appreciate the philosophical import of abstract theory is his dogmatic denial of the principle of causality. It is easy, indeed, to show that quantum mechanics does not abrogate the validity of causation if physical states are defined in the abstract way demanded by theory. But if the dogma of indeterminism, which pervades the spirit of the book (although it is often expressed with very great caution, as for instance in the conclusion) is deleted, then many of the points of its contents are lost.

The book contains a considerable number of thought-provoking analogies which will appeal greatly to literary readers with an interest in science.

HENRY MARGENAU

THE YOUNG JEFFERSON

JEFFERSON: THE ROAD TO GLORY, 1743 to 1776, by MARIE KIMBALL, *Coward-McCann*.

IN the pages of Marie Kimball's recent biography of Jefferson there is the portrait of an idealistic young man with few blemishes. The pitfall in writing a biography of Jefferson is the danger of hero worship. Of hero worshippers Jefferson wrote: "They ascribe to the men of the preceding age a wisdom more than human, and suppose what they did to be beyond amendment. I knew that age well [the Revolutionary and constitution-making generation]. I belonged to it and labored with it. It deserved well of its country. It was very like the present, but without the experience of the present . . ." Although there are some technicolor passages in Mrs. Kimball's biography, in general it is free from excessive romanti-

cism that Jefferson would have condemned. One stain on his youth, a passionate affair with a married lady, she describes with frankness, but with good taste. The general excellence of her volume is due in part to a critical approach and to her thorough study of the manuscript sources scattered as far west as the Huntington Library in California and as far north as the Coolidge collection of Boston.

Mrs. Kimball is quite right in claiming that there is a need for a biography of the youth and early manhood of Jefferson, which have been relatively neglected by previous writers. She has produced an attractive narrative of these formative years, well-balanced, with the exception of a neglect of his scientific interests, and rich in details. In fact, the author goes into such detail concerning genealogies and miniature biographies of persons associated with Jefferson that the movement of the narrative is at times impeded. Yet the world knows that Virginians have a highly developed taste for genealogies and family relationships which might bore ordinary mortals. In a chapter entitled "Who were the Jeffersons?", she controverts the prevailing view that the father of Jefferson came from bourgeois stock, and she makes clear that Thomas Jefferson was not a product of the frontier but of a colonial aristocracy. I wish that she had quoted that cryptic remark of Jefferson's autobiography concerning his maternal relatives, the Randolphs, "They trace their pedigree far back in England and Scotland, to which let every one ascribe the faith and merit he chooses."

The most important contribution of this biography is the author's careful and critical analysis of the books that Jefferson read in his formative years. It is well known that Jefferson was influenced by such writers as Locke, Sidney, and Lord Kames, but Mrs. Kimball has elevated Montesquieu and Bolingbroke to a greater importance in molding his ideas than previous writers had realized. By the study of the different styles of his handwriting at different periods, by the examination of the water marks of the paper he used, and by a study of his commonplace books, she has dated with considerable probability the time when he read the liberal books on government that influenced him. Accordingly, she places the turning point of his life in the year 1769, when at the age of twenty-six years he turned his attention from law to an absorbing interest in government and social reform. In explaining

Jefferson's liberalism and his support of the American Revolution, this biography has little to say of economic motivation, but Jefferson was a wealthy young aristocrat who could rise above his class standpoint. A comparison of the youthful Jefferson with the sage of Monticello shows that time did not wither his idealism, or narrow his versatile interests, or sour his sweet-tempered and sanguine nature.

CLEMENT EATON

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD

ALL WE ARE AND ALL WE HAVE, *by* GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK, *John Day Co.*

WE CHINESE WOMEN, *by* MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK, *John Day Co.*

RESISTANCE AND RECONSTRUCTION, *by* GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK, *Harper & Brothers.*

THREE volumes of public messages by the leading figures of China. The first two are twins, slight because limited to the year 1942. But in that year Destiny did overtime, merging the Sino-Japanese War into the World War, plunging China's new allies into defeats, grinding China's own struggle into the second lustrum of distress.

The range of occasions suggests the manifold responsibilities of great Orientals now become prime citizens of the world. The two Chinese leaders speak to their nation on poignant anniversaries, to the People's Political Council, to Roosevelt and to Willkie, to Churchill, to the All-India Women's Conference. The lady has the lighter and more personal touch, fiercely earnest though she is about the great issues before her country and the world. The statesman is not nimble with tongue or brush; but he has something to say, usually with clarity and dignity, sometimes with power.

There is the Generalissimo's decorous boldness at the close of the history-startling visit to India, when he turned from stripping Gandhi to beard the pallid Lion. "I venture to suggest to my brethren people of India at this most critical moment in the history of civilization that our two peoples should exert themselves to the utmost in the cause of freedom for all mankind, for only in a free world could the Chinese and Indian peoples obtain their freedom. . . . I sincerely hope and confidently believe that our ally Great Britain, without waiting for any demands on the part of the people of India, will as speedily as possible give them real political power so that they may be in a position further to develop their spiritual and material strength and thus realize that their participation in the war is not merely aid to

the anti-aggression nations for securing victory but also the turning point in their struggle for India's freedom."

Nor was the Wellesley doctor less bold when she gracefully braided the whiskers of the Flying Tigers, reminding them at a dinner of honor that disciplined conduct was required to support the good name of America among the Chinese people, admiring but observing. Furthermore, she faces personal and political attack when she publicly denounces nepotism and appointment by favor, and challenges government by one party.

The largest of the three books, "Resistance and Reconstruction," is for the serious student of contemporary China. The six catastrophic years from the invasion of 1937 are viewed through the mind of the man most influential in Chinese policy and opinion. Sixty addresses interpret events and problems as seen *from within China*—a real education for the Western reader. (There is partial overlapping of this volume with "All We Are and All We Have" in items for 1942, and with Hongkong printings for those dated before 1940.)

Few public men who have spoken often and concretely through six years of kaleidoscopic war have now so little to take back. If Chiang occasionally overstated the strain which Chinese resistance was inflicting upon Japan, there was repeated warning of the length and grimness of the test. "We are a weak nation, and our policy is to maintain peace; it is impossible for us to seek war," said Chiang to a secluded gathering during anxious days in July, 1937. Soon he was to declare, "Now that the war has started, it is sure to last long; if it does not end in the destruction of the Japanese, it will end in ours." And a little later, "We must fully prepare to meet difficulties ten times more severe than those we are undergoing today."

If Chiang is relatively weak in economics, if he is overdidactic in good Confucian style, he deserves none the less credit for maintaining morale through six years of defeat, occupation, and impoverishment. At the outset he made felt his own conviction, moral, almost cosmic. "This war is not simply for the survival of our own race, it is a struggle for justice among men, and for international faith and righteousness. . . . Such an inhuman and unjust war of aggression, such an unwarranted attack upon another country cannot but end in defeat and ruin." After the dismal loss of Shanghai and Nanking, the language was subdued, but still authentic: "To fight on may not bring us any guarantee of victory, but to capitulate is to court certain disaster. We prefer, therefore, to fight on even though we are de-

feated, feeling sure that there will come a time when defeat can be turned into victory. . . . So long as justice survives in the world, we can be sure that our objectives will some day be realized." Then the full-voiced call frequently recurs: "To strengthen the cause of justice and righteousness in the world we must demonstrate that brute force and violence do not avail. By our resistance we can help to change the war mind of mankind and to ensure permanent peace for the world of tomorrow. . . . If we see clearly the meaning and purpose of our struggle we will have a faith and courage that cannot be vanquished."

The quality of China's leadership is needed in this "American Century." To the Forum of the "New York Herald-Tribune," November 17, 1942, Chiang wrote: "China has no desire to replace Western imperialism in Asia with an Oriental imperialism or isolationism of its own or of any one else. . . . Unless real world co-operation replaces both isolationism and imperialism of whatever form in the new interdependent world of free nations, there will be no lasting security for you or for us."

MINER SEARLE BATES

A HISTORY OF BOOKMAKING

THE BOOK: THE STORY OF PRINTING AND BOOKMAKING, *by* DOUGLAS C. MCMURTRIE, *Oxford University Press.*

THE inquiring reader who wants a general history of that modern miracle, the printing press, can do no better than take up Mr. McMurtrie's "The Book." He will find that he will learn a good many things besides the story of printing; he will be started on his informational course with an account of the primitive cave records of Europe, which have only a remote connection with the book; and he will learn about the alphabet, which is only one ingredient in the making of a book; he will read about paper, mediaeval manuscripts, and the invention of printing in the Far East. Much of all this will be familiar to him, and it is all simple as compared to the complexities which accompany the history of the printed book. That part of the story naturally begins with John Gutenberg and his times, and the latest guesses about the first essays in making printing types—from metal, if you please, not wood. Then the author plunges into the variegated history of printing by a succession of chapters arranged not in the usual manner, by centuries, but in a more logical and flexible way. Some of the headings are episodic—John Gutenberg's Invention, Printing in Massachusetts Bay; some are biograph-

ical—The Indomitable Plantin, Baskerville and His Disciples; some are topical—The Alphabet in Western Europe, The Title Page. Such an arrangement has its dangers, and the inquiring reader may get the impression that Franklin and Isaiah Thomas were more important as printers than John Froben of Basle—which they were not. Such a mistake in emphasis may be due to the attempt to treat so vast a subject in such a limited space. Though Mr. McMurtrie takes nearly seven hundred pages for his account—pages set in type too large and too amply leaded—the history of the book is too extensive and complicated to be told in such narrow compass save in barest outline; and the author includes chapters on all the processes of printing, on illustrations, even on the printer's ideals, a good bibliographical section, many pertinent illustrations, and an adequate index.

Mr. McMurtrie is a diligent student of printing and a voluminous writer. He has added to our historical knowledge, and he has brushed away some of the older myths. In the present book he synthesizes the work of scholars of the past half century whose deeper diggings in separate lodes have appeared in numberless monographs. His style is a little turgid, his judgment sometimes too conventional, but that he was warranted in undertaking such a book is evidenced by the fact that it has gone into this seventh edition since 1929. The book has the merit of being accurate and the result of a profound knowledge of the subject.

The inquiring reader will find it an enlightening conspectus of an absorbing and sometimes baffling story.

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

STUDIES OF LATIN AMERICA

THE LATIN AMERICAN POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES, *by* SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

ECUADOR: PORTRAIT OF A PEOPLE, *by* ALBERT B. FRANKLIN, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

THE AMAZON: THE LIFE HISTORY OF A MIGHTY RIVER, *by* CARYL P. HASKINS, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

BRAZIL IN THE MAKING, *by* JOSÉ JOBIM, *Macmillan Co.*

THESE four volumes have the common denominator of Latin America but little else to indicate that they are cut out of the same cloth. One is a careful, scientific review of United States diplomatic relations with a particular region; another is an impressionistic picture of a little-known West Coast South American country; a third is primarily, as the author says in the preface, "a history of the six countries drained by Amazon waters . . . and of their relationships

to one another and to the hemisphere at large"; and the other is a study of the amazing economic growth and resources of Latin America's largest country.

Professor Bemis, with a long record of scholarly writing to his credit, has an adequate background of knowledge of both United States diplomatic developments in general and the Latin American area in particular. The present "Latin American Policy" is a valuable supplement to his well-known diplomatic history, now in its second edition. The great merit of Professor Bemis's book is its breadth, the fact that in his consideration of a particular Latin American development he takes full cognizance of contemporary happenings in the European scene and in United States domestic affairs. Too many writers on such topics lift the Latin American (or other regional) segment out of the whole picture and assume that it makes complete sense standing by itself. Especially useful are those chapters given to a review of the codification of American international law and similar developments—useful because Professor Bemis here plows new ground which other authors have only infrequently considered worth cultivation. On the debit side should be mentioned the author's occasional tendency, as in the case of Henry Lane Wilson, towards extreme and intolerant interpretations. Despite the whitewash brush which this book applies to Henry Lane Wilson, that ambassador will probably go down in our diplomatic history—and properly so—as among the most arrogant and contemptible men whom it has ever been our misfortune to send abroad. One can simultaneously regret some aspects of Woodrow Wilson's diplomacy in Mexico and also deplore the record of his ambassadorial namesake.

The volume has also a few—but very few—factual errors. These faults are minor ones, however. This book must, when a balance is struck, be generally considered as a notable contribution to the literature on the subject.

Dr. Franklin's study of Ecuador is, as his subtitle indicates, a portrait—a portrait, it might be said, in a painter's colorful oils rather than in the sharp lines of an etcher or on the coldly dispassionate film of a photographer. The book is a combination of history, description, and anecdote. Often the impressions are but slightly connected, and often the history is romanticized. But both the impressions and the history are vivid, and the author is undeniably *simpático*. Indeed, with the possible exception of Jobim, Franklin reveals a more deep-rooted understanding of and sympathy with the Latin American

area and mind than any of the other three writers. His graphic description of the festival of the Virgin of Quinche, his interesting story of Loja, whose unbalanced population of 10,000 includes 1,500 lawyers, and many another miniature are entertaining and useful grist for the ultimate portrait of all Latin America, yet to be written. Many readers will doubtless wish to discount his ultra-sympathetic estimate of García Moreno but, in general, his interpretations seem accurate and careful. This is not the last book about Ecuador that will or should be written, but as an addition to our knowledge of a country which another writer has called "Ecuador the Unknown" it is definitely helpful.

The volume on "The Amazon" is an ambitious effort, but the author overreaches the goal. An immediate comparison is suggested with Ludwig's book on "The Nile," which is an example of consummate artistry; Dr. Haskins's volume, though well written, lacks the organization, the cohesiveness, and the sheer beauty of the earlier work. Both temporally and geographically, his canvas is broad, indeed too broad. In point of time, the story takes us back into a suppositional geologic past. In space, we are led over the whole of six nations whose areas, in part, form the empire of the Amazon. The author's factual foundation and interpretative approach are, in the main, sound. The writing, especially in the early chapters, is vivid, but the reader occasionally gets lost in the mass of detail about tributaries, flora, and other matters. Despite its undoubted good points, "The Amazon" is not a definitive study.

José Jobim, a young Brazilian journalist, economist, and diplomatic and consular representative, believes in Brazil. He believes in it enthusiastically, passionately. He almost convinces us, his readers, that it is the world's great promised land. He does this not so much by a lyrical and high-flown account of the Brazilian past and future as by a simple and honest analysis of the Brazilian present, especially the economic present. This unadorned study, replete with statistical tables, is an amazing record of how widely diversified are Brazil's mineral and agricultural resources, how enterprising and promising is its industrial expansion, how vital and natural is its political reorientation. Indeed, we almost bog down at times in the statistics, but on the whole they are well tied together.

A cautious common sense dictates that we should be careful about accepting Jobim's picture too much at face value. His own frankness in admitting weak points in the economy of the country is in itself

disarming. Hubert Herring's "Good Neighbors," in its discussion of Brazil, gives us a perhaps wholesome antidote. But Jobim's facts are difficult to brush aside; his conclusions and predictions cannot be ignored. One is left, incidentally, with the unconscious conclusion that one of the chief resources of the New State, as the Vargas adherents call it, is the earnest, enthusiastic, and capable men who have been drawn into its public service—Aranha, say, at the top, or, on a lesser level, men like Raul Bopp, to whom the author dedicates his book, or like Jobim himself.

RUSSELL H. FITZGIBBON

AMERICAN INDIAN ARTIFACTS

MEDIEVAL AMERICAN ART, by PÁL KELEMEN, 2 vols., Macmillan Co.

MR. KELEMEN's admirable collection of photographs with explanatory text refers to the materials of American archaeology. By the title is meant not the survivals of mediaeval European style in sixteenth-century America but the artifacts of American Indian culture throughout the hemisphere, from about the beginning of the Christian era until the Discovery and the Conquest by Spain. The purpose of the book is to relate these materials of Indian culture to the general history of world art. The first volume consists of text describing the illustrations in the second volume. With few exceptions, the illustrations, 960 in number, are direct photographs of objects and places. The text follows the arrangement of the plates, where the architecture, painting, sculpture, crafts, and applied arts are separately grouped, with geographical and cultural sub-groups.

Institutions and persons have often wanted a compendious set of illustrations for American archaeology. Mr. Kelemen's work will fulfil that need for a long time to come. The photographs are excellent in quality, showing objects from 83 collections. Nineteen foreign museums are represented. There are many pictures of objects ordinarily known only to specialists. The unique South Maya mural painting of Uaxactun is here published for the first time, by courtesy of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Where the richness of the material made selection difficult, Mr. Kelemen isolated the most representative specimens with taste and knowledge. He expresses, however, a preference for photographic illustration which leads to the unfortunate exclusion of ground plans. Only one is offered. Airplane views are given instead of the plans of important sites and buildings. The illustrations of works of plastic art, moreover, are somewhat scattered. Separate chapters are dedicated to the various aspects of

sculpture. One deals with monumental stonework. Another is given to sculpture in precious and semiprecious materials. In still another chapter, the "Miscellaneous Applied Arts" are treated, including wood carving, turquoise mosaic (which is an art of semiprecious material), shellwork, and bone carving. All these, however, pertain to sculpture. Their separation here is derived from an implicit distinction between Fine Art and Applied Art.

It will be disturbing both to the historian of art and to the anthropologist to find the following miscellany of essential cultural facts and material culture illustrated together in a section entitled "Facets of Daily Life": ethnological records, agriculture, musical instruments, pipes, mirrors, counting and measuring, roads, city planning, baths and reservoirs, and stairways, presented in that order. If such aspects of the plan of the work are open to question, the range and quality of the illustrations nevertheless make the work indispensable to all people interested in American archaeology.

The writing is knowledgeable and accurate. The older writers in this field devoted much space to a synthesis of available knowledge and to the study of the forms of culture itself, illustrations being incidental to text. Mr. Kelemen, on the other hand, composed his text with reference to abundant illustrations, and with regard mainly to the artistic quality of the works represented. As a result, his writing contains far more detailed descriptions and much more archaeological information than the work of his nineteenth-century predecessors. General problems of method and historical filiation take up but 36 pages; the greater part of the remaining 326 pages of text is descriptive.

This treatment is justified by the state of flux created in American archaeology through the discoveries of the last three years. No conscientious writer could today pretend to speculative certainty in the presence of so much unassimilated new information. The reviewer, however, regrets that Mr. Kelemen made no mention of the new discoveries at Tula in Mexico (1940), which seriously affect the nomenclature of Mexican highland archaeology. Two important discoveries in Peru are also omitted: Alfred Kidder's work at Pucara in the southern highland, and Larco's important finds at Cupisnique, on the north coast. These are more than details; the new finds in question are cardinally important, both as to archaeology and as to art.

It often happens that general lay knowledge of a class of works of

art crystallizes about a single, copiously illustrated text. In this sense, bad books have done much harm. In the present case, Mr. Kelemen has presented the public with a book in which the careful and informative selection of photographs will long serve the interests of the general reader, the student, and the specialist.

GEORGE KUBLER

EARLY NEW ENGLAND VERSE

THE CONNECTICUT WITS, by LEON HOWARD, *University of Chicago Press.*

A NEW ENGLANDER recognizing in the title of Professor Howard's book the familiar phrase heard from boyhood may also recall the story of the Westerner who, after reading Timothy Dwight's "Conquest of Canaan," remarked mournfully: "If these were the 'Connecticut Wits,' what were the other Connecticut people like?" This little group of professional and literary men, who at the close of the eighteenth century aspired so eagerly for the prizes of intellectual and public life, offer portentous stretches of dulness in prose and verse; even the diverting anecdotes in the careers of John Trumbull and Timothy Dwight or the romantic events in those of David Humphreys and of Joel Barlow, who died in far-away Poland during Napoleon's retreat from Russia, cannot vivify their deserts of heroic couplets. Few, if the truth be told, now read the "Wits." It has, therefore, been restful, in essays and even in histories of literature, to substitute pleasant writing on their personalities (in youth so ebullient and in old age so eupptic!) for an earnest study of their thought and their relations to their epoch. Let no one regret this: out of awe for their prodigious works or out of a fascinated interest in their adventures have appeared some engaging brochures on the "Wits," among them Henry A. Beers's desultory, civilized essay, which is literature itself.

It may be doubted whether, in one sense, any volume on these heroic (or mock-heroic) figures can ever supplant this wise and graceful tribute to our early coterie. Yet it is equally true that professional study of our literary past cannot be content with Professor Beers's little classic or even with the more substantial evaluation of their merits in 1926 by Vernon L. Parrington in his introduction to an anthology of their poetry or, a year later, in his "Main Currents of American Thought." The modern scholar is bound to focus his X-ray upon the seventy-five books of the

"Wits"; upon their sources; and upon the contemporary ideologies of which they were so inevitably the products. This is the task performed by Professor Howard with a thoroughness which makes his protest in his preface that we must not think his book "definitive" seem too modest. For this volume is an exhaustive study not only of the four writers mentioned but of the lesser "Wits," of the obscure and difficult "Anarchiad," and of the complex relationships of all the members of this united yet decentralized group.

The structure of the book is ingenious and effective. After a chapter on Yale College from 1763 to 1778, Professor Howard discusses Trumbull, Dwight, Humphreys, and Barlow in the somewhat pretentious glory of their youth. For even as young men they were pretentious; this quality of self-consciousness adhered to them throughout their careers; Professor Howard uses this adjective in his critical Epilogue. After an inter-chapter on "The Echo," "The Anarchiad" and Timothy Dwight's period of satire, Professor Howard returns to a consideration of the full-blown personalities and writings of three "Wits" (Trumbull, after the brilliant "M'Fingal" was a fading flower), under the appropriate but not unironical titles of "The Honorable David Humphreys," "Citizen Joel Barlow," and "President Timothy Dwight." The fifth and final section of the book is a perspectived analysis of the meaning of the group in the history of American letters. All this makes an admirable arrangement; never before have the achievements of these pioneers in our New England literature been so precisely delineated and, at the same time, so well integrated in a single, readable narrative.

This sense of proportion dignifies also the single sections on the writings of the four "Wits" and on their absorption of current ways of thinking. Professor Howard's expositions, selective and sound, of their colossal, athletic works are likely to remain final, and the scholar will need them in his revaluation of eighteenth century American literature as a whole.

This fact brings us, then, to the most vital part of Professor Howard's study. In examining this poetry he goes behind its formal sources such as Pope, whom the "Wits" imitated so unashamedly, to seminal volumes such as Lord Kames's "Elements of Criticism," James Beattie's "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth," or John Ward's "System of Oratory." These,

and others like them, were the books which intelligent men were reading, with skeptical eyes on the old theology and its philosophic corollaries. The realistic Kames, in particular, with his exhortation to begin with facts in order "to ascend gradually to principles," powerfully affected the epoch's basic conceptions of the literary and the aesthetic. Professor Howard is at his best when he shows how the "conceptual wedges," as he calls them, were driven into the New England mind. Herein lies the book's value: it will not lead us to "The Columbiad" for enjoyment; indeed it supplies further confirmation that we were right about that preposterous book; but it will direct us to a more penetrating understanding of what Kames called an age's "Standard of taste."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

A GREAT SWISS HISTORIAN

FORCE AND FREEDOM: REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY, *by* JAKOB BURCKHARDT, *edited by* JAMES HASTINGS NICHOLS, *Pantheon Books Inc.*

DURING the winter of 1868-69 Jakob Burckhardt delivered a series of lectures at the University of Basel "On the Study of History." He gave this course only once more, during the Franco-Prussian war, supplementing it at that time with some additional lectures. The subject of those lectures was the interpretation of the meaning and significance of history. The fact that this is the most general and at the same time the most personal problem facing any true historian, may have been the reason why Burckhardt never published those lectures. It was not until 1905, after his death, that they were eventually edited under the title "*Weltgeschichtliche Betrachtungen*." This posthumous work showed Burckhardt in an entirely new light. For it revealed that the author of "The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy" had been not only one of the greatest nineteenth-century historians but also one of the keenest observers and interpreters of the main currents of his own era and a true prophet, gifted with an almost uncanny foresight.

This work is so important that its translation into English at the present time is highly welcome. Special value is added to this edition by the Introduction written by James Hastings Nichols. This succinct appreciation of Burckhardt's personality and ideas with the discussion of Burckhardt's place in the intellectual history of Europe is a valuable American addition to the numerous studies by European scholars of the great Swiss historian. One could wish that Mr. Nichols

would soon supplement his edition of the "Reflections" with a publication of Burckhardt's "Selected Letters," in order to round out the picture of "the prophet and his mission."

Burckhardt's "Reflections" or, as the work is called in the translation, "Force and Freedom," is rich in ideas and covers a wide field. It may suffice here to outline the general organization of the work and to indicate some of its basic ideas.

At the outset, Burckhardt declares: "We have nothing to do with the philosophy of history. The philosophy of history is a centaur, a contradiction in terms, for history co-ordinates and hence is unphilosophical, while philosophy subordinates and hence is unhistorical." Burckhardt prefers to "study the *recurrent, constant, and typical* as echoing in us and intelligible through us." In his opinion, the most constant factor in history is the eternal conflict between "three powers": "state" and "religion" on one side, "culture" on the other. To Burckhardt the power of culture is the exponent of freedom; for, as he says, "Culture . . . is the sum of all that has *spontaneously* arisen for the advancement of material life and as an expression of spiritual and moral life. . . . It is the realm of the variable, free, not necessarily universal, of all that cannot lay claim to compulsive authority." State and religion, on the other hand, are the exponents of force, for religion leads to "the supremacy of a general idea over countless minds," and the state has at all times enjoyed an "enormous and absolute primacy." Both institutions, but especially the state, are based on the principle of the use of power, and "power is in itself evil." Thus more than half of the book is devoted to the characterization of those "three powers" and to a description of their "reciprocal actions." In these chapters world history is surveyed in a manner which gives the reader a deep perception of individual happenings and personalities and also reveals Burckhardt's conception of the historical process as a whole.

The fourth chapter, "On the Crises of History," presents a "theory of storms," that is, a study of the phenomena of war and revolution. In no other chapter does Burckhardt succeed quite so brilliantly in bringing out "the recurrent, constant, and typical" in history. This chapter, therefore, can claim particular application to our era of a "great crisis."

The fifth chapter deals with "The Great Men of History" or, in Burckhardt's words, with "the concentration of great movements in those great individuals, their prime movers and expressions."

In the last chapter, "On Fortune and Misfortune in History," Burckhardt endeavors to set up standards of evaluation in order "to safeguard our impartiality against the invasion of history by wishful thinking." Burckhardt has frequently been accused of a cool and irresponsible detachment from the pressing problems of his time. Much evidence to the contrary could be gathered from his works and especially from his letters. But perhaps nothing illustrates his true attitude better than the concluding sentences of "Force and Freedom": "At a time when the illusory peace of thirty years in which we grew up has long since utterly vanished, and a series of fresh wars seems to be imminent; when the established political forms of the greatest civilized peoples are tottering or changing; when, with the spread of education and communications, the realization and impatience of suffering is visibly and rapidly growing; when social institutions are being shaken to their foundations by world movements, not to speak of all the accumulated crises which have not yet found their issues; it would be a marvelous spectacle—though not for contemporary earthly beings—to follow with enlightened perception the spirit of man as it builds its new dwelling, soaring above, yet closely bound up with all these manifestations. Any man with such a vision in mind would completely forget about fortune and misfortune, and would spend his life in the quest of that knowledge."

THEODOR E. MOMMSEN

IMAGERY IN THE ROMANTIC POETS

THE STARLIT DOME, by G. WILSON KNIGHT, *Oxford University Press*.

MR. KNIGHT indefatigably demonstrates that "you can never disassociate the events in poetry from the general flow of its imagery." His method, especially when applied to Shakespeare, performs a valuable service for criticism; but the present work, which attempts a comparative statement about Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, reveals most clearly the limitations which have always attended the method.

If Mr. Knight could be persuaded not to write books but to prepare catalogues of classified images he would overcome a number of difficulties. Classified lists would eliminate the tasteless absurdities for which he has a genius, and a certain humorless solemnity, as: "The blindness of Shirin in my own (unpublished) novel, *The Shadow of God*, is directly analogous." Finally, they

would eliminate those masses of wretched writing through which the reader must drag his soon wearied, blunted brain.

More positively, catalogues would enable Mr. Knight's readers to seize directly upon his conclusions. These are often brilliant, but they lie buried in the laboratory refuse. Each of his four chapters contains at least one generalization which is good enough to find its way unhindered to the light. Such is the conclusion about Wordsworth, that his essentially gloomy apprehension is falsified when he turns to bright and fluid figures which "do not blend with the doctrinal severity." Such is the observation of Wordsworth's frequent "grave" imagery in support of the idea of death-in-life, as:

Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

This is a little "Thel," and worth having. Mr. Knight emphasizes the sense of sin in Coleridge, the fear of a nameless evil, some awful obscenity lurking in life, and traces a Dantesque pattern of hell, purgatory, and heaven in the three poems, "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan," and again and again in others. Shelley and Keats, he observes, are, with varying constancy, *in* the dome, or *on* the mountains, which Coleridge and Wordsworth must content themselves to look up to only; and this is a valuable distinction. Finally, the imagistic tendency in Keats falls into a reiterated pattern "from the sensuous to the sleepy and spiritual with no conflict," which, if only a partial truth, is excellent as far as it goes.

The conclusion of the whole book, in so far as Mr. Knight makes it available to the reader, is no less interesting than these. Beginning with Yeats's lines,

A starlit or a moonlit dome disdains
All that man is,

he centers his discussion on the conflict and resolution of images representing "the birth-death time-stream" and images representing eternity, "a higher, more dimensional reality." The crux of his analysis is in the lines from "Kubla Khan,"

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;

and in his other poets, Mr. Knight finds a more or less complete resolution of the two, and a more or less fruitful subject for contemplation.

A catalogue, solving these problems perhaps, would not solve the essential problem. The Knight method is ultimately quantitative—a criterion inappropriate to the criticism if not to the observation of poetry. Mr. Knight seems always on the verge of declaring that the poet with the most images is somehow of most interest. “Keats loves the sculptural and also chariots,” he says approvingly; “In *Endymion* Cynthia’s car is addressed, axle and all.” Is there virtue in axles? Judgment gives way to enumeration. When Mr. Knight makes judgments—an exercise not encouraged by this discipline—they are often fantastic. “*The Cenci*,” he says, “lacks texture . . . has slight atmospheric weight,” and by this standard, it would seem to be less admirable not only than Byron’s “Marino Faliero” or Coleridge’s “Remorse,” but also than the rest of Shelley. This is an absurd reversal of values. Again, Mr. Knight points out the resemblance between Yeats’s “dolphin-torn” and “gong-tormented” sea and Shelley’s,

Beneath, the billows having vainly striven,
Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel
The swift and steady motion of the keel.

One would not object to the equation, if only it did not utterly obliterate the distinction between excellent and mediocre verse.

Mr. Knight’s sensitivity to overtones is sharp, and his method capable of important conclusions; but a painstaking and critical revision of his method would spare us the struggle which he demands but which, because it is unnecessary, he has not really earned.

MARK SCHORER

AT SIXTY-TWO

HEATHEN DAYS, 1890–1936, by H. L. MENCKEN, *Alfred A. Knopf*.

MR. MENCKEN in “Heathen Days” completes the trilogy of his autobiography. It covers again about the same space of time as its two predecessors, “Happy Days” and “Newspaper Days,” touching on a variety of interesting events from 1890 to 1936. In these pages young Henry appears again: as the *Wunderkind* of the Baltimore Polytechnic Institute where, under the influence of two English instructors who drank and chewed tobacco respectively, he

made his choice of writing instead of chemistry as a career and won prizes that were by rights the property of more diligent students; as a frequenter for a short time of a Y.M.C.A., as part owner of a gifted but cynical pony named Frank; and as one of the innumerable admirers of a Baltimore dog lover renowned as a destroyer of cats and rats and a liver of the good life in a stable. There are also accounts of Mr. Mencken as a near-nominee for the vice-presidency of the United States, as a pilgrim to Rome, Carthage, and Jerusalem, as chronicler of a Cuban revolution, and as an assiduous searcher for oases of the body and spirit during prohibition, political conventions, and other phenomena of almost a half century.

Thus the saga of this bourgeois's life up to the year 1936 is more or less complete. Without envy of any man, he tells us in his preface, attempting no flights beyond his strength, he has devoted himself wholeheartedly to his trade of writing and editing and reporting on the events that spread themselves before him. No party line has changed his opinions from anti to pro William Jennings Bryan, no threats of the chivalry of Dayton, Tennessee, changed a word he wrote about the monkey trial, an account which is one of the bright spots of "Heathen Days." He records that in the Baltimore musical organization of which he is a member, "From end to end of World War I an Englishman sat between two Germans at every meeting, and in World War II a Czech has his place, and two Jews flank the Germans. What this signifies I refrain, on the advice of counsel, from venturing to suggest: in all probability it is downright unlawful. But there it is." While a visitor to the Promised Land he unhesitatingly brands *both* the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem as fakes, along with the Arabs' claims to any consideration at all as farmers.

In brief, Mr. Mencken up to his sixty-second year has persisted in stoutly recording what he saw rather than what he was supposed to see or what someone wanted him to see, and no voice from the earth or beyond has turned him from his task. All dogmas, admonitions, personalities he has scrutinized with the varying heats of interest that became their competence, and he has emerged from his observations with the conviction that capitalists are the front men for politicians, not the other way around, and as it was in Carthage so is it in Back Bay. It is a good guess that his homilies will outlast many of the words of the soothsayers and medicine

men of the press, psychiatry, sociology, belles-lettres and the world's capitals; that before many of these forward-looking people have had an opportunity to deliver their quarts of milk to their constituents Mr. Mencken and his gods of the copy book headings will be found shining again in their glory.

EUGENE DAVIDSON

OUR PUBLIC ART COLLECTIONS

THE ENJOYMENT OF ART IN AMERICA, *by* REGINA SHOOLMAN *and* CHARLES E. SLATKIN, *Introduction by* G. H. EDGELL, *J. B. Lippincott Co.*

DR. GEORGE HAROLD EDGELL, in his Introduction to this volume, and the authors in their Preface, remind us that the past few years have seen a number of large, comprehensive art exhibitions in which the objects displayed were drawn exclusively from American collections and museums. The results, as they may testify who have seen the exhibitions of mediaeval art in Boston, the Persian exhibition in New York, and the Masterpieces of Art at the New York World's Fairs of 1939 and 1940, were truly astonishing in the degree that they revealed the amount of non-American art which has been brought to this country during our three centuries of collecting. Significant as these recent exhibitions were, one may recall that the impetus towards a visual survey of our resources in this field was first conspicuously undertaken all of ten years ago by the late Robert B. Harshe, Director of the Chicago Art Institute, when he planned and executed the two remarkable exhibitions held during the Century of Progress expositions. The superb quality of these two displays, supported by catalogues which set a new standard of scholarship and presentation, convinced every visitor that in America the resources for the study of art were more impressive than we had believed.

After a decade of activity it is, then, appropriate that some means should be provided for acquainting the public at large with our holdings. For that purpose this prodigally handsome volume is offered as "a survey of the permanent collections of painting, sculpture, ceramics, and decorative art in American and Canadian museums," to quote from the title-page. Actually it is a history of art from Egypt to modern times, copiously illustrated with 739 splendidly distinct plates of objects drawn exclusively from North American museums. The illustrations are truly valuable. Large in scale, usually well-placed on the page, they constitute an astonish-

ing record of American taste and perspicacity in collecting. By themselves they can refute any charges of our selfishness in plundering Europe and Asia. Though the world of art is suffering irreparable losses abroad we have here a record—incomplete though it be, for it is confined entirely to works in public collections—of what we still have to remind us of the overseas heritage of our peoples.

The text which accompanies this documentary material is a competent, but conventional, history of stylistic development during the periods illustrated. While on the whole it is unexceptional, one may quarrel with the authors' pronounced preferences for certain periods at the expense of others which are equally important if both the history of art and the account of our collections is to be complete. It is gratifying to find fifty-two plates of Persian objects, and to discover that at last Japanese art is accorded equal dignity with Chinese instead of being relegated to the position of a mere additional chapter of the history of Oriental art in general. But this generosity distorts the total picture when the history of mediaeval European art is reduced to a lesser number of objects than those illustrating each of the three cultures just mentioned. In no way does such a proportion reflect the character of American collecting or the significance of the various arts for our own culture.

As a guide to American museums, which I take it the volume aspires to be, this work is less useful. While the particular provenance of each work discussed in the text is clearly indicated, no means has been provided for determining the actual character of a specific institution. An index of museums merely lists the numbers of the relevant plates—so that anyone planning a visit to Baltimore, for instance, would have to consult twenty-two widely scattered illustrations to discover the extraordinary resources of the Walters Art Gallery. There is also lacking a bibliography of the important catalogues and other museum publications which would enable the reader to carry his own study further.

Like so many works intended for popular consumption, this book tends to become an interpretation of the arts as "Fine Arts" and the "Fine Arts" as painting. In spite of the promise of the title-page, there is but one example of American silver—a fine but not very typical coffeepot by Revere, and but two examples of American sculpture, figures by Lachaise and Zorach. More serious

on the side of omission is the complete neglect of the folk arts and the arts of primitive peoples which may be found in abundance in our historical and natural history museums. The uncounted riches of North American Indian art, revealed at the Museum of Modern Art in 1941, are only touched upon in three plates. The authors also betray a strange indifference to the Italian Mannerist and Baroque periods, which of late have attracted the enthusiastic attention of both patrons and scholars, and which have been so influential as sources for design in modern painting, theatrical and commercial art.

GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

FROM CEDAR MOUNTAIN TO CHANCELLORSVILLE

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS: A STUDY IN COMMAND, VOLUME II, by DOUGLAS SOUTH-ALL FREEMAN, *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

IN the first volume of this series the command and organizational problems facing the Army of Northern Virginia were revealed. Lee emerged as an army commander whose tact and leadership made up for some of the fundamental weaknesses of Confederate military organization. It was not clear, however, at the end of Malvern Hill whether his staff and subordinate commanders were equal to the task of carrying out his plans. Though Lee is kept purposely in the background of the events described, it becomes abundantly clear that his supreme contribution to the victories of this period came from his ability to "simplify strategy to fit the limited experience of staff and line."

Little new material is added to the story of the campaigns of the Civil War save for those of Cedar Mountain and Suffolk. Dr. Freeman admits that the outline of the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia remains substantially unchanged since the publication in 1915 of Lee's confidential dispatches to Davis. With the completion of his study of command, the author feels that research and investigation on the Army of Northern Virginia might profitably be concentrated on "men and morale" rather than strategy and tactics.

The period covered by the second volume shows Jackson at the height of his career. Operating as an independent corps commander he revealed few of the defects which marred his performance as a subordinate. So completely does he dominate the period from Cedar Mountain to Chancellorsville that the volume is essentially a

command study of Jackson, with Longstreet, A. P. Hill, Stuart, Early, D. H. Hill, Hood, and others providing a background for judging the superlative accomplishments of "Old Jack." The doubts raised at the Seven Days Battle about Jackson's ability to co-operate effectively as a subordinate were replaced after Chancellorsville by the frank question: Can the Army of Northern Virginia win without Jackson? While it does not detract from Jackson's skill as a commander, his tenacious and rather absurd persecution of A. P. Hill for alleged faults in handling what was probably the best division in the army and his petty actions with regard to captured equipment and stores reveal a side of Jackson's makeup hard to reconcile with his great qualities of mind and spirit.

The subordinate commanders of promise were already known before Cedar Mountain. There were lesser figures, brigade commanders who because of casualties were forced to lead divisions in battle. Of these officers, Freeman wrote: "A new type of officer was rising. He usually commanded already a brigade, but in the absence of an invalided chief, he may have shown himself capable of leading a division. . . . He was not yet qualified to counsel on strategy. Good administration was his continuing credit. His firm, intelligent discipline was the explanation of the fire power, the élan of those magnificent troops. . . . Combat was his glory. At Second Manassas, he was John Hood; at South Mountain he was Robert Rodes; at Sharpsburg he was John Cooke, and at Chancellorsville he was a goodly fellowship, Rodes and Ramseur and Pender and Wilcox. The average age of these young leaders in 1862 was 31. Most of them received professional training in arms and for that reason had early opportunity, but they rose by performance that none could dispute or disparage."

Casualties in these ranks were heavy. "Death was always on the heels of fame." The Army of Northern Virginia could never be certain who its subordinate commanders would be in the next campaign. Each major battle required a reorganization of command. Finally, after Chancellorsville, the Confederacy exhausted its file of promising young officers. "The school of combat did not graduate enough men to make good the casualties of instruction."

This study of Lee's subordinate commanders was undertaken in 1936, and the first volume was published in the fall of 1942. Knowing that "history never repeats itself without interpreting itself," Dr. Freeman hopes that the experiences of our army in the present year may parallel those of the Army of Northern Virginia from the

Seven Days to Chancellorsville. In the coming phases of the war, he hopes that the fortunes of our armies may be those of the gallant Army of the Potomac.

While the reviewer appreciates the magnitude of Dr. Freeman's achievements in handling so difficult an assignment as a study in command involving many officers throughout successive campaigns, he finds some stylistic idiosyncrasies a little trying. After each battle episode Dr. Freeman falls into the habit of speaking to his readers in this fashion: "Beneath his cadet cap, his large blue eyes blazed with a strange light during battle: what did that portend?" Or again: "Where were they? What delayed them? Who knew the position?" "What of McLaws? What delayed him?"—and so on. After counting over a hundred of such examples in Volume I, the reviewer hoped that the second volume would be free from this serial thriller device, but, alas, the first sentence in this volume reads: "Was it a major change of Federal strategy with which Jackson had to deal in mid-July, 1862?" After which, Dr. Freeman maintains the high average of the "What-of-the-morrow?" type of question he had previously set.

H. A. DEWEERD

NAZI PROPAGANDA

THE GOEBBELS EXPERIMENT, *by* DERRICK SINGTON *and* ARTHUR WEIDENFELD, *Yale University Press.*

THIS is definitely not one of those modern substitutes for wild westerns telling the secret story of the "ministry of fear" and its black magic of hair-raising machinations and thrilling suspense. It is a sober, balanced, and systematic account of a colossal concern, the Nazi propaganda machine and its vast and carefully plotted business. The study concentrates on the "experiment in organization"—an aspect of propaganda which, with exception of some treatment in periodical literature, has been neglected by present-day research, concentrated almost exclusively on the psychology of public opinion control. In view of this restriction of their work to the least exciting features of the subject, it is the more to the credit of the authors that what might have been a dull enumeration of countless agencies and techniques has become a vivid account of personnel and functions, full of insight, shrewd observations, and critical perspective.

The study opens with an introductory sketch of the National Socialist Party, which throws some light on lesser-known details in the early history of the movement. The main body of the book gives an

able analysis of the party propaganda machine and the ministry of public enlightenment and propaganda. (Incidentally, a perfect illustration of the strange dualism of party and state in modern dictatorships.) Unique in such comprehensiveness, the book describes in detail the party propaganda department and the party press, the propaganda ministry and the Reich Chamber of Culture, the broadcasting in the Third Reich and the propaganda among the armed forces, the role of the cinema and theatre in Hitler's Germany and the control of literature, fine arts, and music as vehicles of dictatorial propaganda. The material of the book is based upon the broadcasts by the German radio during the war, the German press from 1933 to 1942, and German publications up to the summer of 1942. The combined efforts of the two authors, one of them English and the other Austrian by birth, have brought to light a wealth of material which is scarcely available elsewhere. There are thumb-nail biographical sketches (indeed, an odd *Who's Who* in Goebbelsland); instructive comparisons of the British and German wireless and the confidential directives of Goebbels to the controlled press; information about the almighty Committee for the Protection of National Socialist Literature, with lists of official books and motion pictures of the last few years; telling reports of the "religious ceremonies" of the Hitler Youth, and a most revealing sequence of German soldier songs, changing in character as the war approaches the inevitable outcome.

The book thus unrolls an impressive and comprehensive picture of the all-inclusive Nazi propaganda, domestic and foreign. It may, however, raise some doubts and reservations. Through no real fault of the authors, their exclusive concentration on the well-functioning, efficient, and almost "respectable" machine has a misleading effect. It suggests the common popular misgivings concerning the nature of propaganda—that there are no limits to its success. No doubt, skill in propaganda has become one of the most effective roads to power in modern times. Yet in order to exert influence, the modern magician must (justly or unjustly) cope with grievances which people feel profoundly. In this respect, political propaganda is no more miraculous than commercial advertising, and in the long run depends for its success or failure on similar conditions. It has to meet a need, questionable though its solution may be. It has to find a market. It certainly does not have unlimited possibilities and cannot forever enslave the human mind.

One should say in all fairness that the authors, apart from seeing

the flaws in the Nazi machine, probably had completed the manuscript at a time when the record of the Third Reich was still most impressive, in terms of performance though not of moral value. The hindsight furnished by later experiences has made it obvious that the success of the Nazi propaganda machine was largely due to a preponderance of power in the hands of the Third Reich rather than to the efficiency of Mr. Goebbels' devilish devices. In fact the amazing failures of Nazi propaganda since the turn of the military tide against Hitler's Reich prove that emphasis on the machinery of public opinion and control can hardly reach the core of this disquieting phenomenon.

Despite such basic strictures, this volume should be welcomed by every serious student in the field. Impressive as a source of material and most attractive in its makeup, with accompanying charts and illustrations, the book has made a place for itself in to-day's study of propaganda.

SIGMUND NEUMANN

MODERN LITERATURE OF ICELAND

ICELANDIC POEMS AND STORIES, *edited by* RICHARD BECK, *Princeton University Press.*

ICELAND has probably produced more good literature in proportion to its population than any other country. During the Middle Ages it created outstanding classics in both verse and prose, the Eddas and the sagas. In fact, the fame and influence of these classics, down to the present, have largely overshadowed later production in Iceland, so that, except in a few academic circles, comparatively little is known abroad about the modern literature of the island. Occasionally an Icelandic novel, poem, play, or short story has appeared in English translation, and during the Millennial Celebration of 1930 a volume of lyrics, in both Icelandic and English, was published in Reykjavik. But these isolated items have been too few and far between to provide any comprehensive idea of the variety and quality of later literary trends.

The present volume, edited by the same scholar who compiled the Millennial edition of poetry, is the first to give an adequate picture in English of the rich literature of modern Iceland. It is a carefully selected anthology of poems and complete stories, extending over the last century and including representative works of twenty-eight authors, among whom are not only scholars, statesmen, and

professional writers, but artisans, farmers, and a housewife. In Iceland, it seems, everyone has not only the urge to write but in surprisingly numerous instances has the ability to write exceedingly well. Among the translators, all of whom have with "sensibility and understanding" reproduced both form and content of the original, are Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Watson Kirkconnell, Jakobina Johnson, and Mekkin Sveinson Perkins. Besides a general introduction, the volume contains a brief critical survey of each author.

The editor finds two main currents in modern Icelandic poetry: "On the one hand, influences from abroad, notably the Romantic Movement; on the other, a renewed and strengthened interest in the native literary heritage and traditions, which has never lost its hold upon the poets and prose writers down through the intervening centuries. . . . Present-day Icelandic poetry has in a high degree the pattern of an entrancing mosaic."

Among the short stories the reader will find works of vital substance, depth, pathos, tragedy, humor, and effective narrative art. Social satire, sympathy for the poor, keen observation, and psychological acumen characterize the tales—all definitely national, with Icelandic background. Especially impressive is Kristin Sigfusdóttir's tale of Gunna the Pauper, who with a delicate sense of moral responsibility becomes frantic with anxiety when she loses a borrowed handkerchief, the symbol of better social station and attire. Other masterpieces are "On the Beach," by Gudmundur Magnússon, which pictures the idealistic dreams and consequent realistic disappointment of a rookery-guard and potential skald, and "The Old Hay," by Gudmundur Fridjonsson, perhaps the best of all the stories, which portrays the figure of an old miser who at first refuses to share his hay with his neighbors in time of famine.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation has sponsored or published over sixty volumes of *belles-lettres*, history, biography, and research monographs, all of high quality, and this last publication is a distinct contribution to the group.

ADOLPH B. BENSON

LETTERS AND COMMENT

A LETTER TO SARA TEASDALE

Springfield, Ill.
January 29, 1914

MY DEAR SARA:

Since I cannot help but write to you, let us set aside the matters of an hour and think, to some profit if we may, on the matter of VICTORY.

Certainly there is no victory, worth while, to be won in a day. The long plotted victories are those most worth while. What is the completely victorious spirit? The thought goes round and round in my mind.

Christ says—"Be not afraid"—"I have overcome the world." And his cross looks like the great spiritual victory to many.

There is another victory for the soul—not the victory of suffering but the victory of patience. The mystics have looked upon Christ as the incarnation of that brooding spirit of God that has been a creeping fire in the world since the world began—Christ being the final flower of the patient Spirit of the ages.

However that be, certainly the victory of patience looks to me like the one most worth while—and most practical. We may seek crucifixion for a bad cause. But the patient man may get light and move on towards real spiritual strength, while the man on the rack yesterday reacts into the fool today. I know of no more fatuous object than the over-pensioned old soldier, still living in 1865, his crucifixion long past, a stand-patter—a fool, an orthodoxy or a drunkard.

The real victory is the victory at seventy-five or eighty years—or in the next life if there is one.

But what are the steps towards victory? It is easy to put down a glib list of virtues—but what are the steps towards spiritual victory that give us tougher fibre and more courageous eyes in the presence of the terrible Universe—more courageous eyes this year than last year? And every year a little better?

I am not appalled to find myself foolish—blundering, silly, selfish, greedy—but I am appalled if I realize that my plan of life has

grown dimmer—that I have ceased to call myself to judgment—and look the naked truth in the face, and struggle back to my path. I think that the first step towards victory is *to resolve firmly that I will keep it always in mind*, to say it is the reason we live and breathe—and that though millions do not really seem to care for victory, we may not understand them.—As for us, we are not going to plot and plan for money—or song or love or friends or any virtue but the great virtue of victory—a strong unconquerable stern spirit! Come let us be victors in old age—and let us take a step towards it today.

How would a victor appear? Not necessarily with friends or kin around him—not necessarily with soft raiment nor with any badges of outward bravery upon him—nor with any graces. But he would be one who could bear sudden grief—better than the rest—who could face temporary spiritual bankruptcy better than the rest, who could face physical pain better than the rest—who is less moved by tumult than the rest, though taking his full part in the tumult—and even urging it on—who does not curse God or charge him with foolishness—but is willing to bless his name amid great tribulation. The victor is the man who having struggled in vain with his weakness, his habitual faults, a thousand times—still looks at them firmly, still acknowledging them to God, still planning to circumvent them—if not overcome them.

Patience. Patience. Patience and perpetual conscious reaching to the invisible God—the God who is cold as the dew and stern as granite—that is Victory.

With love,
NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

603 South 5th Street.

THE YALE REVIEW

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RACE IN THE WORLD TO COME

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

RACE was to philologists and anthropologists of the nineteenth century merely a fascinating speculation. To the humanitarians of the same century it was a cloud, but no bigger than a man's hand. Today it has overspread all the skies of the world. It has loosed upon us the greatest storm in all history, and it threatens greater storms in the future, unless civilized man awakens from the baleful delusion that there are by nature master races, and slave races.

Anti-Semitism, founded on the most delusive of all race conceptions, elevated the Nazis to supreme power over the German people. The Nordic myth, accepted by the millions, brought first acquiescence in, then approval of the plundering, torture, the murder of Jews—men, women, and children. The myth of a master race justified, in the eyes of the dominant part of the German people, the expulsion of "inferior races" from contiguous territory. By virtue of the alleged German superiority, it seemed right and natural to treat Polish lands, Russian lands, as ownerless property to be cleared of its population and settled by the expanding German race. War became inevitable.

And on the other side of the world, another people trained to regard itself as a master race has set itself the task of subjugating the vast populations of the Asiatic mainland and the islands of the sea. Although equally ruthless in her methods, Japan, nevertheless, is in a position to make common cause

with her subjugated peoples as against the white race. Because of the record of the white race, there has appeared no effective underground opposition in the territories occupied by Japan, except in the Philippines, where American policy has fostered the ideal of independence.

We shall defeat Germany and Japan, and make a peace that will have the external appearance of stability. But there can be no stable peace so long as race prejudice and race antagonism are fermenting within our world society. At the present moment, when all America should be a unit in the face of war, the "Negro problem" is becoming increasingly acute, in the army and in civil life. Anti-Semitism is working insidiously against our confidence in our government leadership and our national cause. Granting that in some measure this evil is due to enemy propaganda, to enemy agents and native Quislings, are we to suppose that it will abate when the war ends? Are we not aware that the Nazi racialists will come out of the war armed with vast hidden resources, to finance anti-democratic movements everywhere? And what part of our national life is so open to infection as our domestic race relations?

Of vastly greater importance, however, is the impact of race prejudice upon the populations of the Orient. The war is imposing upon China an industrial development that within a generation may match that of Russia. India, too, is developing its industries with the haste born of war. But modern industry produces arms. Will those great peoples, with arms in their hands, content themselves with the position of inferior, subject races within the world organization? The career of Japan should be a warning to us. There was a time when Japan might have developed into a peaceable nation if she had not been thwarted in her natural development by Western imperialism, wounded in her honor by Western racial arrogance.

There will be no lasting peace unless we can shake off the loathsome disease of race prejudice.

A discouraging view, some may say. For is not race preju-

dice a fundamental trait of human nature? Do not its roots penetrate deeply into the very instincts of self-preservation? Many books have been written to prove this. Books have proved much that is not true. If race prejudice were a fundamental trait of human nature we should expect to find it most pronounced among primitive communities, early civilizations. We do not. In primitive life there are tribal organizations that exclude the stranger, but they exclude strangers of the same race equally with strangers of other races. From the wide diffusion of anthropological types in every extended population, we must infer that in primitive life there was no such thing as racial coalition to exclude other races from any territory. Note the interpenetration of racial stocks among the American Indians, the survival of the Wends among the Germans, the occasional swarthy types among the Danes, the blond Kabyles, the dark and kinky-haired tribes Herodotus found at the eastern end of the Black Sea, that are still there. So general was this interpenetration that no one who has actually studied human populations can believe that there is any such thing as a "pure" race. We all have some of the blood of every human strain. Race today is merely a matter of the more or less.

Neither did earlier civilizations make a point of race. Ancient Egypt was chronically at war with the Semites and the Hurrians of the north and east, and with the Ethiopians of the south. These were dynastic wars and had nothing to do with race. The Egyptian society presented no barriers to assimilation. We have biblical evidence of the elevation to high office of a Semite, and there is abundant evidence in Egyptian tombs of Ethiopian blood penetrating into the highest social ranks. Neither the Assyrian nor the Persian empire made a political or social criterion of race; as for Alexander, every school boy knows of his policy of encouraging intermarriage of Greek officers and the daughters of the Persians. Roman civilization wasted no thought on racial differences. The Romans hated "Eastern superstitions," the astrology of Babylon, the religious cults of Egypt and Asia Minor—including the Jewish

and the rising Christian religions—but this had nothing to do with race. The Roman proselyte was detested as thoroughly as his Oriental master.

It remained for the modern era to erect race into a principle of superiority and inferiority. Why? Because the modern era is dominated by the white race, and the white race is peculiarly susceptible to color prejudice? The Persians, the Greeks, the Romans were white races. So were the Semites and the Hurrians, or "Hittites." The Russians are white, but have never developed race prejudice into a social force.

Race prejudice is not inherent in human nature, nor in the nature of the white race. It does not root in the principle of self-preservation of the Western nations. It has been built up through four centuries of experience, experience in the exploitation of man by man. Its kernel is obviously self-interest, but self-interest in a society which makes pretense of ethical principles can never be wholly frank and honest. The Spaniards wanted gold from the Indians. That was all they wanted, besides the slave labor that would bring more gold. But they had to moralize their greed by exhibiting concern for the Indians' souls, doomed to hell for want of the true religion. The early conquistadors had no elaborate theory of the racial inferiority of the Indians. That came later. The English settlers in North America wanted the Indians' land. They justified their aggressions on the ground that the Indians were savages, cruel and bloody. The tobacco and sugar plantations of South America and the West Indies, the rice and tobacco and cotton of our own South needed the labor of slaves inured to heat and malaria. What could be better for the Negroes than to be rescued from the hideous superstitions of the jungle and showered with the blessings of Christian teaching—if they survived the ocean passage? The East Indies had boundless wealth: gold and jewels, spices and marvellous works of art and craftsmanship. The Dutch and Portuguese, the French and British coveted these. Were not the peoples of British India forever at each others' throats, and was not orderly government imposed by the enlightened West worth a price?

True, there were areas like the island of Java which had not known war or revolution for a thousand years; where life was a sweet and simple ritual under a benign sky. How could such peoples be expected to organize an up-to-date government without Western tutelage?

For the first acts of aggression, then, we had a moral defense: the duty to Christianize, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; the duty to establish orderly government in the eighteenth and nineteenth. But when the Indians and the Negro slaves had turned Christian, when the whole world had been forced to recognize that the East Indies could keep the peace, if not perfectly, yet far more successfully than Europe, what ground remained for further enslavement and subjection? Nothing could serve, if slavery and oppression were necessary, but the invention of the dogma of racial inferiority. And we invented it successfully, and maintain it still with great resolution.

By far the greatest fraud that has ever been imposed upon man is the doctrine of racial superiority and inferiority. It has destroyed tens of millions of human lives, it has forced hundreds of millions to live in slavery and abject misery. It has impoverished the civilization of the nations that claim superiority and made them a prey of their own baser instincts. Its ultimate fruit is the war now raging throughout the world.

It has not now, and never had, any sound moral or intellectual basis. There was never any need to propagate Christianity by war and subjugation, by kidnapping raids and slavery. There was never any need for the imposition by force of orderly government upon old cultures more orderly than our own. There was never a sound basis for ranking one race as superior and another inferior. Certain racial groups have been favored by circumstances; they have had greater opportunity for intercourse with other groups and the borrowing of ideas and crafts. Certain racial groups have had adverse selection working upon them, like the Australian Blackfellows, whose meagre environment, without cereals and domestic animals, based survival not on physical strength or intelligence but on

tolerance of frequently recurring periods of starvation. Other groups have had favorable selective influences working upon them. But, by and large, all human stocks have had to struggle for existence under much the same conditions through the million or three million years since man appeared on the earth. In the last ten thousand years, more or less, certain groups have been able to form large and compact societies, where conditions of defense and food supply were good, as on the Nile, the alluvial lands of the Euphrates and Tigris, Crete, the Caucasus, Mexico, Peru. Here higher cultures could develop, and a process of collective education. It cannot be supposed that in so relatively brief a period any considerable change could be wrought in the natural abilities of man.

It is possible that first-rate abilities are more widely distributed in one race than in another. We do not know. What we do know is that there is no race that does not produce some first-rate men. Whether many or few turns on environment and opportunity. Race prejudice, to repeat, has no basis in human nature. It is a comparatively recent phenomenon. Its origin was greed, slavered over with high religious and moral motives, later replaced by the pseudo-scientific doctrine of the hierarchy of the races. All this one may recognize; but how does it bear upon the problem now with us? Are greed and hypocrisy disappearing from among us?

Certainly not; but profits of race discrimination are falling. There is hardly any situation in the world of today in which slavery can in the long run be profitable. Modern industry demands skill and responsibility, and these do not flow from servility. World economic forces demand the development of the resources of all peoples, not the plundering of accumulated wealth. The argument for the imperialistic control of backward peoples grows weaker. But the social life of man is replete with institutions and attitudes that survive their original functions. Take for an example anti-Semitism, often erroneously treated as a race problem.

The Middle Ages excluded the Jew from the organic life of the community as a non-Christian. Excluded from agricul-

ture and the handicrafts, the Jew had to devote himself to trade and money-exchange and money-lending. To his ill repute as a non-Christian was added the ill repute of sharp trading, usurious interest charges. In America today, the Jewish religion commands respect, like any other. Formally, all employments are open to the Jew, and his actual range of employments is wide. Often he is a sharp trader or a usurious money-lender, but in these directions he is easily outstripped by non-Jewish traders and money-lenders. Formally, the grounds for discriminating against the Jew have sunk away—but we still discriminate, in social life, in the professions, in educational institutions. Such discrimination is an unmitigated evil, but what can we do about it?

Discrimination against the Negro is infinitely more injurious to him, infinitely more cruel. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the forms that such discrimination takes. Everyone knows them.

Some can be abated only through the succession of the generations. The grim reaper alone can mend the prejudices of the orthodox Negro-hater. Other forms of discrimination can, however, be abated. So with discrimination in employment—one of the most baneful of all. By Presidential order, lately re-emphasized, concerns engaged in filling war contracts are forbidden to discriminate among workers on grounds of race, religion, or national origin. A similar provision appears in the New York law. Perhaps these provisions are most honored in the breach, but some progress has been made towards fairer treatment of the Negro worker. Still more important is the policy of some of our greatest labor organizations, forbidding discrimination in membership on account of race.

Considerable progress has been made through the formation of inter-racial councils in various States and cities. The adjustment of the Negro to the general community, at a time of great migrations to the industrial cities, often presents grave problems, which wise bi-racial leadership could abate, if not solve. But the progress is slow, and time is pressing. Sooner or

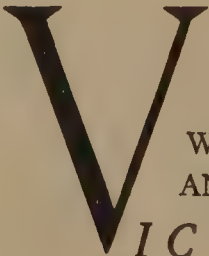
later, we shall go through another crisis of unemployment, with discrimination increasing.

Discrimination in employment, public and private, must go. So too must discrimination in the services of public utilities, already forbidden by a New York law not easily enforced. Discrimination in educational opportunity must go.

Even to eliminate the worst abuses of race discrimination in America requires the persistent efforts of all men and women who believe in democracy. But can't we leave the matter to time? Little by little, the hard edges of race prejudice are softening.

We have not the time. The Japanese propaganda, throughout the East, has made an international issue of our exploits in race discrimination. We excluded the Chinese and Japanese. We sent Japanese American citizens to concentration camps although they may be as loyal as any of us. These might pass as sporadic acts of national ill will. But the persistent discrimination against such of our own people as have colored blood in their veins does not sit well with other peoples who do not happen to be white. The peace and security of the United States must in the long run depend on our friendly relations with the great races of the East. We cannot permit childish race prejudices to becloud our future.

The Eastern peoples have one Western associate not defiled by race prejudice: Russia. If America and England choose, they may continue the folly of their racial ways until Russian influence has penetrated all the way to Singapore and Cape Comorin. That may be destiny—unless we decide to change our ways.

FOR  BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
VICTORY

IN DEFENSE OF THE SMALL COUNTRIES

By ARNOLD WOLFERS

IF there was ever an age of the great powers it is with us now. In a world where giants of productive and military strength are capable of hurling millions of men and tens of thousands of planes into battle, there would seem to be little future for weak nations. People, therefore, may well ask themselves whether the Allied statesmen are not clinging to outmoded ideas when they proclaim the equality of nations, large and small, or promise restoration of sovereign rights and self-government to small countries, such as Austria.

In the last great war President Wilson was the champion of the weaker states. He heralded the League of Nations as the "first serious and systematic attempt made in the world to put nations on a footing of equality with each other, . . . the smallest as well as the greatest." His support of the principle of self-determination helped many small nations to emancipate themselves from foreign rule and to establish their independent statehood.

But much has happened since then to bring about a revulsion of feeling towards the small states. Although there was again compassion for the victims of aggression, Germany's attack on her neighbors in this war did not arouse the same instantaneous and warm sympathy which little Belgium enjoyed in 1914. When they were overrun, one by one, without even the chance of successful resistance, many people wondered whether these weak countries had not perhaps constituted a threat both to themselves and to the rest of us. Since another world war had started in the "balkanized" regions of central Europe it began to look as if self-determination, applauded as a principle of justice in 1918, might have been just another mistake of the peacemakers at Versailles.

A number of writers on post-war problems now appear so

convinced of the necessity for doing away with what Mr. Willkie calls an "outmoded system" of "small nations, each with its own political, economic, and military sovereignty," that they do not even bother to give any reasons. Where any argument is offered for doing away with these states, it is frequently of a doubtful nature. Thus it is suggested that since sovereignty is an obstacle to peace, a useful beginning in abolishing it could be made by reducing the number of sovereign small states. Since, however, the major wars have regularly been caused by the conflict and competition of the great powers, it is unlikely that a world of large continental blocs would be particularly peaceful. Frequently, appeal is made to an inexorable "trend of history" towards ever larger political units, as if there had not been in our time a disintegration of the Ottoman and Austro-Hungarian empires or a decentralization of the British empire in the rise of the British Dominions to a level of virtual independence. It is true, however, that the "shrinking of the earth" brought about by modern technology has created difficulties, both economic and strategic, which are hard to cope with as long as there are so many small, separate units with so many independent and conflicting national policies as existed before the war. If these difficulties were found to be insurmountable, the small states could not hope to be saved by others merely for reasons of sentiment or tradition.

But before even considering any change in the former status of the weaker nations, it is well to remember that no great power could easily afford to advocate policies which would arouse their hostility. Individually, they may seem to count for little. In blocs, linked together by strong feelings of solidarity as soon as their international position is threatened, and covering, as they do, most of Europe, the Near and Middle East, the whole of Central and South America, they represent an impressive force. This country has particular reasons for not wanting to break away from a line of policy which with patient effort has done so much in recent years to allay the Latin-American fears of the "Colossus of the North." Any

sign on our part of disrespect for the rights of small countries would threaten to destroy the valuable assets which have been obtained through the good neighbor policy.

There exists yet another reason for caution. The small states, if they were free to choose, would be unlikely to favor everything that one might wish to do about them or everything which in an ideal world would have to be done about them. What, then, if they could not be persuaded? Would this country, after defeating the ruthless conquerors of weaker countries, wish to undertake the terrifying and thankless task of forcing them into accepting arrangements obnoxious to them?

Coercing small states is not an easy matter. Most of them would long have ceased to enjoy sovereignty and independence if the risk of applying force, or even the threat of force, against them had not often been serious enough to put restraint on the great powers. Once the fighting between the big countries ceases, a sort of immunity begins to protect and embolden the small ones, as the peacemakers at Versailles discovered to their dismay when more than one of the lesser allies got out of hand. One need think only of the repercussions which would result from coercion on the part of this country against Mexico or Cuba—repercussions at home, in all the Americas, and beyond this hemisphere—to understand why this should be so.

It must be granted that very often no clear line of distinction can be drawn between coercion and persuasion. The diplomacy of the great powers has at its disposal a whole arsenal of means by which subtle pressure can be made to lend strength to persuasion. But there is a world of difference between the use of military force, on the one hand, and such financial inducements or suggestions of displeasure, on the other, which this country or Britain may at times have found useful as a supplement to verbal diplomacy. Without being hypocritical, the United States and Britain can claim that they have shown respect for the sovereignty and independence of the small countries in this war even when strong strategic argu-

ments were offered for a different course. Having restrained themselves at a time when military necessity would have excused almost any move, they will certainly have little desire, once the war is over, to advocate policies calling for coercion. If this narrows the limits within which practical reforms can be undertaken, it also indicates the advantages which the United States can gain from a policy of patience and of respect for the wishes of weaker nations.

The economic argument against the small countries is particularly popular in this country. Enjoying the unquestionable benefits of a large internal market and the free movement of men and, for the most part, of goods across their forty-eight States, the American people must look almost with pity upon nations which, as in Europe, run into trade barriers, exchange obstacles, and visa troubles wherever they turn. The smaller a country the more, so it would seem, must it suffer from the strangling effects of these barriers and of independent and conflicting economic policies all around it. Where, as in the case of the Danubian countries, a former large and relatively well-balanced free trade area was suddenly cut into small units, each intent upon erecting protective tariff walls, these disadvantages become even more obvious.

There is, however, a tendency today to exaggerate the evil economic effects of smallness. Even in the most conspicuous and most frequently mentioned Danubian case, it still remains to be shown how much the economic difficulties—for instance, of Austria—can actually be attributed to the trade barriers erected by her small neighbors. It is likely that these difficulties were due far more to the general effects of war and defeat, to internal upheaval, to the world-wide agrarian crisis, and to the trade and financial policies of the great powers. Some groups of the population in all of the Danubian countries fared better after 1919 than they had done in the days of the empire when conditions for the masses were by no means rosy. While the need for outlets for their agrarian surpluses pressed heavily on the southeastern European states, no union among them could have offered a satisfactory solution since

they all needed markets outside of that area. Currency depreciation and default on debt were no specialty of the small Danubian powers—as the case of Germany indicates; in many respects small Czechoslovakia fared better than her large German neighbor.

But even if it were true that the Danubian countries could profit economically by re-establishing a larger free trade area, the same argument cannot be applied indiscriminately to all small countries. The republics of Central or South America might find almost no advantage in economic union. Their natural outlet as food and raw material producers lies overseas or in North America. Trade barriers erected by the great importers of their products hit them hard, but they would also hit hard any large country that happened to live under similar economic conditions. If there is to be improvement in cases like this, it must be sought in a change of the economic policies of the great powers.

Nobody would deny that most small countries are highly vulnerable to protective measures of other countries. They are, as a rule, large per-capita exporters and importers. If policies of self-sufficiency and excessive protection such as Germany applied and advocated should become the rule, the economic existence of small nations might come to be in deadly peril. It is no accident, therefore, that many of them are warm supporters of Mr. Hull's liberal trade policies and were among the first to sign mutually beneficial trade agreements with this country.

Yet even in the Thirties when protectionism flourished as never before, many of the small states managed to pull through with unusual success, while in the preceding period a remarkable number of them ranked high in the list of the most prosperous, most socially advanced, and most contented countries. This was true not only of those little European nations which like Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland had enjoyed the advantage of neutrality during the First World War—this particular group had the highest per-capita national income of any country outside of the United

States. Belgium and Czechoslovakia, too, had no reason to be envious of their greater neighbors. Turkey's economic progress, following upon the loss of a large empire, has received much favorable comment, while Eire, after obtaining her independence, extricated herself from severe economic troubles. Outside of Europe, small countries like Uruguay or New Zealand compare most favorably with the larger powers.

Many factors including such non-economic matters as good government and social peace—more easily attainable in small cohesive states than in great ones—have helped to compensate for the handicaps of smallness. Then, too, the small countries have not, as a rule, lacked success when bargaining for commercial or financial advantages with the great powers. The explanation may be that, in peace time, the great powers feel they can afford to be generous with the small ones, or that they are afraid of losing prestige should they fail to come to terms with them. While the absence of a wide internal market has been an obstacle to large-scale and low-cost production, countries like Denmark or Switzerland have compensated for this by excelling in high-quality production.

If the small countries have suffered less from limitations of size than might have been expected, there is also no evidence that their existence has proved harmful to their larger neighbors. Monetary instability was a widespread disease in Europe after the last war, but its roots lay in Germany, France, and Italy as much as, if not more than, in Belgium or Austria. The example of Finland shows that there is no connection between the extent of default on foreign debts and the size of a country. The depression in 1929 started in the great financial centre of New York and not in Holland or Switzerland. The fact that some of the small countries in Germany's neighborhood were not dragged into her financial and monetary disaster in the early Twenties, and did not participate in her "new" economic policies and maneuvers of more recent years, even made them a stabilizing factor in the economy of the world. It is worth remembering that the clamor for economic

Lebensraum was raised not in the small countries but in Germany.

To say that these countries have not been merely the "poor relations" of the great powers, or that the prime responsibility for the past economic ills of the world cannot be pinned on them does not mean, of course, that where they are concerned, no improvement of conditions as they existed before the war is possible or desirable. Not all the reforms, however, which have been suggested would commend themselves to these countries. They would certainly be most hostile, for instance, to E. H. Carr's suggestion, which, taking a line from the Nazi catechism, would have them throw in their lot with one of their great neighbors. Some groups of their producers might gain from an alignment with a large country if it were willing to offer them special privileges. Some industrialists in the small European countries may have hoped that Hitler's New Order would give them a share in European cartel monopolies. But aside from the fact that many small countries have fared much better economically than their large neighbors, it would be surprising if the population of a weak country, once it had become dependent on one great customer and supplier, did not in the end turn out to be the loser both economically and politically.

A customs union among a number of small countries, as, for instance, in the Danubian area or in Scandinavia, might be more attractive to them since there would be no danger of domination. The trouble with this solution is that small countries, as a rule, have relatively little to offer each other. Their governments are likely, therefore, to accede to the objections of those groups which would suffer from the removal of protective tariffs.

But there is another possibility—an economic union between a group of large and small states covering a whole continent. The idea of continental blocs, and particularly of European "economic integration"—which would continue the work done by the Nazis—has found some eloquent exponents.

It appeals to those who expect economic salvation from large-scale, centralized planning, preferably in areas big enough to be almost self-sufficient. They would not agree that the pre-war division of Europe had at least the advantage of preventing an unhealthy degree of industrial and financial concentration and monopolization—such as Nazi Europe is now undergoing.

Although a European customs union would open up a large free market on the scale of the American or Russian market, this plan has the serious drawbacks which any purely regional remedy of European economic ills must have. Europe is not self-sufficient, nor does it constitute a natural economic unit. Its development since the Industrial Revolution has been part and parcel of the great development of the economies of America, Asia, and Africa. It would be retrogressive to throw it back upon itself. Western and northern Europe can hope to re-establish its unusually high state of prosperity only in close economic intercourse with Britain and the United States. Highly industrialized countries like Belgium and producers of luxuries and high-quality goods like Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, or France depend on access to the purchasing power of the world rather than of Europe alone.

The whole idea of tying countries together economically solely because of geographical propinquity is fallacious. It makes sense only for war economies and even then only for countries threatened by encirclement or naval blockade. To the Swiss or the Czechs it is as little tempting to be locked up with their German competitors in a European customs union as it is to the wheat and beef producers of the United States and the Argentine to be united in a so-called regional economic bloc limited to the Western Hemisphere. There are good reasons why the geographical regional bloc should have appealed so much to the Germans. They were out for political control over the countries of southeastern Europe and at the same time were seeking themselves to become blockade-proof. The sooner other nations recognize that economic regionalism

is a part of the ideological arsenal of Nazi war preparations the less will they be misguided in their own economic policies.

If, because of Britain's insistence on imperial preferences, it were found necessary to establish other multi-national preferential blocs, it would be better both for the United States and for many of the small countries of Europe if any country, wherever situated, were allowed to join a "dollar bloc" or an American preferential system. The British system of preferences has more to commend it than economic regionalism because the members of the group live in different geographic regions and are therefore complementary in their economy.

In general, a return to more liberal trade practices in the world at large will improve the economic situation of the small countries more than any regional arrangement. This does not mean, however, that a more liberal tariff policy will be enough to eliminate all the troubles from which they suffer or that all small countries will sincerely co-operate in bringing about more liberal practices. Some of them may prefer to suffer the disadvantages which accrue to them through the trade barriers of other nations rather than give up protection for their own infant industries or for branches of their economy which they deem essential. The arrangements for world security will determine whether some of the lesser countries will or will not continue to foster the development of their armament industries even though that means depressing their standard of living.

A more liberal trade policy will be regarded as insufficient in countries such as those of southeastern Europe which, because of their serious economic troubles, have been asking not for free access to markets but for a privileged position in certain protected markets. They have been opposed to the "most favored nation" clause. It is important to find a remedy for the ills of countries of this type which may be suffering from special and temporary handicaps. If they are not given positive aid they will continue to be depressed areas tending to undermine the prosperity and the peace of the world. Before

the war, it was suggested that neighboring countries be permitted to grant each other preferences as an exception to the "most favored nation" clause; but it is hard to see what geographical propinquity has to do with this problem. Why not instead permit an international authority to decide in what circumstances and in return for what concessions countries might be granted temporary preferential treatment in any markets of the world which would be useful to them? One logical condition would be for them to submit to an international economic reconstruction scheme for the duration of this preferential treatment. Such a scheme should not merely provide assistance but limit economic sovereignty until success had been achieved.

The more general problem of how to aid countries that lack sufficient capital resources, skilled labor, or any other prerequisite of satisfactory living standards is raised not merely by small states—as the example of China should indicate. On the contrary, many small but prosperous countries, like Holland or Switzerland, instead of needing financial aid might in any scheme for international rehabilitation find themselves on the assisting end. In general, it might be expected that small states, whether rich or poor, would, for reasons of self-interest, be keen promoters of international economic agreements and useful members of international economic organizations.

While there is reason, then, to believe that the small countries will not prove an obstacle to economic recovery and progress, their military weakness, their fears, and their large number raise some serious issues of security and international organization.

Their military weakness may again tempt strong and aggressive neighbors to expand, as Germany has done. Traditionally, the great nations of Europe have sought to eliminate such temptations by balancing the power of one country against another. Yet paradoxical as it may seem, this policy of the balance of power has resulted frequently not in the elimina-

tion but in the establishment of small powers. There are two reasons for this.

In the first place, independent small states may appear as the lesser of two evils. Britain, for instance, was better protected because Holland and Belgium were independent than she would have been if they had been united with Germany. European peace may become more secure if Poland regains her sovereign independence than if, by incorporating her, the Soviet Union should come to be feared and opposed as a new candidate for European hegemony. It should also not be forgotten that a small well-governed country, Czechoslovakia, for instance, even though weak, might still be a stronger force for peace than a disintegrating Danubian confederation—another “sick man” in southeastern Europe. Declining empires, like the Austrian or the Turkish of yesterday, tend to arouse predatory desires in their healthier neighbors.

In the second place, small states, as a rule, prove to be *dangerously* weak only if the power of their great neighbors is not sufficiently balanced. If a British-French-Russian alliance, backed by a friendly America, had existed in 1938 and 1939, ready to defend Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, would not the chances of a German attack on these countries have been very slight? Such a set-up and better preparedness on the part of Britain and France would have been sufficient to protect Holland and Belgium; without that, the territory of the two small countries would have been open to invasion whether they were independent or not. As long as weak countries have two strong neighbors instead of only one, as the examples of Spain and Turkey today demonstrate, they can enjoy a high degree of security.

Even so, nothing should be neglected that would help eliminate the dangers which a power vacuum tends to create. This can be done either by giving more strength to the small states or by reducing the power of those of their neighbors which are found to threaten their security. Plans for the unilateral disarmament, if not for the dismemberment, of enemy

countries are designed to accomplish the latter. If they are carried out, much of the weakness of their small neighbors will, for a time at least, disappear at the close of this war. But unless unilateral disarmament can be enforced forever, which many doubt, the change which it creates for a time cannot be regarded as a solution of the problem. On the contrary, it is likely to arouse illusions and to induce some, at least, of the great powers to accept the false notion that they need no longer be worried about the security of the weaker nations.

To bolster the strength of small countries may prove difficult at times; but there are several ways in which it can be done. Their own military preparedness is not the least important means, even though, taken by itself, it must necessarily remain inadequate. If they are to get any help from outside, the small states must be expected to make a contribution to their own defense proportionate to their man power and resources. Could Australia hope to be assured of the assistance of the United States if she neglected her own defenses? Egypt, one would think, could hardly expect to preserve her status of independence in a future crisis if again she counted wholly on Britain to defend her territory.

More could be gained if some of the small countries were willing to merge their strength. It has been suggested, therefore, that where there are many of them in one region they should federate into larger political units. But federation, attractive as it may be in theory, is not a panacea which can be universally applied or even recommended. Whether a Danubian or a Scandinavian federation will come into being and, if established, gain the strength and cohesion necessary to overcome centrifugal nationalistic forces will depend in the end not on decisions reached at the council table but on whether there exists among the peoples concerned a sufficiently broad and spontaneous desire for union. If countries like Poland and Czechoslovakia were to seek union with each other, they might discover that instead of adding to each other's strength they had merely entangled themselves in each other's con-

flicts and created for themselves insuperable difficulties in their external and their domestic affairs.

The great democratic countries would certainly not want to put obstacles in the way of any spontaneous process of federation. They would be fooling themselves, however, if they believed that every successful federation would prove advantageous to them. The Soviet Union is not alone in questioning the desirability of federative blocs on its western borders and in other zones of its special vital interest; an all-Arab federation including Egypt and Palestine or a Latin American federation including Panama and Colombia would scarcely make easier the defense of British and American interests on the two great inter-ocean canals.

Where the creation of larger political units is either impractical or undesirable, the safety of small countries and with it that of their neighbors must depend on outside help. The traditional way of granting such help was in the form of alliances or pacts of guarantee by which weak countries assured themselves of military aid from powerful countries. Though alliances were used again after 1919, as in the case of the French alliances with Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, it was hoped that in time the League of Nations would prove to offer better protection. When it failed to do so, some of the small countries began to feel that the danger of their commitments to the League more than offset the advantages which they might hope to gain. The universal promise of all nations to come to the assistance of every victim of aggression did not appear a reliable substitute for the specific guarantees which a powerful nation might give to a weak neighbor in whose fate it was vitally interested. A commitment by France alone was hardly more reassuring in view of the potential strength of her opponents. The tendency, therefore, today is to look to the major victorious powers as a group and to hope that after this war they will jointly undertake to enforce the peace settlement against their present enemies, thus indirectly guaranteeing the security of the weak neighbors of Germany and Japan. The Joint Four-Power Declaration, recently

signed at Moscow by the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union, and China, states, as a matter of fact, that these countries "will take all measures deemed by them necessary to provide against any violation of the terms imposed upon the enemy."

If an arrangement of this kind by a group of powers superior in strength to any other possible combination should be put into operation, much would have been accomplished in providing security for the small countries threatened by a recrudescence of German or Japanese aggression. Not all fear and danger, however, would thus be removed. Military assistance under modern conditions requires years of common preparation if it is to be instantly effective. It must be expected, therefore, that countries in an exposed position, such as Czechoslovakia or Belgium, will insist on "underpinning" any multilateral or general guarantee by close military agreements with individual guarantor powers or allies.

It has been suggested that this be done on a regional basis, with Britain, for instance, entrusted specifically with the protection of the small countries in western Europe and Russia similarly with that of the small countries of eastern Europe. Such an arrangement, however, would meet with serious objections. It raises the issue of how to protect weak countries against their powerful guarantors. Britain or the Soviet Union might be justified in claiming that its power would constitute no danger to other countries; weak states would not rid themselves of the fear that if, for their security, they were made to depend on a single strong country, this country might some day threaten them with interference if not with attack.

For this reason, it would be wise not to make any small country depend exclusively on the help of a single neighbor. If Finland's protection or that of the Low Countries were entrusted to the Soviet Union and to Great Britain jointly, not only would they feel less dependent but other powers, too, would have less reason to fear that they had become mere satellites.

The small states would be even better protected from their

"friends" if a reasonable balance of power should come to exist between the great powers which undertake to enforce the peace. The Scandinavian countries, for instance, and in fact the whole of Europe would be safer if equilibrium as well as harmony were to characterize the relations between their mighty neighbors to the east and to the west. It may be added that such a balance of power, instead of serving as an alternative to close co-operation, would be a means of strengthening it, since in removing the danger of hegemony and domination by one of the great powers it would also remove the main source of mutual suspicion.

No matter how much protection is offered to weak states, they will never quite overcome the fear of being drawn into conflicts with countries stronger than themselves. Their unwillingness to take sides and to assume risks has often been criticised. Some believe that such an attitude on their part before 1939 hampered the defense against Axis aggression and may still be delaying the victory of the United Nations. But while it was a sad spectacle to see one country after the other go down almost unaided, it must be granted that lack of solidarity or of precise commitments in advance of any crisis was not a peculiarity of the small states. Belgium was the first country to give up her military independence and neutrality in 1919 in favor of an alliance with France; she ended the alliance only in 1936, when Britain and France showed their unwillingness to stop Germany. Czechoslovakia was ready for action in 1938. Had there been more strength then on the Allied side, many small countries would not have hesitated to throw in their lot with it. Instead, given the tremendous, even though temporary, superiority of the Axis in 1939, the alternative before them was either neutrality or affiliation with the Axis.

It remains a fact that some weak countries, if left to choose, will cling to the right of remaining on the sidelines just as long as they can. Sweden or Spain may easily conclude from their experience in this war that neutrality has saved them from destruction or prevented them from being drawn in on

the losing side. It would be hard to convince Switzerland, unless she should yet be attacked by Germany, that it was a mistake for her to cling to her deeply ingrained and traditional faith in neutrality or that she would have rendered better service to humanity if she had departed from a policy so consistently and conscientiously pursued over more than a century.

All this raises the question whether the general attitude of prudent neutrality on the part of some of the weaker powers constitutes an insuperable obstacle to effective measures for the preservation of peace. It would do so if, on every occasion of defense against aggression, active belligerency and participation of all nations were necessary. Judging from the course of both this war and the last, this is not, as a rule, the case. Obviously, victory of the Allies in this war has not depended upon whether Eire, Sweden, or Argentina were willing to join in the battle. While their participation on the Allied side would have been advantageous, it was at least better that they should have had their own way than that the Allies should have become involved in a quarrel with them. Obviously also, the question whether Germany and the other Axis powers were to be deterred from going to war in 1939 did not depend primarily on the attitude of the small countries; it depended rather on that of Great Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and the United States.

If, then, it is not necessary to mobilize all the small countries in an active defense of peace, a way must, nevertheless, be found to enlist the services of those which are needed and to prevent the others from obstructing effective measures.

The small countries might find themselves in a dilemma if they were asked to say how this could best be accomplished. Their desire to obtain as much security as possible tends to conflict with their insistence on equality. Thus, if the enforcement of peace were once again, as in the days of the League of Nations, entrusted primarily to a nearly universal organization, the small powers, while being assured of equality, would fail to obtain a maximum of security. Experience has proved

how doubtful are the guarantees against aggression which such a general agency can offer. The great powers feel less committed under an arrangement which allows them to share responsibility for peace with dozens of other nations. It provides them with easy alibis. Also the weaker members of the organization, unable or unwilling to take great risks, may block timely and effective measures of coercion for fear of being exposed to the wrath of strong neighbors.

The solution would seem to lie in the type of informal and flexible organization which now prevails among the United Nations and which, at their recent meeting at Moscow, the major powers have agreed to continue for an undetermined period after the close of hostilities. Under this system, the duty and responsibility of organizing and leading the forces necessary to stop aggression are made to rest squarely on the shoulders of those great powers which alone are able to muster sufficient strength and to assure success to common coercive action. An exclusive coalition of great powers on the model of the old Concert of Europe is neither needed nor intended, as is illustrated by the fact that weak countries, such as Greece, are now to sit on commissions where their special interests are involved. There need also be no question of discriminating legally against the small countries—not any more than there was in 1939, for example, when Britain and France, without consulting Belgium or Holland, committed themselves to assist Poland. In these circumstances, it may be the small countries that will wish to avoid a premature establishment of the universal organization for security envisaged at some future date by the Moscow declarations. Postponement might permit the great nations to experience the benefits of close co-operation with each other and might permit the rest of the world to evaluate the results of a candid assumption of leadership by the great powers. There is no reason why, eventually, the special function of the major powers cannot be recognized within the framework of an all-inclusive organization devoted to the maintenance of peace.

The best safeguard against any attempt on the part of the

strong countries to monopolize decisions and to disregard the rights and opinions of lesser nations lies in the fact that they will need the active and whole-hearted collaboration of smaller countries in every major action. They could not hope to obtain it and would instead run into violent opposition if, for instance, they should seek to arrogate to themselves the right of deciding whether their troops should use the ports or air fields of weaker powers. No sovereign state, however small, will willingly allow others to dispose of its territory or to involve it in coercive action without its prior consent.

Whenever, therefore, in any effort for security, active participation of a country outside the group of major powers is desired or needed, its consent to all measures in which it is vitally interested must be regarded as indispensable. This means that it must be granted a voice in all matters of planning and strategy concerning the areas of its special interest. The degree of participation both in scope and geographical area which a country will wish or will be asked to offer must differ from case to case and should lead to a natural scaling down of responsibilities. This is in line with the Moscow declarations, which include China in one set of matters, the French Committee of Liberation in another, Yugoslavia and Greece in yet a third.

It would be foolish to deny that this mode of procedure, by the very fact of its flexibility, creates difficulties of its own of which the major powers in their own interests should remain constantly aware. It is not enough for them to respect the sovereign rights and legal equality of the lesser powers. Their decision to include or exclude others from their councils must be free of arbitrariness. They will arouse much resentment if participation is not made to harmonize scrupulously with what other countries are entitled to regard as their rightful place, their political weight, and their sphere of interest in world affairs.

This merely emphasizes the fact that if the major powers are to enjoy enough freedom to shape an effective peace strategy they must make a special effort to gain the confidence

and co-operation of the lesser countries. The worst way to promote this purpose would be for them to assume a privileged or dominating position in fields where security was not directly at stake. For instance, they would be making a grave political mistake if they attempted to monopolize deliberations or decisions in matters of finance or relief. In fact, the more they are obliged to assert their leadership where security is involved, the more reason they have for giving the small states a broad and important role in what might be called the "non-coercive" fields of international co-operation—fields, by the way, in which representatives of the small states have often excelled in expert knowledge, broad experience, and world-mindedness.

The peculiar difficulties arising from the fact that the small states are numerous should not be minimized. For example, it is essential for the sake of speed and efficiency to keep down the number of representatives on all international councils and committees. This problem has caused much trouble and has led to many suggestions and experiments. None has proved fully satisfactory to the small countries. Such suggestions always entailed some reduction in small-state representation while leaving that of the great powers intact. If it were possible in fields not involving security to eliminate such discrimination and still keep down the size of international bodies, the small countries could be compensated for loss of influence in the field of coercive action. As a matter of fact, the great powers would run little risk by ceasing to insist on membership in every sort of board or committee. If they took the same chances as the smaller states on election to membership, they would rarely be left out since it would be obvious to all that their whole-hearted assistance is essential for the success of almost every enterprise. If, on occasion, they were not given direct representation on some international body, they should not find it difficult to make their influence felt indirectly or to protect themselves in the end by the usual requirement of subsequent ratification of that body's action. It would thus become relatively easy to reduce

the size of international administrative bodies. If there were no question of discriminating between large and small powers, states which in particular fields had especially important interests or especially capable personnel could have an increased opportunity to participate in shaping policies in those fields.

The sensitivity of the weaker countries to anything that suggests disregard of their equal rights or their dignity may appear excessive and annoying. It is, however, deeply rooted not only in the relative vulnerability of their position but also in the fervor with which they cling to the benefits of an independence which is often the result of bitter struggles against domination and has given to the world superb and unique achievements.

As long as the world continues to be divided into a number of independent states, the great powers must continue to assume the leading political role. Agreement and co-operation among them can alone provide a framework within which all nations can hope to live in peace. But once this is granted, the achievements of the small states in every field of human activity should also be recognized. Not the least of their contributions consists in the self-restraint and patience which their existence imposes on the mightier countries. The Germans and Japanese are beginning to reap the harvest of their arrogance and their contempt for weaker nations; they have surrounded themselves with hatred and suspicion. Powerful countries which instead champion the cause of the small countries and withstand the temptation to dictate, interfere, or patronize will enjoy the friendship of freedom-loving nations in all parts of the globe and gain the support of those who seek liberation.

TWO POEMS

By DILYS BENNETT LAING

I, ADAM

THE WORD WAS WITH GOD

MAN jets his shadow even on my sleep
and calls that God which is his own black shape.

And I am better spoken in the eye
of hawk or bull or fish, or the finch's flash.

See with what tact the cat walks, or the fox
winds skeins of scent in the wind.

The leaves are of my mind, pliant in air,
and not defiant of the year's great wheel.

Man, only, makes his wail against my law.
Added, he spoils my sum. I shall subtract him.

AND IS RENEWED WITH MAN

I, Adam, alone, can pace back from myself,
see my own nature, and so pass beyond it
both ways, to heaven and hell. I, Adam, alone,
have no circumference to keep my bounds
eternally restricted to my seed
like tree, or guinea-hen, or gull, or bear.
I, alone, open in a widening arc,
hopeful of wings, of peace, of resurrection.

I, Adam, have made my Father many mansions
and many images of day and night.

I made the jewelled tabernacle; domes
breast-shaped, and spires evolved to narrow swords
from phalli that to spur the hesitant wheat
I chiselled huge for awe. I cut my heart
alive from Abel's breast on Aztec towers
and flung it for a sacrifice. I hollowed
the halls of hell under the branching stone
and flame of glass that walled the shouting choirs.

I gave God, who was motherless, a Virgin
to be His Mother, cloaked with the folded sky,
then spiked Him to a tree that She might weep
our sorrow for Him and our self-despise.

I spitted crying lambs on staffs of gold
and babes on bayonets, that I might probe
chasms of anguish roaring at His heel.

I have made martyrs in His name, and peeled
their skins from them like bloody shirts. I have made
hovels to breed in, and brothels for intricate lusts,
and prisons to go mad in, all in haste
of learning who I am, Who is my Father.

The rapid daggers of the tiger's foot
in me are split: thumb-screw and anaesthetic,
torture and mercy, therefore hell and heaven.

But for the tiger only moon and sun.
Or only hunger and a belly full.

Shall circling hawk be freed from the hawk's ring?
Shall ram surpass his horns, or cat create

more than her litter, or shall the rabbit coin
more than the little copies of herself
to teem her warren and coat my peltless child?

Can the crab, sidling in the jasper sea,
know his own crusted beauty? Can the ape
see his deficiency, or stretch his skull
open to Mozart or the smile of Christ?

What if the ivory diagrams of deer,
their skeletons, are lovelier than fanes
shining in groves of olive or of elm,
articulate with porch or peristyle?
Do the deer know this inward architecture,
and can their thought leap elsewhere from that footing?

The bird has in his seed the fruit of wings,
beak, talons, feathers, the horizoned egg,
and annual, patterned flight, the nest, and song.
All these he has, and keeps them in their noose,
contained for his bird's purposes; but I
have in my sperm a scope beyond my need,
to know desire beyond each satisfaction,
so that each granting brings a new request.

The wheel was not enough to set me free,
nor fire, nor the harsh arrow, nor the harp,
nor commerce, nor the laws of Archimedes,
nor Euclid's measure, nor the microscope,
nor wings of metal in the shrunken sky.

If I were finite I could speak the word
telling my doom. But I am infinite,
and have not grown the doom yet, nor the tongue.

NORTHWEST

WITH keen and crystal keys of death
the mountains lock the sky and plain.
The skiers with their clouding breath
drop and climb, drop and climb.

The peaks are pointed out of time
and grappled to no human pain.
Diminished to a cricket's chime
is all that man can say or do.

I have not looked on day so blue,
a sun so brilliant on the brain,
to prick the eye and pierce it through
with beauty clean of overtones.

There's little heartbreak in these zones,
or taint of sorrow in this rain,
or residue of Adam's bones
under the unhistoric stones.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER AND THE IDEAL OF HONOR

By T. V. SMITH

IT is a paradox that the Unknown Soldier has come to be perhaps the most fully honored warrior of the world—a paradox not wholly untouched with a promise of peace. In or around each Arlington of most civilized lands, there is a monument that stands out from all the rest. If it does not overtop other memorials in grandeur, it makes up in pathos what it lacks of glory. We read in the annals of old Athens of a statute to an Unknown God—but never except in modern democratic times of monuments like these, to men praised as unknown. Our own sentinel of democratic honor dramatizes the inner meaning in a union of the anonymous and the glorious.

That union constitutes a theme for natural piety which we must understand if we are to claim fully as our own the heritage of a symbol at once impersonal and highly personalized with glory. Honor is, from the outside, a spontaneous award to valor. This is, of course, the type which can be bestowed. When the bestowal passes by external show, it achieves its meaning not from the act but from the object. From the inside, indeed, honor is a virtue which can only be achieved, not awarded. It is a part of any heroic action spontaneously carried off. It is a light in itself, which irradiates humility with the quality of greatness and promotes self-forgetfulness to grateful remembrance. Honor is, in short, something inherent, or what is attributed to inner essence upon the showing of its integrity.

This Unknown Soldier symbolism, combination as it is of the unentitled and the eminent, is fitting tribute to the ideal of honor—that most epochal of human virtues. Like all ideals, honor combines the perfect and the faulty, the desirable and the desired, and often, in its case, the famed and the shamed.

What men fully possess they do not pursue; what they never hope to possess they do not pursue; what they lack but need and want, that they pursue. Such object is an ideal. Men pursue the ideal, however, in hope to make it real. In half-hope, we had better say, to make it half-real; for if the goal can be fully realized, it is no longer called an ideal. Ideals are what men want and seek but, for all the seeking, see ever slipping from their grasp. Ideals recede as we pursue, growing more dear if possible for all their evasiveness. Since we eagerly try but can never wholly realize these enchanters, we might borrow for them a description from the philosophers, who have names for all strange things, and call ideals "irreal."

Honor is perhaps the most "irreal" of all these floating favorites of the human spirit. Duty is all that men ought to do. Honor is that tiny part of duty hardest to do and yet done, when done, with a royal will. If we make for such arduous duty a payment of deference in advance, it is only that duty may hold its own with desire. This we do in the thought that the bestowal of "honors" can aid the achievement of honor. A share of such strategic award awaits every arduous duty done with a dash. The external awards come, as indeed the inner thing grows, minimum-sized, middle-sized, and maximum-sized. In whatever size, honors are offered from without while honor is achieved from within as climax to hard duty graciously accepted and uncomplainingly fulfilled.

Some men, especially the tender-minded, shy off the ideal of honor, because they see that it waxes and wanes with the flow and ebb of war. Recognizing, as they rightly do, the affinity of honor with martial prowess, they treat it grudgingly and invidiously. Nevertheless, we shall without exultation over war treat honor constructively, identifying its minimum-size with peaceful pursuits, its middle-size with civilian virtues in war time, and its maximum-size with the warrior's glory in time of war. The former sizes we shall first pass by in order to concentrate upon honor in its martial fulness.

It is only as we approach the field of battle and smell its smoke that we see honor at its prime. Here all that makes citi-

zens in peace time competent, and civilians in war time patriotic, makes citizen-soldiers glorious in tested action. If one could roll together and display as a single simple image the humble matter of soldierly fatigue, one would not need a Rick-enbacker to make vivid what men endure at war. If to that one could add the boredom, worse than fatigue when fatigue is lacking, one would feel heightened the honor that naturally attaches to constant readiness for duty when the duty may be called for fitfully if at all. War is, as Justice Holmes once said, mostly "an organized bore." It is nine-tenths temper-testing discipline plus an elongated dash of painful waiting to each one-tenth exertion. War is a frightful combination of these humbler human enemies, discipline, fatigue, boredom—a combination of the dusty three under the lash of future danger. Our Unknown Soldier, never doubt, knew all of these to their very dregs. Duty done under such trebled difficulties is a virtue that might cease to be done unless invested with honor. At first glance, at any rate, the easy idealistic reaction to war is that of the proverbial child who, when war's hardships and horrors at last struck her full in the face, surmised that "some day they'd give a war and nobody would come to it."

It was these hardships and more, these tediums and more, that led Harry Emerson Fosdick in 1934 to cry out as a former chaplain in penitent obeisance to the Unknown Soldier (and he spoke for millions in process of forgetting honor): "I renounce war and never again, directly or indirectly, will I sanction or support another. O Unknown Soldier, in penitent reparation I make to you that pledge." I say hardships and *more*, tediums and *more* because there was and is much more than such obstacles to duty whose fulfilment in war spells maximum honor. There is indeed a crucial difficulty which seems to differ from these obstacles in kind even more than in degree. This mortal defect discloses the very quick of war and lays bare its outrage against the citadel of conscience itself.

There is, indeed, so much of truth in the pacifist's anguish over the waste of war that to weigh it too deeply might well make sick the soundest human soul. So perhaps we do well, if

not fully so, to gloss over the ugliest realities with slackened attention and toughened imagination. For we are living through a time in which this very job is to be done—a duty which no aversion can cancel or any scruple annul. Reflective men hardly require the psychoanalysts, however, to apprise them of the role played in life by the consequent sense of guilt. Religion has made us aware of the broad outlines of the fact of guilt and of some major forms of its mitigation. Political thinkers have long understood the role played positively in citizenship by widespread feelings of “legitimacy” and negatively in disturbance to established order by any widespread sensing of “illegitimate” rulership.

Machiavelli grew famous by advising the Prince how to minimize guilt fixations that might otherwise transfix the Prince. Rousseau makes this very question the major problem of politics. “What can make it legitimate?” he asks—make legitimate, that is, the fact that though man is born free, “everywhere he is in chains.” It is the key question, whatever we may think of the Frenchman’s answer. Another ardent try at the same question of legitimacy, whether or not we can accept it, is that of Ferrero, Italian historian, in his last and greatest treatise, “The Principles of Power.” Ferrero relates his surprise at finding that Mussolini, mighty dictator of Italy, was afraid of Ferrero himself, a poor professor. This led Ferrero to try to discern and in this volume desperately to disclose to the world the trigger-like weakness of every dictatorial government arising from its own sense of guilt at its lack of legitimacy.

This is a problem indeed, this problem of guilt. It is a veritable predicament whose profound operation in human life conditions the necessity and deepens the significance of honor; for honor arises with duty done under physical difficulties and matures through mastery of the sense of guilt attendant upon certain ugly duties. Crucially, where duty is hampered by another duty, guilt is turned suicidally against oneself. This, of course, applies to war in Christendom, where the inexorable duty to kill meets in the soul itself the other and older duty,

"Thou shalt not kill." How to be a killer without becoming a murderer—that is the inner problem of war, the solution of which conditions war's highest honor.

This problem makes war the peculiar environment for honor, makes him who dies in battle honor's singular subject, and associates the Unknown Soldier's honor with purest pathos and highest symbolism.

All this is so because war adds to the natural difficulties which fatigue and boredom present to duty the spiritual hazard of killing something sacred in oneself with every enemy slain. Honor increases with the laying of this ghost of guilt, but it grows poignant with every added notch cut in the stock of the soul. Let there be no mistake that war must overbear feelings of mercy and promptings of justice to instate in their stead something near their very opposites. It is now the enemy's liberty or our own, not both; it is his life or ours, not both. It is this undutiful thing which becomes in war the soldier's bounden duty, to see to it that the enemy dies as quickly and as surely as possible. When our survival is thus left possible only upon the enemy's extinction, we have a fearful date with conscience to do some tall explaining or some deep forgetting. Honor is at its maximum when the job is done at its most efficient and the explaining or forgetting is done at its most adequate.

The stout indoctrination that attends hasty and harsh military training is our rough and ready way to triumph over honor's double enemies—habits of inefficiency and the feeling of illegitimacy. Such moral amnesia no doubt suffices in an emergency but does not satisfy upon reflection. If too harsh, it turns a soldier into a psychiatric case; and if too hasty it produces later a gangster rather than a citizen. We seek a solution that will not the less suffice but will more adequately satisfy. We would know, if it be possible, how heroes can be made of killers without impairing the very essence of honor?

It is clear that to achieve war's justification of maximum honor, warriors must overcome not only the imperfection of their baser nature but also the paralyzing perfection of their highest aspiration. They must, that is, surmount both fear and

guilt. Training can measurably master fear, but only a circum-spect philosophy of life can mitigate the guilt. Such circum-spection, never doubt, will carry its own weight of sadness.

The Best, as high-minded and philosophic-tempered Jane Addams learned from her own experience, the Best is often enemy of the Better. To the same end, the sensitive philosopher, George Santayana, asks in behalf of what he calls "the Spiritual Life," "Is not morality a worse enemy of spirit than immorality? Is it not more hopelessly deceptive and entangling?" To these peace-time askings we dare answer for war time.

Bad as is man's basest, the god in him is even more inimical to the achievement of maximum honor. Always gods have only to think and, behold, perfection is wrought. They are out of the habit, therefore, because beyond the necessity, of reckoning with that stern "law of nature," as Plato calls it, "that performance can never hit the truth as closely as theory." That is the very law which the hero must meet without becoming its victim. Though it may be his fate to fall as martyr to it, it is his vocation to become master of it. To harness the perfectionist impulses which cannot be drained off as Fine Art or Pure Religion, nor yet be contained as mere daydreams—to break these high impulses in, I say, to concrete results through heroic action is to have escaped both the brutish and the divine in honorable fulfilment of the highest *human* qualities of war.

Halfway on the climb to the resulting Calvary of martial honor the brute in man falls beneath the weight, and there at the very summit, on the cross of war which mankind has doomed each man to carry, dies the god whose presence misbecomes and shames our human best. Men are neither brutes nor gods, though doomed to imitate the godlike and to deprecate the brutish. Men are but men, fated to find maximum honor in the aureole of action which, though necessitated as the least of evils, is, nevertheless, accepted with natural piety and carried through with noble efficiency. It is in battle, nerve-racking battle, that this tragic way, the path to Calvary, becomes the normal highroad of the human pilgrimage to glory. To be able

to kill without murdering either the object or the subject of the act, this is at mankind's present stage man's final heroism.

The moral arduousness of such honor is somewhat mitigated for our sons in the present conflict by the fact that those whom they must kill were themselves killers first. That, however, is not sufficient to clear conscience of the guilt of war. Then there is the second mitigation, the world-wide perfidy which was personalized for us by Pearl Harbor. Even that, while enough to unify the nation for collective killing, does not wholly mitigate the killing of individual Japanese and Germans who did not themselves either instigate or participate in that perfidy. Our mitigation, now double, achieves its trebled maturity from the fact that the Germans at least were murderers before they became killers.

To kill murderers even in civil life is to be absolved from the guilt of murdering. And yet our civil executioners are said not to sleep too well upon the first few performances of so grim a job. At war the guilt is no doubt lessened in general but still not wholly purged. It clearly approaches extinction as its moral limit, however, in our war against the Germans (and with the Japanese after their murder of our airmen, honorable prisoners of war) because of wanton cruelty against the utterly helpless.

Of all the things we Americans cannot stand, personal cruelty is the most unbearable. The Germans, long before they provoked the world to war, had already murdered peace by a dreadful decade of satanic sadism against the innocent, the helpless, the gentle. They not only gouged out the eyes of helpless humans but they burned the books, thus gouging at the eyes of civilization itself; thus murdering so far as in them lay the very ideals that make men men, the virtues that keep women women, the promise that would make children into men of honor and women of virtue.

With all this clarity that our killing is directed at murderers in the first and deepest degree, the sense of guilt reaches its maximum mitigation, though it is not thereby wholly absolved. To triumph over what of guilt remains would be the final heroism which constitutes pure honor. Let us then add to

these mitigations such compensations as we may find for any guilt that attends the killing of murderers. We deal with those, West and East, who would not only kill us in the war they provoked, but would also murder us, as they have murdered their own citizens, in any peace of appeasement to which tender-mindedness might lead us.

There are now three compensations to be added to the mitigations we have traced. The first arises from a fair comparison of the evils involved: the admitted evils of martial honor and the often forgotten evils of ideals more closely associated with peace. No ideal escapes stain from the unideal on its way to implementation. The second compensation is found in the fact that maximum honor attends killing done with magnanimity for the individual foe. The third is inherent in the faith that our killing is done in order to lessen the recurrence if not to abolish the fact of war, mankind's major institution of killing. Let us attend to these compensations in turn.

As philosophy differs from gossip (according to Justice Holmes) in having more background, so honor appraised differs from honor deprecated in having its costs assessed in the light of its alternatives. No ideal can be realized without its own peculiar moral cost. Men who cannot stomach honor as the virtue of war often stomach equivocality morally worse when its quantity becomes so picayune as not to horrify their attention.

The confession required of such tender-minded men in a world as tough as this one, is of the profound truth that no ideal ever comes to birth save through parturition. The pacifist has been born at too great a cost to expect to buy comfort for his conscience so cheaply. Conceived, as we human beings are, upon a paroxysm of passion, born, as we are, of maternal misery, often near neighbor to death, we mortals should train ourselves to aspirations made of sterner stuff than any brand of passive resistance.

Sad truth to tell, there is no progress morally unequivocal, no conscientiousness without its danger of fanaticism and its poison of provinciality, "no remission of sins," in language

both biblical and terrible, "without the shedding of blood." The harm that a good soldier does to sustain his honor is easily seen; it is the bayoneted foe at his feet. The harm that good men do through narrowness if not fanaticism is not so easy for them to see. Nor is it easy to make it clear without being suspected of cynicism. Impercipientcy, however, is but specious innocence. The pacifist may hide from his conscience, for the sake of his inner comfort, the harm of his hindrance to the war, but he does not hide it from any patriot's eyes. Nor does he lessen its cost to the mother whose son dies in that moment of war's prolongation caused by conscientious withdrawal of an iota of efficiency.

The same grim law holds in peace as in war. No concrete interest is furthered but some other interest is retarded. We get ahead if not over the bodies then over the efforts and ambitions of other men, men whom we do not so much as know and so cannot even thank for letting us get ahead. Every virtue involves conflict, and conflict is waste. The flame of life itself burns continuously out of the embers of dead or dying energy, and the very self one has become is at the cost of potential selves that wished to be and would have been in us but for the self we are, which triumphed by accident or choice.

Why hide from ourselves the fearful price of being and why even try to hide the more than fearful cost of any ideal being? Honor is an ideal that grows to maturity only in the soldier's fearful hour, but it solemnizes for us the nature of what is thus purchased through "blood, sweat, and tears." It is no less a purchase than the package called freedom. Peace is purchased through a process that makes its virtues also dependent upon the stamina of men tough enough to stand the valor of war. The soldier who has triumphed over his twin foes of fear and guilt to throw his whole energy and life itself into his moment, bequeaths to us the passion and example without which, in days of peace, virtue fails from the absence of resolute men.

I cannot, any more than could Justice Holmes, doubt, therefore, "that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in

a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use." The accomplished soldier has dedicated himself to a cause no longer for him in dispute. Such an exemplar of honor does what is necessary without computing consequences or estimating motives. Motives have, indeed, become motor through habituation into character, and consequences have become a function of the now, not the later; of the here, not the yonder. In the discovery with all the heroic that "duty is not to be proved in the evil day," but merely to be done, the successful soldier surmounts both fear and guilt to escape the diversion of self-consciousness and majestically to meet his moment without moral absent-mindedness. Out of such honor at war grows our "faith in the worth of heroism," and especially our faith in the heroic virtue required for peace—magnanimity towards those whom we must make suffer.

This magnanimity of the warrior towards a fallen foe is our second compensation for the genesis from battle and blood of maximum honor. The good soldier pays penance to the pathos of martial glory by seeing, wherever possible, the same virtue in the enemy that he feels in himself; and by acting as if he saw it whether he does or not. Our warriors, for instance, will not retaliate upon Japanese prisoners their absence of decency to our own. They may deserve retaliation from us, but we do not deserve to make it. Honor has its code as well as its cost. We deserve better of ourselves than to desert the compensation for the guilt of killing that comes from magnanimity towards those we must kill. The final cost of honor is killing, but the code of honor is only to kill, not to murder.

It is a moving thing—this magnanimity of warriors towards their fallen foes. It is, I believe, characteristic, if not universal, that soldiers are more merciful towards the defeated than are civilians. Many citizens called for the execution of Robert E. Lee as a traitor. Grant, the warrior, handed Lee his sword as to a hero. Justice Holmes, who knew the depths of woe in that older war as also the summit of honor, has bespoken the admiration extorted by a brave foe that does not know when he is beaten; he wrote for all to read and admire these moving words

born of the magnanimity of battle: "You could not stand up day after day in those indecisive contests where overwhelming victory was impossible because neither side would run as they ought when beaten, without getting at last something of the same brotherhood for the enemy that the north pole of a magnet has for the south—each working in an opposite sense to the other, but each unable to get along without the other."

This mutuality of regard, even in joint efforts at annihilation, contains a grain of hope that honor may yet evolve from carnage through courage into resolution stout enough to sustain a program of peace. While reading the horoscope of war for honor at its fulness, we have not forgotten, though we have neglected, the thought that there is a middle-sized honor behind the battle and a minimum-sized honor beyond the reach of war. How to transplant this reddened virtue from its native heath of battle without destroying its quality or diminishing its strength, that is what renders problematic every strategy of peace. As our contemporary culture is war-born and all our seasoned virtues are battle-scarred, we must go through honor carrying honor with us as we go, even if our hope be to get beyond this virile virtue to virtues more pacific.

For the tender-minded there is, nevertheless, a third compensation for the guilt of war found in the thought that we kill in order to stop the game of killing. So it was also in the First World War. Our Unknown Soldier then died, or thought he died, to make the world safe for democracy and once for all to abolish war. In that he was deceived, at least to date. It is, however, a hope perennial, an undertow of faith so full as to expose all tender hearts to easy grief. If from the flower of soldierly fortitude, which is pure honor, we could really ripen a fruitage of self-sustaining peace, we would provide honor a new pater-nity, and furnish to our hearts a purer pride than that now tinged with guilt.

Let no idealist dare discourage this tender hope of men for a warless world. Let him rather set himself to help make that hope of sterner stuff, stuff strong enough to stand if not forestall disillusion. Peace is hardly possible when conceived as the opposite of war. It had better be conceived as retailing what

war delivers wholesale; it is a standing promise to pay out a little violence upon demand to all who are predisposed to snatching. Peace, then, is not pacific; it is war itself made piece-meal. Honor, born of war, is probably the only virtue in the catalogue of ethics tough enough to procure and to preserve such peace. Virtues less stern seem always to fail us through the flabbiness which they encourage; for peace itself is ever rendered precarious through the influence of mollicoddles.

A civilization so soft, for example, as not implacably to strike aggression down in Manchuria must pass through China incidents on its fateful way to more Pearl Harbors. Munich-minded men bring not peace for our time but war for our children's time. There is, indeed, no realistic path away from war save to institutionalize the agencies of violence and then to hold ourselves ready as their custodians to wage war without mercy on every provocation against our peace. Such readiness, however, renders peace little less dependent upon the stern virtue of honor than is war itself. So be it, if idealism is to escape disillusion. Only men ready to fight for their rights ever have their rights long without a fight—and even they not as yet forever.

Honor, then, that tough virtue indispensable for peace as for war, must be saved, even if it must also be civilized beyond the glamorous barbarism of glory. War itself has done much historically to democratize the institution of valor and so to prepare our major virtue for purposes of peace. Once honor belonged only to God and kings. Nobles, hungry competitors for honor, broke the monopoly of kings. Honor became in turn an aristocratic virtue, but conscript armies burned a hole in the monopoly of glory by the aristocratic few. Gunpowder raised the commonest man at last to the pinnacle of glory, leaving only the women out. Now women are in, and the Unknown Soldier of this war will symbolize for the first time without exception the genuine and universal commonalty of man. Wherever alone and resolute, any soldier whatsoever holds his or her ground and dies, there now and henceforth honor finds its subject. The evolution of war itself has at last made honorable the anonymous.

This symbolism, therefore, of the Unknown Soldier, with

which we began, becomes the civilizing touch required by this strange moral offspring of war, for whatever purposes of peace the dim future may enshroud. The common soldier is truly but cannon fodder in a state that begins as Prussian and ends as totalitarian. Where men exist for the state in war, the state does not exist for men in peace. Free lands alone can glory in the symbolism of anonymity. The democratic moral of this moving symbol shines through its pathos, and may be rendered in these words:

Among all the things deeply curious and yet infinitely reassuring about man the strangest is this—that nobody is nobody to himself. This self-deference is the beginning of all virtue. The beginning is also the end unless deference gets universalized to make somebodies of humanity's nobodies. More deeply important, therefore, for democracy than any equalization of wealth is some more tenable distribution of deference. Where anybody is a mere nobody to everybody and is allowed to remain so, there society is cut off from personal pride, the very fountain of its renewal. Where everybody is somebody to at least one other body, there democracy exists in germ. Where everybody is somebody to everybody, there democracy has flowered as the very meaning of the spiritual life of mankind. That, however, can come to be only in symbol. In the moving memorial to the Unknown Soldier this symbolism is complete: anonymity has achieved honor, Demos has become Hero. Lonely as that sentinel of democratic symbolism is, a soldier lost from his very name, the memorial communicates coveted honor to every humblest victim of every martial holocaust. Thus to dignify the anonymous until nobody is nobody to anybody, that is through the exercise of imagination and sympathy to prefigure maximum honor sitting perhaps at last in honor's previous minimum state.

In bowing daily at the shrine of this heralded Unknown, we dedicate ourselves to warlike ends transfigured through his honor. Democratic anonymity stands for us Americans at Arlington in glorious majesty as symbol of all the endless heroes of life and death who still bravely meet their separate hours, as he met his—and quit themselves like men.

THE JAPANESE EMPEROR

By HELEN MEARS

IS the Japanese Emperor just another Hitler? Should the United Nations treat the Emperor as one of the Axis leaders of aggression? Certain possibilities are suggested by a look at the place of the cult of Emperor worship in the life of the average Japanese.

In his address on Lincoln's Day, 1943, President Roosevelt took one problem of post-war planning out of the realm of pure speculation and moved it into the sphere of practical politics. He did this by declaring that the United Nations intend to say "Never again" to governments like those of the Nazi, the fascist, and the Japanese "war lord."

This statement at once raised an important problem—the position of the Japanese Emperor in the post-war world. The President did not mention any enemy leader by name. In the case of Nazi Germany, he did not have to, for Hitler is so closely related to his régime that he is, for practical purposes, identical with it. This was also true for Mussolini until his régime fell. But who in Japan represents the war-lord government? Is it to the advantage of the United States to require that the Emperor accept responsibility for Japan's aggression along with Hitler and Mussolini?

This is certainly an important question. Its correct solution may even mean stability or chaos in post-war Japan. At the moment, the idea of a chaotic Japan may appeal to us. Nevertheless, after the war is won, Japan as well as Germany will have to be fitted into some system of peaceful world relationships. To do this successfully we must use whatever factors of Japanese character and civilization there are that can work for world order rather than world disorder. If the Emperor is not an aggressive leader but is instead our one hope of bringing the Japanese people to accept defeat in a spirit of co-operation

rather than rebellion, the United Nations must know this before it is too late.

At first sight, there may seem to many no choice but to accept the Emperor as the Japanese Hitler. There is no one else for the job. Since the Manchurian Incident of 1931, when Japan embarked on her nationalistic rampage, there has been no other individual—either civilian or military—who has steadily held a position of official and unquestioned authority. Premiers have come and gone with remarkable speed, and Japan's aggressive moves have steadily accelerated whether the Premier was a civilian or military figure. Admirals and Generals have risen to power as Ministers, Premiers, and leaders in the active service, but none has been dominant. Today Premier General Tojo is in the ascendancy, but we cannot compare him to Hitler, or his régime to the Nazi régime unless we wish to claim that Japan's war-lord government came into existence only with Pearl Harbor. It seems likely that our Chinese allies might find this point of view unsatisfactory. The Emperor is the only fixed symbol of authority that has been constant from the Manchurian Incident through the attack on Pearl Harbor. If we must have one figure to symbolize Japanese aggressive nationalism, that figure will have to be the Emperor.

Yet the Emperor's position is different from Hitler's. Hitler is an upstart. He has held power for only ten years. He rose from obscurity to head a powerful state machine by active participation in the rough-and-tumble of political maneuvers and violence. He once served a term in jail. He has taken an active part in both civil and military affairs as directing leader, and he led the "revolution" that ushered in the Nazi régime. He has personally harangued his people, bullied foreign statesmen, supervised the assassination of followers who had lost their usefulness, directed war strategy.

In contrast, Emperor Hirohito did not come to power by a political coup backed by violence. He inherited the throne as the son of a father who had been Emperor before him. He has held the position since 1925—six years before the Manchu-

rian Incident. He takes little if any public active part in political or military affairs. He is above the battle, hedged about with mystery and reverence. He is *called* "head of state." Yet it is not his political position that makes him important to the people. It is the other way around. The political position is important because the Emperor holds it. The worship of Hitler as a mystic *Führer* had to be made out of whole cloth by a propaganda department. The modern cult of Emperor worship in Japan is also carried on by government bureaus and other similar official organizations; but this "modern" cult was organized back in 1868, and in 1868 Emperor worship did not have to be invented, it had only to be streamlined and adapted to modern political and nationalist use.

The position of the Emperor is different from the position of Hitler because Japan's war-lord government is different from the Nazi régime. This war-lord government is not a new model set up since the First World War under the personal direction of an active leader. The current government differs only in superficial details from the government that has been in force in Japan throughout the modern period. Since the Manchurian Incident, as Japan prepared for "all-out" war, there have been a progressive tightening of economic controls and an increased centralization of authority, but the changes have been more on the order of our own war planning boards than of the fundamental reorganization of society that accompanied the Nazi régime.

Modern Japan is confusing because it has two different sorts of civilization and two different sorts of government. The predominant civilization is still the traditional civilization of pre-modern Japan. The masses of Japanese people are politically naïve; they have never evolved into a twentieth-century world of industrial and political freedom. They are very largely governed today by the same sort of habits and ideas that prevailed before Commodore Perry opened the door to let the industrial revolution into Japan to launch the modern "great power."

The modern great power was set up on top of the prevailing

pre-modern civilization. The practical details of running the great power—in export trade, diplomacy, and war—are handled by representatives of two competing but equally important cliques, the financial-industrial clique and the military. The masses of the people, however, who support the great power Japan by their work in shop and factory and on their small farms still live in their traditional pre-modern civilization, and are ruled by the Emperor.

This does not mean that the Emperor has any direct power in deciding practical problems. It means that the people are told he has. Incessantly from birth to death, the people are bombarded with assurances that their divine Emperor is today the actual ruler of the country. To give this a kind of plausibility the most important laws that concern the welfare of the entire nation are given out as imperial rescripts—laws from the Emperor. These laws are decided behind the scenes by representatives of the financial-industrial and military cliques. These cliques do not see eye to eye and have, in fact, strongly contended for control of national wealth and policy. Nevertheless, whenever a major decision is reached either by compromise or by force, that decision is called the law of the Emperor, and as such has the force of divine decree for the people.

It has the force of divine decree because of the complex position of the Emperor in Japanese society. The Emperor's political power is the by-product of his religious and social position. The Emperor is High Priest of traditional Shinto, and Shinto—in practice—means the whole complex of traditional religious, social, and economic ideas and habits that characterize Japan's native civilization. In the complex business of running the "modern nation," the Emperor is "advised" by his Ministers who must take the blame for any error in policy. The Emperor, however, as the titular head of state, is the connecting link between traditional and modern Japan. Because of the veneration felt for him—as religious and social leader—the people can be rallied to any national program of which the Emperor seems to approve. For this reason, the actual rulers of modern Japan have worked unceasingly to persuade the people

that the Emperor is actually ruling. One of their ways of doing this has been their official cult of Emperor worship by means of which they give impressive demonstrations of their loyalty to the imperial house. The cult of Emperor worship has been the most important political device in modern Japan.

It is not easy for an American to take this cult seriously, or to understand its importance. In the first place, the public demonstrations are so obviously arranged by the government as propaganda for nationalism and the "Japanese way" that the skeptical American is inclined to feel that the Japanese people must share his skepticism. Moreover, the details of these official ceremonies seem to an American so absurd and childish that it is hard for him to believe that the Japanese take them seriously. For instance take a typical celebration of the cult of Emperor worship that I saw in Kamakura in August, 1935.

The celebration was a three-day festival sponsored by a government bureau and attended by high officials of the army and navy, the civil government, and the official church. The festival was held in honor of the six-hundredth anniversary of the death of an obscure imperial prince. The tomb of the prince was in the courtyard of a temple in Kamakura. The high spot of the celebration was a ceremony at this tomb when a delegation of villagers from a distant place came to offer an apology to the prince's memory. The apology took the form of a paper plate on which was a pile of pink and white cakes called *mochi*. The villagers presented these *mochi* because in 1331, during a civil war, this particular prince had begged food at the village and had been refused even a piece of *mochi*. The villagers, of course, didn't realize at the time that he was an imperial prince, and when they later discovered this they were so overwhelmed with remorse that they took a vow, binding on their descendants, that the entire village population must never eat *mochi* again. This vow was kept for over six hundred years although *mochi* is almost the only Japanese sweet and is used for all celebrations, as Americans use ice cream and cake. When, however, the government announced a special celebration on the occasion of the six-hundredth anniversary of the prince's death, the

villagers decided to make *mochi* again and present some at the prince's tomb as an apology for the discourtesy of their ancestors six centuries before.

To get an American equivalent to this affair, it would be necessary to work out a comic-strip scenario in Hollywood's most fantastic mood. We cannot easily imagine the possibility that an entire town would give up eating ice cream and cake for six centuries because of an unintentional slight to some President's younger son. And the picture of a group of town officials presenting a small freezer of ice cream and a plate of cake at the tomb of some President to apologize for some unintentional slight merely baffles our imagination. Yet that festival was a political meeting as serious in Japan as a major party convention in the United States. The story of the non-*mochi*-eating villagers received wide publicity in the press. And at the festival the important military and civil officials present rounded off the celebration by speeches which praised this demonstration of the Japanese virtues of frugality and loyalty, and called for national unity—reminding the people of the great antiquity of the imperial house that is today guiding the destiny of the nation.

This celebration—and there are hundreds like it every year—was a demonstration of Pure Shinto, that is, political Shinto, the worship of the Emperor as head of state of the modern nation Japan. Political Shinto is a modern development, and it has been successful as a technique for maintaining national solidarity because it was based on the religious and social Shinto of pre-modern Japan. The Japanese leaders have used traditional Shinto and the Emperor to create the smoothest functioning state machine that has ever been devised.

This state machine was launched in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and developed steadily to come to full power during the First World War. To understand how it works it is necessary to remember that the Emperor is not an actual leader but a symbolic leader. He stands for the idea of national unity and the continuity of Japanese traditional civilization. Japan has been a nation unified, under one central au-

thority, only since 1868. Before that time, the country was divided into sections owned by various powerful clans, and the peasants belonged to the land and owed their allegiance to their clan leaders. For around 250 years, the most powerful clan exercised considerable control over the other clans. This dominant control, however, was accepted grudgingly by the other clan leaders, and did not affect in any practical way the masses of the people, who were kept in line by a complicated system of rules and regulations, habits and loyalties, that were imposed by local custom rather than by a central authority. The imperial house had no active political power. The Emperors lived in seclusion in Kyoto. Yet because of the position of the Emperor as the connecting link between the people and their gods the imperial house made the one unifying force in the nation.

This unifying force was deliberately used in the 1868 "Restoration" of the Emperor to the position of titular head of state. After Japan was persuaded by Commodore Perry to resume relations with the outside world, there was a revolution in Japan that resulted in the overthrow of the ruling clan by their most important rivals. The new rulers had two major problems. They had to come to terms with the Western powers that were insisting on commercial and diplomatic relations. To accomplish this they had to change the form of certain institutions to conform with Western standards. They had to build up a modern mechanized industrial and military machine. All this meant drastic changes inside Japan. The second problem, therefore, was to ensure that the masses of the people should not become unmanageable as a result of these changes.

To ensure the acquiescence of the people the new rulers brought the Emperor out of seclusion, installed him in Tokyo, and declared that he was now not only the religious but also the political head of the nation. Then they set about "renovating" their institutions so that they would appear Westernized enough to satisfy the Western powers while retaining the most useful features of traditional Japanese society. The result looked like a Western-style constitutional monarchy, but it actually turned out to be the first modern totalitarian state.

The Japanese pre-modern society was ideal as the basis of a modern industrial and military state machine. The special features were (1) the habits of frugality that were general among all classes; (2) the family system, which defined the relations of ruler to ruled, master to servant, husband to wife, and so on, and was the basis of the social controls; and (3) the nature and ancestor worship, the mythology that linked the imperial family to the national nature-gods, and the veneration of the people for the Emperor as a religious symbol. The new rulers whipped these ingredients up together to produce a formula which is usually referred to as the "theory of the state," and proceeded to din it into the heads of the people by an elaborately organized educational and propaganda machine. They organized a compulsory school system, but the important courses in the primary grades were History and Ethics, and in these was taught one version of the "theory of the state"; another version was used to condition the minds of the peasant recruits of the new conscript army; it was dramatized for everybody in the nation by the incessant demonstrations of the cult of Emperor worship. In recent years, the "theory" was broadcast daily in some form or other. It has been the ideological foundation for the great power Japan.

The "theory of the state" is based on mythology. But don't let that fool you. It is the Japanese equivalent of the American Declaration of Independence. That is, it is a statement by the founding fathers of modern Japan that expresses their ideas about Japanese society and government. It begins with the statement that the Japanese islands are divine, born of the marriage of a god with a goddess. These divine islands have been ruled "since ages eternal" by an unbroken line of divine Emperors descended from the ancestral deities, among them the Sun Goddess. The divine Emperor owns absolutely both the land and the people. He makes the laws, and everyone owes him absolute obedience. His rule, however, is both benign and democratic, for since he knows what his people want, through the workings of his "divine intuition," whatever he decides

will be not only what is best for the people but also what the people themselves have chosen.

According to the "theory," all the people belong to a national family of which the Emperor is the "kind father." No Japanese is of any importance as an individual, but everybody is equally important, in his own place, as a child of the Emperor. The Emperor owns all the land and all the wealth of the nation. Whoever has wealth, therefore, holds it only as a trustee for the Emperor and must use it for the best interests of the nation and the people as a whole. The Japanese virtues are frugality, loyalty, and obedience. The individual does not get his satisfaction from money or possessions. His satisfactions come from obeying the rules of correct behavior, or worshipping the gods, or doing his duty for his family and nation.

This simple tale is the ideology for the most practical system of social, economic, and political control that has ever been devised. It can be made to define the relations of the individual not only to his government but to his family, his employer, the policeman on the beat, the officer in the army—in short, to anyone in any position of authority. The major practical strength of the "theory" lies in the family system. The Japanese is taught to think of himself not as an individual but as a member of a family—the private family and also the national family. It is in this use of the private family as an instrument of national control that the Japanese have proved themselves more skilful than the Nazis. The Nazis have tended to break down the private family. Children are taught that their first loyalty is to the state and the *Führer* so that a child is applauded if he reports the subversive activities even of his parents. Such a system obviously risks arousing bitter resentments that may threaten the national solidarity. In the Japanese system, the private and national families are integrated through the Emperor father, so that the controls of one reinforce the other. Since the divine Emperor is the kind father to every individual and since the Emperor delegates authority, everybody with authority automatically becomes the kind father to his subordinates. Since an individual can be at the same time a kind father to his subordi-

nates and also an obedient child to his superiors, everybody becomes a cog in an elaborately meshed social-national machine. According to the "theory," superiors cannot take advantage of their authority because since they are themselves obedient children of the divine Emperor their decisions must always be governed by the best interests of the national family.

This, of course, is a "theory." The practice is less than perfect. Nevertheless, it is impossible to understand Japan without realizing that ideas like these—backed up by habit and law—control the routines of daily life for the vast majority of the Japanese people. Paternalism governs Japan from top to bottom. In the private family, the father as representative of the Emperor father has almost absolute rights over his wife and children, so that if he wishes to send his wife back to her family, or contract his daughter to a mill, or sell her to a brothel, that is his own affair so long as the act can be justified as service to the divine Emperor. Service to the Emperor is obviously an extremely elastic notion.

Similarly, the employer is a kind father to his employes. Naturally, therefore, his notions about wages, hours of work, and so on will be accepted by his obedient children, his employes, who are encouraged, by the "theory," to believe that they do not need high wages, because they do not care for possessions; they labor not for gain but to serve the national family and the Emperor.

How these ideas work out in practice can be observed best in the textile industry. This industry has been of the greatest importance to the great power Japan, and one of the chief reasons for its rapid development has been its constant supply of an extraordinary body of workers. Some 83 per cent of its operatives are women—mostly girls from sixteen to twenty-three, who, as industrial workers, are the product of the intense conditioning process of the family system. They are an employer's dream of perfect workers. They are docile, efficient, reliable, and the beginners' daily wage, at the value of the yen before Pearl Harbor, was around seventeen cents. They are contracted to the mill by their fathers, who automatically receive all but an in-

infinitesimal part of the daughters' small wages. They live in dormitories within the mill walls and seldom if ever go outside during their period of service, whether it is the usual three years or the not infrequent six. They do not think of themselves as workers and obviously would be little interested in labor organizations even if an organizer could get to them—which in the large mills is impossible. These girls move into the mills, serve their term, and move out again like gadgets on some belt system of mass production. Even if they felt rebellious, there would be nothing they could do about it. A girl belongs to her father and her employer, and their word is law.

On the whole, however, these girls do not rebel against the system, accepting it as the normal life of woman. For this the "theory" must take the credit. Kiku San, the peasant's daughter, a typical textile worker, is prepared for her role in industry by every factor in her home environment and education. As a small child she is taught by her mother that her place in life is to be an "obedient daughter, a good wife, and a wise mother." When she goes to primary school she learns that she is a member of a national family of whom the divine Emperor is the kind father, and that her duty is to serve the nation at work and as a mother of sons. In the textile mills she will attend classes emphasizing the same notions. Throughout her life she hears these ideas repeated. Nothing ever happens to distract her from them. She does not go to parties or to movies; nor does she have magazines to tantalize her with pictures of glamorous women in glamorous situations, independent and adored. She does not, of course, have dates with young men. Under the family system her marriage with a suitable person will be arranged at the proper time.

Women like Kiku San and her mother have been the most important factor in Japanese industrial success and a very important factor in Japan's military success. They work not only in the textile mills but in all the other export industries. They work on the farms, in the mines, and on the fishing beaches. They even work in munitions and chemical factories where they do such jobs as oiling machines and making minor repairs.

They are the first-line shock troops of Japanese industrial expansion. Their work built up the export trade that gave Japan the foreign exchange to buy her raw materials for the new industry and the new military machine. As their brothers go into the army, they are ready to take their places in the factories. And most wonderful of all, their wages have always been half or less than half of what men have received for the same or similar jobs.

The problem of wages, however, has never been very serious in Japan. Wages and salaries are low even for men. They seem fantastically low in American terms, but this does not mean that the majority of Japanese are discontented with them. The Japanese civilization is organized—has always been organized—to use the absolute minimum of things. The “theory” gives dignity to this lack of material possessions by its statement that the Japanese prefer spiritual satisfactions. Moreover, since all the national wealth belongs to the Emperor, no individual needs more than his bare necessities; for whoever controls the wealth must in any case use it for the good of the nation as a whole. If the big business men get high profits they can explain that they use this money not for themselves but to build up great industries for the Emperor, and through taxes, to build a great army and navy for the Emperor’s honor and the national safety. And if ever the business men seem disinclined actually to provide the taxes for an adequate military protection, the army propaganda can accuse them of treachery to the Emperor and to the sacred islands.

The “theory” has served to keep wages down. It has acted as a power-brake against the development of a genuine demand for political or legal rights; and against the development of a genuine demand for labor organizations. A national family governed by a divine Emperor, who delegates authority and responsibility to obedient children, is obviously a society that has no need for the innovations of Western democracy. The industrial leaders have never ceased pointing out these facts to the workers. They set up organizations to encourage “harmonious co-operation between capital and labor,” whose major func-

tion is to remind the workers of their place in the national family. The "theory" successfully retarded the development of social legislation to regulate wages and hours of work, to provide health insurance, and so on. And even when, under pressure from such Western organizations as the International Labor Office, any such legislation has got on the books, there has never been a large enough number of workers who understood it to put pressure behind its enforcement.

The "theory" has been equally important to military Japan. When the nineteenth-century renovators of the government abolished the class of professional soldiers—the samurai—and set about arming the peasants to create a conscript mass army they were defying conventions that had been in force for several generations. The family system served to preserve the pre-modern feudal relations of the peasant to his lord with the army officer substituting in the position of kind father. This paternalism has created a very strong army solidarity. Even the reserve organizations retain a real place in the army structure so that in times of crisis they can be reabsorbed into active service with the minimum difficulty. The kind-father theory makes disciplinary problems within the ranks practically nonexistent. It links officers and men together, by way of the divine Emperor, not only in relation to the army itself but also in relation to the nation. The "theory" serves to give the army independence from civilian control, for since the army leaders represent the divine Emperor their decisions must represent the imperial will.

The Emperor is a powerful dual symbol to an army conscripted largely from the peasantry. He makes an emotional bond between Japan's primitive agriculture and her mechanized army by performing the rituals of traditional Shinto on the one hand and of Pure Shinto on the other. Japan's national holidays are occasions when the Emperor performs these rituals. Those that have been carried over from the pre-modern period are still agricultural festivals, at which the Emperor intercedes with the national and mythological ancestors for protection of the crops and protection against natural disasters. On the

“new” national holidays, however—the holidays that celebrate the empire—the Emperor intercedes with the deities for protection of the great power Japan from her enemies without.

The Japanese ancestor worship—which is very involved since it includes both human and mythological ancestors, both personal and national—affects the soldiers’ attitude towards death. Immortality after death is assured the individual because he will be worshipped by his descendants. The soldier, moreover, who dies defending his divine Emperor is himself deified—worshipped as a god. The Yasakuni shrine in Tokyo is the most important shrine where the spirits of soldiers killed in battle are venerated. Before leaving Japan the soldiers are marched to this shrine, where they bow in veneration of the soldiers who have died before them. They in their turn will be similarly honored not only by their fellows in arms but by the people of the nation and by the representatives of the divine Emperor in special celebrations. If this expectation of worship after death does not make dying easier, it at least serves to induce the sort of emotional hysteria necessary for many of the Japanese soldiers’ suicidal missions.

The love of fatherland is, of course, one of the chief psychological elements in turning out a soldier who will fight fanatically. In Japan the love of fatherland is a complex emotion that touches practically every aspect of the peasant soldier’s life. It includes his feeling for his minute farm, his mystic nature worship, his worship of his personal ancestors and the nation’s mythological ancestors, and finally it includes his love of himself as protector, with the aid of the Sun Goddess, of his sacred islands. This complex feeling can be whipped up into hysterical nationalism by propaganda that pictures the sacred islands as encircled by enemies who threaten the life and prestige of the divine Emperor. The recruits are never allowed to forget that they are children of a father Emperor whose ancestress is the Sun Goddess. They are told that the sword of the Goddess, which is enshrined and regularly worshipped by the Emperor, will make them invincible against the enemies that seek to destroy the sacred islands.

As an ideology for a system of social, economic, and political control the "theory" is air-tight. It makes the Nazi totalitarian state look amateurish. The Japanese system, moreover, does not represent a retrogression from democratic ideas. It expresses attitudes and habits that developed in the older Japan, were carried over into modern Japan, and have been preserved by habit on the one hand and every device of coercion and propaganda on the other. There has been, however, relatively little coercion. The special virtue of the system, from the Japanese leaders' point of view, is that the controls work automatically, from the bottom rather than the top—in the family, the neighborhood, the village, the small factory. This does not mean that there has been no police coercion in modern Japan. There has been whenever it has been necessary to suppress the dangerous thoughts of a desire for genuine political or labor organization. But there has been surprisingly little rebellion against the traditional system. Habit and the remarkably thorough propaganda organizations have held the line.

They have held the line because there is hardly a day in the life of a Japanese when he is not reminded of the essential ideas of his society and state. In America, we tend not to emphasize our national ideals except on special occasions. When a group of American women meet in the afternoon for a game of bridge no Congressman will drop in to point out that the fact that they have leisure to amuse themselves proves that the American system is the best in the world. In Japan, however, there are few occasions that cannot be used to teach the principles of the "theory." When a group of factory workers make their annual excursion to some national shrine there will be some Shinto priest, or some army officer to remind them of the virtues of the Japanese system. When everybody in the autumn goes out to view the exhibition of chrysanthemums, he is reminded that his ruler is a divine Emperor, for the chrysanthemum is the imperial crest. When the little schoolgirls and the textile workers are being taught flower arrangement, they are reminded of their place in the national family, for the classic arrangement names the three levels of branches—heaven, earth, man, or emperor,

father, child—the hierarchy of the family system. This sort of thing seems trivial to an American. But it is not trivial in Japan. Each one of these little reminders is part of a steady stream that plays incessantly on the Japanese mind, reaffirming the Japanese values, setting up barriers against other ideas.

The Emperor is obviously more important in Japan than Hitler in Germany. He is the cement that has held together the complicated structure of modern Japan. Regardless of his actual political power he is, indirectly, the real ruler of the masses of the people. He stands for those special factors of Japanese civilization that make it unlike other civilizations. He is the emotional link between the people's actual ancestors and the mythological ancestors of their nation. He is the symbol for the continuity of Japanese traditions.

Because of his importance, the current tendency in America to link the Emperor with Hitler as one of a partnership of aggressive political leaders is extremely unfortunate. The often urged proposal that, once the Japanese military have been defeated, troops of the United Nations must march to the imperial palace and arrest the Emperor is dangerous—if what we hope to accomplish is to discredit militarism in the eyes of the people so that they will accept defeat in an attitude of co-operation.

Nothing we could do would have so good a chance of stiffening the Japanese into a mood of sullen resentment, if not violent rebellion. Nothing would so clearly vindicate the military propaganda.

Fantastic as it seems to us, the Japanese people do not think of their Emperor as an aggressive war leader. On the contrary, they believe that they are involved in a defensive war to protect him from enemies who threaten his sovereignty. From our point of view, the activities of the Japanese military constitute so obviously ruthless and unprovoked aggression that it is difficult for us to understand that Japanese people see them differently. The Japanese masses, however, know nothing about international relations except what they are told, and ever since the Manchurian Incident all the numerous propaganda organi-

zations have been used to give the people a picture of world events from the Japanese leaders' point of view. This picture describes the current war as well as the Manchurian and China Incidents, as "defensive" measures designed to rescue the Chinese people and to protect the sacred islands and the divine Emperor from "encirclement" and "smothering" by the steady pressure of "Western imperialism." The propaganda has made much of the race-superiority assumption of the white races and has emphasized that the Japanese must prove that there is one colored race that cannot be conquered by the whites. Since the Japanese people have had this propaganda in concentrated doses for a long time, and since they have never heard anything to disprove it, to have troops of the United Nations march to the imperial palace and depose their divine Emperor would obviously not discredit their military but would vindicate them.

Under such conditions, the United Nations could not hope for support from any class of the people. In Germany we can count on a considerable body of Germans who will welcome the overthrow of Hitler and his gangsters as release from an oppressive régime. In Japan, however, it is unlikely that there would be a single individual who will criticise the Emperor, or believe him guilty of crime, and who would not deeply resent his arrest by foreigners. Should the Emperor commit hara-kiri rather than submit to arrest—certainly not an improbable event—there would be laid the foundation for a new cult of martyrdom and revenge.

To depose the Emperor would be to outrage the people's ancestor worship and to knock the emotional props from under their family system. There are many who feel that this should be done so that the Japanese will cast off their traditional habits and beliefs and begin a new era based on a high standard of living and freedom for the individual. This kind of reasoning, however, ignores the fact that the Japanese system is not, like the Nazi régime, a retrogression from a more liberal, higher-standard-of-living period. The Nazis turned back the clock. In Japan the clock had never advanced. It is true that the leaders

have done everything in their power to keep the clock from advancing, as it is true that throughout the modern period the Japanese traditional ideas, habits, and institutions have been used to exploit the people. This does not mean, however, that the people are revolutionary or would welcome outside interference in their civilization. Many Americans are disturbed by the thought of what ten years of Nazi conditioning may have done to the minds of the German people. The Japanese people have been conditioned incessantly for some seventy-five years. And conditioned, moreover, with ideas that had been normal practice for centuries.

In time the Japanese themselves will find the way to a freer system and a higher standard of living. Such changes, however, must be accomplished gradually by the Japanese themselves as conditions within their country change. For their ideas and customs to be challenged by the arrest of the Emperor during a military occupation will not lead the Japanese towards a more liberal system. It is much more likely to make general the distrust of Westernization that has been such an important factor behind the rise of Japan's aggressive military.

In winning this war, and planning for a post-war world, our major desire is to discredit militarism and discourage the factors that lead to aggression. It is important, therefore, to distinguish clearly between our enemies and our potential friends. The cult of Emperor worship *has been used* by aggressive leaders to unite the Japanese people behind a program of national aggression. This does not mean, however, that the Emperor is an aggressive leader, or that the masses of the people have had any intention or desire to "conquer the world." It is greatly to be doubted if such an idea could have any practical meaning for them. The vast majority of the Japanese people—inside their own land—are simple, naïve, almost childlike. They are living today in the same kind of world they lived in centuries ago. The success of their mythology as propaganda suggests their simplicity, as the success of the family system as social and economic control suggests their docility. They have

followed their leaders into war as all peoples follow their leaders who convince them of the national necessity.

The way to discredit the military in their eyes is not to depose the Emperor but to use him. We shall have the people on our side and against their aggressive leaders if we can persuade them that their Emperor was betrayed into war "by villains around the throne." This is a Japanese approach to the problem, for such betrayals have been common in Japanese history.

If we can get the people to acquiesce in the smashing of their military machine under the Emperor's leadership, that will be not only what the United Nations want but also a genuine and highly important first step in freeing the Japanese system without challenging the fundamental loyalties and customs upon which national discipline and unity have depended. How it works out, however, will depend on whether the people remain disciplined, and on whether the United Nations can work out some disinterested international agency to help them solve their post-war problems.

In theory, the smashing of the military machine will enormously raise the amount of national income that could be spent for consumers' goods. This shift in economy, however, will not be so easily accomplished as some commentators seem to imagine. The Japanese have been and will be extremely over-dependent on foreign materials and markets. Therefore whether they have any income at all depends on the post-war international arrangements. The Japanese people do not buy the products they make for export trade. Even with a general raise in income level it is doubtful if they would buy them in sufficient quantities to make an important domestic market. The Japanese people have never learned to use the machines, gadgets, luxuries—even the furniture and clothes—that we feel are necessary for our standard of living. Moreover, to use such things would mean to change completely their customs of living and many psychological attitudes. Even if they wished to, they could hardly make the change rapidly, and there is grave doubt whether it could be managed at all. There is literally not space enough in the small hilly Japanese islands

for some eighty million people to lead an American-style life—not enough room in most of their houses for our type of furniture. And a semi-Westernization laid on top of Japan's traditional custom would merely make the Japanese uncomfortable in their world.

This kind of problem is not so remote from our interests as we might think. For it is a curious paradox of the situation in Japan (and one that should be more closely examined by our policy-makers) that the individuals and groups that were *actively* in favor of aggressive militarism were not the masses, still ruled by their mythology and their family system, but were Westernized individuals (like Matsuoka) who had learned from experience that the white races felt superior to the "colored" races and resented it; and the relatively small but aggressive groups that had been forced out of the economic and psychological security of Japanese paternalism into the unorganized zone of semi-Westernization. The Japanese system, except in unusual circumstances, does guarantee a meagre security. Westernization in Japan breaks down that security without giving anything to replace it. This is true not only of the institutions but also of the habits of daily life. A semi-Westernization makes the Japanese—those living in their homeland—both physically and psychologically uncomfortable. This is a very real dilemma for them. And also for the United Nations, since it is the discontented Japanese who provide the revolutionary mass pressure behind the aggressive military.

The Japanese people will need all the discipline and frugality they are capable of to sustain them during the trials of the post-war period. Under the leadership of the Emperor, they will probably accept whatever comes with their traditional patience. It would be sensible of the United Nations to encourage the bases of stability in the Japanese system instead of challenging them by forcibly removing the central symbol. The people will follow the Emperor in peace as well as war. If the United Nations can give the right sort of leadership, the disciplined frugality of the Japanese people can be made to work for world stability rather than world chaos.

A SONG WRITER IN THE FAMILY

BY ALBERT HALPER

WHEN I was a kid of seventeen, in those good old days right after the First World War when there were no juke boxes, rationing, or manpower commissions, I wanted to be a song writer. But terrific! I used to come home from work around six o'clock in the evening, eat supper, and monkey around my sister's upright piano. My sister, like most girls, had taken a couple years' piano lessons when she had been a kid and then, growing older, had dropped the business. Therefore I was king of the family keyboard.

My family got an ear ache listening to my playing, but they had to stand it. After all, where else could they go? We didn't live in Charlie Schwab's mansion on Riverside Drive, New York. We lived on the West Side, near Kedzie Avenue, Chicago, the whole eight of us. My father didn't come home from his grocery until eight-thirty; so he missed most of my creative banging. But my mother, poor woman, got it going and coming.

"Dave," she said, tactfully, "are you sure you don't have to take lessons first?"

"Nah. Listen, Ma, does a guy have to take lessons to write poetry? Does a guy have to pay a teacher to learn how to breathe?"

"Yes, but you don't seem to know what notes to strike with your left hand—" she interposed, worried.

"Aw, Ma, it's like rolling off a log. You don't want me to get balled up with technique, do you? Geez, I'm a composer!" And I resumed banging out the opening chords of "I Miss You, Corrine," my forty-third composition. I wanged the bass, giving it all I had—not that tinkling Zez Confrey stuff like "Kitten on the Keys," but the real McCoy from off Madison Street, the new Chicago style. Holding her ears when she thought I

wasn't looking, my mother went out onto the back porch, to talk to Mrs. Sandal. When I took a breather after the second chorus, I could hear them.

"I never had a genius in the family before—" my mother said, worried.

Mrs. Sandal, a short fat woman married to a butcher's helper, answered in her German accent. "Ach, don't worry about him.—My older boy, Otto, is a genius, too. He sometimes drrrums on der kitchen table with some soup bones."

I banged on the bass harder than ever, shouting, "Oh, I miss you Corrine, my heart yearns for you—" On the back porch my mother's voice sounded more worried than ever.

I played almost two hours, then looked at the clock. Almost eight-thirty, almost time for my old man to come home. I put my scribbled composition notes under the lid of the piano bench, washed my face and hands, combed my hair and sailed out into the summer night to meet my pal Joey Mutsek, to talk about Paul Whiteman, women, and the new striped shirts the Washington Shirt Shoppe was featuring. Half way down the block I saw my father, short, heavy and tired, coming home from the store, and I hurried faster, cutting off Kedzie into Ohio Street. For some reason or other I didn't want to meet him. He had the habit lately of giving me a heavy silent stare which always crushed me. His stare said, "I'm getting old and tired standing on my feet fifteen hours a day in my grocery. You and your piano banging, your dreams—" No, I didn't want to meet him, even if he was my old man. He was growing bitter. When I had cut east into Ohio Street I breathed easier.

I saw Joey Mutsek sitting on the front stoop of his home half way down the block.

"What's tickling?" I asked him.

"The old cat's pickling," he answered.

This was our nightly password, and it hadn't changed for the past two months. Previous to this one, our password had been—Me: "What's with you?" Him: "I'm roiled with boils." That one had lasted only a week. I could repeat some of the older ones, but what's the use?

I sat down beside Joey on the front steps, and we stared out into the night, thinking of the shortness of summer, love, women, beauty, and death. Finally we began thinking of Rosa Picollini, both of us at the same time. I knew it because we sighed together.

"I saw her this evening," Joey opened.

"Where?" My mouth was dry.

"Walking north on Kedzie towards Madison."

"Was she alone?"

"No, Susie Pikowski was with her. Why do you think she goes with such a homely cow like Susie Pikowski?"

"I don't know," I said. "I can't ever dope it out why most pretty girls go with homely girl friends."

"I guess it's the mystery of the feminine sex," Joey said, wrinkling his brow. "It's something profound. I read it once in a book."

I didn't know what to say; so I said, "I guess it is."

While I sat on the stoop with Joey, the lyrics of my forty-third composition pounded in my head.

"Corrine, I love you,

I love your hair, your eyes—"

Corrine was my secret name for Rosa Picollini. It was my secret name because if my song got accepted by a New York publisher and became a smash hit and made a million dollars, no one would know who the real Corrine was until I rode up to her door in a long swell car and told Rosa Picollini myself.

"I really don't like girls," I stated.

"I don't either," Joey said. He threw a stone at the curb. "They're too unpredictable. The truth is, I don't really like Rosa Picollini. I like her cousin Grace—"

"Yes, but I thought you just said you didn't like—"

Joey laughed. "Well, the truth is I like Grace. Grace is small and isn't half as pretty as Rosa and hasn't got Rosa's queenly way of walking down a street, but I feel something singing inside me every time I see her. Aw, nuts." He pushed me.

My own blood was secretly singing. I really wasn't jealous of Joey, knowing that Rosa loved only me, but the less competition the better as I saw it.

"Well," I said, throwing the bull around, "I really don't like Rosa either. I guess I felt I had to moon and fall for her because she's so beautiful and wonderful, and everything she does is so perfect, but I really don't like her. Hell, I don't need girls."

Joey gave me a funny look, then turned away. At that minute I stared up the street and saw the subject of our conversation. My heart plopped into my throat, then sank down into my stomach.

She wasn't alone. She wasn't walking with Susie Pikowski, either. She was walking with a young man.

They were coming our way. I sat turned into stone as they approached, and when she smiled and said, "Hello, Dave," I remained dumb as a post but finally blurted, "Hello—" The young man she was walking with was older than myself; he looked about nineteen or twenty, and not only did he own a good-looking blue suit but he wore a straw hat. They passed Joey and me and walked west, towards the park.

I sat there feeling a little sick to my stomach. I had never taken Rosa Picollini out on a date, in fact, I had never even asked her to go for a walk or to a movie. I was so much in love with her I never had had the nerve. Joey Mutsek stared at me again, then looked away.

"Aw, nuts," he finally said, understandingly. "Come on, let's go over to Goldmark's drug store and see who's there."

I got off the stairs, still feeling a little sick, and we went down the street.

Two hours later, when I got home, my father and mother weren't sleeping.

My Uncle Sam, who was in the pickle business on Taylor Street, had paid us an unexpected visit. With his dramatic hands waving in the air he was declaiming about art, literature, and politics. My mother, slightly ashamed of her "crazy"

brother, kept looking first at the carpet, then at her lap. Sam always smelled of pickles, even when he had washed and changed into his best suit.

"Politics will never be clean," he was shouting, "until the men mixed up in politics are clean! Politics should be as fine and as beautiful as art, or music! And why not?"

My mother had no answer, and as for my father he suppressed a yawn behind his hand. It was half-past ten, long past his bedtime, and he was due to get up at five in the morning to open his store.

"Everything should be clean and beautiful," my uncle shouted. "Then life would be like a song, would be worth living!"

At that moment my mother saw me standing near the door. I was supposed to take after her crazy brother. On her face was a look of pain. The look said, "Isn't one in the family enough?" My father, turning his head, also noticed me. He frowned. Sam was the last to catch sight of me.

"My boy," he cried, "I was just explaining to your parents why everything is wrong in the world! Life is a rag for most of us, when it should be a banner!"

"Don't talk like an anarchist," my mother murmured, frightened.

Her brother ignored her. "Dave," he said to me, "never grow old! Let the years pile on top of you, let your hair fall out, let your shoulders stoop, but never grow old!"

My father, sitting patiently, coughed quietly behind his hand.

"Why, how is that to be done?" he inquired. "When a person accumulates a lot of years he grows old, doesn't he?"

My uncle's face, turned towards me, lit up. "See? They don't understand. Not a word. No one in this room understands, Dave, except you and me."

My three older brothers came in from outside. They stood around listening for a while, until two of them yawned and excused themselves. Irving stood it a bit longer, then said he had

to go wash his teeth. My mother was sitting on pins and needles worrying about the sleep my father was losing, but she couldn't bring herself to tell Sam to go home. Sam had already eaten the company cake my mother had set out and had drunk three glasses of tea, but he had just got started. My mother should have known better. Tea was like liquor to Sam; after two or three glasses he was good for all night.

"I still can't understand," my father put in quietly, "how you can fool nature. If nature gives you wrinkles and rheumatism, you can't laugh it off."

My uncle threw his magnificent smile of triumph at me. "See? They still don't understand, do they?"

They didn't. But I did. I wasn't crazy like my uncle for nothing.

"You take Dave here, take your boy," Sam said.

"You take him," my kid brother Sidney snickered, standing near the wall. He had just come in from the street.

"You shut up," my father told him, "or I'll lay my hand on you."

"I was only kidding," Sidney said in a hurry.

"You take your boy Dave here," said Sam. "He knows what I'm talking about. A couple of years ago he won the West Side roller-skating championship in Garfield Park, which he celebrated by writing a poem that got accepted by the Quaker Nut people in Battle Creek, Michigan, in a contest, and now he writes music. He wants people to sing, to be happy. He knows what I'm talking about."

This last statement aroused my father's curiosity. Though tired and slightly red-eyed from being up since five o'clock in the morning, he leaned forward attentively to find out why only his crazy son knew what Sam was talking about.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I don't get the connection."

"The line is busy," said my sister. She had just come in from a walk with her girl friend and was smiling.

"You shut up," said my father, "or I'll lay my hand on you."

My sister, smiling, excused herself for the evening. My old

man then leaned forward more attentively than ever. "I repeat, excuse me, but about Dave and you—I don't get the connection."

Sam threw me another magnificent smile of triumph, his gold tooth shining.

"Mr. Bergman, sometimes people talk the same language but can't understand each other. It's not the fault of our educational system. It's the magnificent tragedy of the human race."

My mother looked more worried and uneasy than ever. She knew Sam had never graduated even from grammar school, and here he was using such big words.

"I think you're mixed up," my father said to Sam. "It's true Dave here won the West Side roller-skating championship; it's also true that he got two dollars for a poem sent to Battle Creek, Michigan, and that he writes something called music. So what? He now is an order-picker on roller skates for the Gold Bond Mail-Order House, and as for his songs he can't get his music published by anybody. He spends almost fifty cents a week on stamps."

Sam waved his dramatic hands again. "Makes no difference. The boy is all right. The main thing, he's full of music, he wants people to be happy!"

My parents looked at me. Had they missed something? Was I really full of music for the whole damned human race? My face turned as red as a fireman's flannel. My father finally shook his head.

"No, the boy wants to make a little money writing his songs."

Sam waved his hands again. "A little money won't do him any harm. It'll give him his freedom. No, a little money will never harm anybody. But he's not writing for money. He's writing to make people sing, to be happy."

My father stared at me again. Was Sam right? His brow furrowed. Had he failed to understand his next-to-youngest son?

"You take him," Sidney snickered.

"You shut up," my father said, "or I'll lay my hand on you."

My kid brother turned a little white, then went to sit quietly on a chair in a corner. "I was only kidding," he mumbled.

My mother continued to look worried. She had that uneasy look she always wore when I was being discussed.

"Dave is a good boy," she murmured.

"Right," said Sam. "He is *good*. That's the word. *Good*. Even if his music doesn't make him a millionaire, isn't it wonderful that he makes people sing, that he makes millions happy?"

"He hasn't had any of his songs published," my father reminded his brother-in-law.

"Makes no difference. This year, next year, makes no difference. Isn't it better than politics? Isn't it better than public trickery, better than playing with false words?"

"I don't know," said my father. "Maybe Dave's words are false, too. He's always writing songs about love. He's just seventeen—what does he know about love?"

Uncle Sam began shouting louder than ever. "Know? Why he knows *everything* about love! He's at the age when his whole life is full of love. His body is full of all the love in the world. Why, it's leaking out of him!"

My father looked at me again, at my red face. "I don't see a drop of it," he said cryptically. "Even his cheeks are dry."

I was glad my older brothers and my sister had gone to bed. My old man was sure going good tonight. How they would have enjoyed it! My mother's hands stirred nervously in her lap.

"Dave is a good boy," she repeated, worried.

My Uncle Sam kept talking about me. In his mind I was mixed up with love, music, goodness, and the hunger of the world. His wonderful words were like white fire to me, as they always were whenever he visited us, which was two or three times a year. I didn't mind the smell of pickles which came from him; I didn't care what my family thought about him. "He's cracked," my oldest brothers said every time his name was mentioned. "Why, he had a patent on a tarragon vinegar, and he gave it away—he let every manufacturer use it when he

could have cleaned up a million. He's screwy." They sort of despised him. Even Sis did. Though he wore good clothes, even his best suit was baggy at the knees when he came to visit us. And why hadn't he ever gotten married? In our family a bachelor was looked upon with suspicion. Another uncle of mine with five kids, Uncle Harry, who lived on Harrison Street, had said Uncle Sam was too goddamn hard to please. He referred to the days when Uncle Sam was young and handsome and all the girls were wild about him. But now my bachelor uncle was fifty, with a gold tooth in his mouth. His hair was getting gray, and he was growing stoop-shouldered from bending over pickle barrels in his two-by-four plant over on Taylor Street. My mother, worried about him as she was worried about me, stared at him with pity.

Finally my father got up from his chair and prepared to retire to his room.

"You may be right," he yawned, "but tomorrow is another day, and my customers, curse them, will be banging on the door of my store at five o'clock if I'm not there." Without saying good-night to Sam, he went into his bedroom, closing the door down the hall.

My mother, my kid brother, Uncle Sam, and I sat in silence for a few minutes. Sam's eyes were wet. Finally he pressed my mother's hand, looked at me, and left. Later on, when I was taking off my shirt in the hot night and getting ready to go to bed, I asked my mother what had been wrong with Uncle Sam towards the end of his visit tonight. She didn't want to answer at first, but I kept asking her. Finally she told me.

"You know," she said in a compassionate voice, "when he talks about you before us he's really talking about himself, about his lost youth. His tragedy is that he never met the right girl. He's the loneliest man in the world. That's why he's always talking about clean politics and music and making people happy. That's why he's always taking your side. He once fell in love with a beautiful girl, but she married somebody else."

"Why, I thought all the girls were crazy about him," I exclaimed.

“They were. But he hardly spoke to this girl, and she never suspected he loved her—so she married somebody else. And that’s why—”

But I wasn’t listening to the rest. My mother’s words burned themselves into my mind. My God!

Finally I heard my mother’s voice again. She was talking about the heat.

“Dave, take a shower before you go to bed tonight. It’s so warm—”

I sat down in a chair, my eyes blurring, and started taking off my shoes while my mother went into her bedroom down the hall. In a few seconds I could hear her talking to my father.


“Why did you pick on Sam tonight? He’s unhappy as it is—”

She must have awakened my father, for his voice sounded testy and thick.

“Why shouldn’t I pick on him once in a while? Isn’t one in the family enough? Eh? —”

MEXICO'S UNITY

By JOSEPH S. WERLIN

 ON December first, a year and a half had elapsed since Mexico took the bold step of declaring war on the Axis triumvirate. Thereby she not only entered into a bloody fray and risked perils the nature and the outcome of which no one could foresee but at the same time, and for the first time, subjected to test the unity and vitality of the spirit upholding the great social experiment known as the Mexican Revolution.

The last three decades had been a violent and uncertain business in Mexico. One could not really say that the revolution had grown from strength to strength; rather it had grown from compromise to compromise. But now, to paraphrase Lincoln, Mexico was ready to engage in a great world war, testing whether that revolution so conceived and so dedicated could endure.

Surface appearances had been all too often deceitful. The social volcano that is Mexico's heritage and the metaphorical counterpart to her slumbering Ixtaccihuatl had too frequently erupted just when optimists had predicted its extinction once and for all. The past seven years had been particularly stormy. The deep-lying social antagonisms of the nation had been stirred to their depths and had spewed smoke and ashes—sufficient warning to the timid or conservative not to run the risk of disturbing the explosive contents any further. Yet, in the face of this warning and against this inflammable background, the new President, Manuel Avila Camacho, and his government shattered a nearly century-old precedent of non-involvement in a foreign war by bringing Mexico into the armed conflict with the Axis—a tremendously powerful military coalition at that time.

And what, in terms of social cohesion, has been the result,

based on eighteen months of history? Confounding to the pessimists and cynics, but surprising even to others. To be sure, Mexico has not yet been tested in the actual crucible of battle. Her war effort to date has been preparatory, defensive, auxiliary to her more active allies; nevertheless, she has not been free from the disturbances and churnings, sacrifices and hardships, that characterize modern nations during a war period, and from all this she emerges tranquil and united in a degree seldom known even in her best days of peace.

Many factors have contributed to this situation, of which the personality of her President is by no means least of all. In a land so rent with social strife and at a time so full of dread potentialities, it is truly remarkable how effective has been his leadership. The traditional *Caudillismo* of Mexican politics—the rallying around a dominant personality—is a part of the answer. The obvious need for unity in so critical a period, once the die of war had been cast, is another part. But to overlook his personal gifts would be to do President Camacho an injustice and miss the heart of the explanation. His moderation, quiet strength, and persuasive reasoning have tended to win or, at least, to placate every divergent force or group in the nation, including even the Sinarquistas—the most influential pro-fascist group—so that all restrain their centrifugal impulses at the first positive sign of his displeasure.

This may be seen in the respectful, if not actually effusive, way in which almost every newspaper and organ of expression, whether of the Right or the Left, refer to him. Virtually every worker and peasant organization, every political and military, industrial and professional, religious and educational faction or circle, has formally and repeatedly expressed unqualified approbation of his leadership. The Sinarquistas speak of him always in terms of respect. The communists show deference in public expressions if for no other reason than that such is the party line. Organized labor, which more than all other power groups in the nation had reason to be uneasy at his accession to office, has been his most loyal supporter. Even Vicente Lombardo Toledano, still the foremost figure in the Mexican labor

world though he is no longer head of the Confederation of Mexican Workers (C.T.M.)—he is now President of the Confederation of Latin American Workers—likened Senor Camacho to Hidalgo and Morelos at the closing session of the third C.T.M. congress on April 1, 1943. The President's "*soy creyente*" ("I am a believer") speech of last year, which still serves to designate his moderate views on the church question; his frowning on socialist education and tolerance of sectarian schools; his virtual halting of further land confiscation; his readiness to curb labor extremism, and his other manifestations of friendliness and middle-of-the-road tendencies—all have called out expressions of approval and support from Catholic and conservative circles.

President Camacho has visited almost every part of the nation since the war began, and everywhere he goes the mass demonstrations in tribute to his person and to the war policy are enthusiastic and spontaneous in a degree seldom witnessed in Mexico. Foreign correspondents who have accompanied him express amazement at the absence of formidable escorts, secret police, and other special preparations to guard the person of the Chief Executive. In September, after endless grouching against "regimentation" and "bureaucratic incapacity," Mexican business, through the President of the Confederation of National Chambers of Commerce, Leopoldo Palazuelos, was willing to pay warm tribute to President Camacho as a "cultured, civilized, and good man."

But the cohesion of Mexico today has something stronger behind it than mere loyalty to a single figure, however effective his leadership. The tug of traditional centrifugalism would be too powerful to resist, even despite the critical nature of the war emergency, were it not that all the important social and economic classes remain in full accord with the central objective of the government's foreign policy—continuation of the war against Germany and Japan. There is, to be sure, muttering on the part of individuals and small groups, with mounting complaint against the rising costs of living and increased burdens of the war. Sinarquismo lurks in the shadows waiting,

along with other kinds of anti-democratic forces, for a favorable moment to emerge and do its work of disintegration. But all this as yet has had no appreciable effect on the powerful tide sweeping the other way.

Eighteen months after the declaration of war, the Mexican nation exhibits to observers an identity of sentiment, a degree of co-operativeness, a spirit of self-denial, a feeling of awakened pride of race and nationality, such as it has never shown before. This is clear to anyone who has travelled in the country lately, and has talked with people of all types, as I have done in the course of two extensive trips. Parades strongly patriotic in character, and with representation from every part of the population, continue to be held although with somewhat reduced frequency now that the Axis threat no longer appears so immediate. Resolutions and manifestos from governors, legislatures, business firms, social, professional, and political organizations proclaiming loyalty to government and nation still pour forth in undiminished stream. Patriotic rallies and mass oaths of allegiance to the flag are a constant occurrence. Banners and posters aflame with nationalistic and military ardor continue to greet the eye everywhere.

But all this, of course, must not be allowed to obscure the fact that there are real differences among the people in the degree of enthusiasm for the war and for support of the government in these trying times.

The administration's greatest strength still resides in the organized wage-earners of the city and country identified with the strong national confederations of workers and peasants. They resent the climb of prices and criticise the government for its alleged unwillingness to take stern measures against "monopolists" and other business elements whom they hold responsible for their growing difficulties. They furnish grist in the mill for the administration's enemies by their frequent intransigence or by their disobedience to agreements and regulations, as in the case of the railroad workers. But, all in all, they constitute the rock on which the government and its policy rest.

Strikes have been kept at a minimum, and all serious issues, whether between labor and industry, or labor and government, have thus far been decided peaceably.

Unionized labor has not only been the most fervent advocate of the war policy and among the earliest groups to engage in military drill but is the most outspoken of all organized bodies—if we exclude the communists—on the delicate subject of “front-line” participation. Lombardo Toledano was one of the first leaders to make a public statement on this issue when he pleaded last spring before the third C.T.M. congress for the organization of a corps of volunteers, saying: “The day in which there on the battle-fronts of Europe will run Mexican blood, on that day will Mexico seat herself at the peace table with the same rights as the rest. It is one thing for the Mexican Army not to go, and another that there should be formed corps of volunteers.” Since then, in numerous editorials in “El Popular,” the official organ of the C.T.M., and in speeches by other leaders at numerous labor gatherings, the proposal has been repeated.

Although undoubtedly they have never been so enthusiastic for the war as the governmental circles and wage-earner groups, and are still more reserved today because of increasing economic difficulties, the upper business, landlord, and professional elements as a whole, nevertheless, uphold the present foreign policy. While their collaboration has been based throughout on objective considerations rather than emotion, the arguments which have swayed them all along in support of the war continue to hold good for them. “Mexico was a victim of wanton aggression,” they say. “Mexico is no more safe being neutral than being a belligerent.” Continuation of the war is the only “road to patriotism and honor.” To turn back now would “alienate the country that supplies our economic life-blood”—the United States.

In the national elections of last July, the standpoint of this body of public opinion was most closely represented by the leading opposition party, the Accion Nacional. It was noteworthy that while the party was most vociferous in denouncing

the administration for its alleged corruption, "feeble and inadequate" economic policy, and "oppression and falsification" in the educational, religious, and social domains, it made only oblique references to the war. This obliqueness is often construed by the administration supporters as proof of disloyalty, especially when coupled with the party's demand for a "jealous conservation of the distinctive personality of our nation as an Iberian-American people, product of racial unification and tied essentially to the great community of history and culture which constitutes the Hispanic nations." While it is clear that there was nothing ardent or positive in the party's pronouncements on the war, there seems, however, little proof for the assertion of its opponents that it should be called the "party of national treason." But, in any case, the party's failure to seat even one of its twenty-one candidates in the election implies that it has now lost all opportunity for effective practical action in this sphere.

The attitude of the clergy and the so-called "Catholic groups" towards the war and towards war-time measures continues to be cool and "standoffish," certainly when compared to the fervent endorsement of the Liberal-Leftist element. However, this is far from implying active opposition; in fact, today something like positive assistance is being offered by them to the government in meeting the many difficulties caused by the war. Archbishop Luis M. Martinez, head of the Mexican hierarchy, maintains his friendly attitude, and in various other ways remains a pillar of support for the Camacho administration. He condemns repeatedly the "doctrinal errors of Nazism," encourages male members of the Catholic societies to volunteer for military drill and the women to take up courses in nursing, and urges mothers to show resignation when their sons are called to the colors. He has declared that "it is the duty of all Catholics to obey the summons of the Fatherland and therefore the noble and legitimate measures adopted by our government." Similar support has come from Catholic organizations like the *Accion Catolica Mexicana* and its feminine counterpart, the *Union Feminina Catolica Mexicana*.

Standing in quite a different position from the classes and factions just mentioned are those at the extremities of the ideological scale. At the one end are the communists; at the other, the anti-democratic and fascist groups, of which Mexico counts a considerable number. At no time since Mexico's belligerency was decided upon has either of these wings of public opinion been more than a potential threat to the unity of the country and the cause of war, and neither is so today. Still their basic philosophy is so uncompromisingly opposed to the middle-of-the-road course of the Camacho administration that to ignore their existence or to underrate their potentialities would be unrealistic.

Of the two extremes the communists occupy the more ambiguous position. Strongly committed to the nation's war policy, and thus contributing to its unity today, they none the less cannot forget their long-time objectives, which require the occasional resumption of their customary tactics of prodding the workers to make excessive demands and of keeping the waters of industrial-social strife stirred up in other ways, thus promoting unrest. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that the communist party of Mexico has never had a large enrollment—it offered only one candidate in the July elections, and even he failed of victory—and that it has had to work through key individuals in other, primarily labor, organizations and agencies; and since these latter are strongly behind the government in its prosecution of the war, it is obvious that the party is exerting little influence on the course of events. President Camacho's cordial felicitation of the Russian people on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Soviet state, Mexico's renewal of diplomatic relations with the U.S.S.R. in November, 1942, after a severance of twelve years (since January, 1930), and various other acts of developing friendship between the two nations, have further contributed to rendering the Mexican communist quiescent at the present time.

Still alive, although in many cases nearly moribund, are the numerous groups and organizations of pronounced fascist tend-

encies which Mexico has known for at least the past decade. They include the National Sinarquista Union, the Omega and El Hombre Libre groups, the Mexican and Spanish varieties of falangism, the Autonomist Mexican party, the Gold Shirts, and various others. To these should be added individuals and circles of miscellaneous character and affiliation whose chief *raison d'être* appears to be hatred of all that is to be identified with liberalism and Yankeeism, who thus shade off easily into fascism. These latter are to be found in the ranks of every middle and upper class sector of the national society. In the first months of the war, prudence dictated a minimum of prominence, and little was heard from them; but of late their activities have become more open and widespread, arousing warning and protest on the part of governmental supporters.

Of these Rightist groups, undoubtedly the most menacing to the administration and its program is still Sinarquismo. This nebulous movement, which is now six years old and has its chief centres in the West Central and Pacific states, contains an estimated half-million members. This in itself would mean little, since the majority come from the most illiterate and impoverished sections of the Indian and Mestizo peasantry, were it not for the fact that at the head stand clever, unprincipled leaders who have borrowed or imitated all the tactics, psychological tricks, and mass appeals characteristic of the European prototypes.

The demagoguery and unscrupulousness of the leaders give the movement its seeming character of inconsistency; for example, it pretends to reject Naziism and fascism, but there can be little question concerning its fundamental position on all basic issues of contemporary Mexican life. Its leading publication, "El Sinarquista," openly fights for the so-called "Christian social order," the "Catholic faith," "Spanish traditions," and against communism, liberal democracy, the Mexican Revolution, the Confederation of Mexican Workers, the United States, the good neighbor policy, and hemispheric solidarity.

The sympathies and views of the Sinarquistas in the foreign

domain can be clearly seen from their printed statement of May, 1941, when they announced their foreign policy as "(1) against Pan-American solidarity and co-operation with the United States; (2) against the atheism of the Soviet Union and the paganism of Hitler Germany, but for the socialistic programs of both states; (3) in favor of creating an international bloc of Latin American nations to oppose the United States and co-operate with Franco Spain."

They sought to hamper by every means at their command the drift of the nation towards the war and the United Nations; but when belligerency became a fact they quickly struck a patriotic note and declared their solidarity with the government, and this has been their official position ever since. For the first few months of the war they went into a sort of hibernation; but of late, more particularly since the first of the year with the mounting dissatisfaction because of the war-time hardships, their activities have awakened to the point of giving concern to many observers. The press is devoting increasing attention to their manifestations, and all pro-governmental circles, especially organized labor, are urging the administration to be on the alert.

On the other hand, despite the somewhat greater animation of this movement in recent months, its aggregate influence on the conduct of the war, particularly with reference to altering the commitments of the government with respect to the United States, appears so far to have been very slight. Last February ex-President Cardenas, now Secretary of National Defense, stated that calm reigns throughout the nation. "There has not been registered," he declared, "a single case in which interested parties have successfully interfered in the various localities with obligatory military service." More recently, similar statements have been made by General Ireta, Governor of Michoacan, stronghold of Sinarquismo, and General Rodriguez, newly elected Governor of Sonora, all asserting that the government is experiencing no organized interference with its war program. The fact that President Camacho has been able to make extended journeys to all parts of the country without

any disturbing occurrence and without any real sign of opposition to the war is equally significant. Thus it may be said that while Sinarquismo is by no means a dead issue in Mexico, and will certainly bear watching, at this moment its threat to the government's program is only potential, not actual.

It appears clear that Mexico today, despite rumblings and isolated incidents, presents on the political side a picture of at least surface calm and unity such as has been seen but seldom in her turbulent history. Any serious trouble will arise in the future, if at all.

The most worrisome cloud on the horizon at present is of economic origin. The general welfare of the people is being gradually undermined by current developments in this sphere; and if conditions should grow worse, the existing truce among factions and groups might well be broken. This might be shown in increasing disorders and in lack of co-operation with the government; it might open the door to anti-American, pro-fascist, anti-war elements. Actually this is not very likely to happen, but it cannot be ruled out as a possibility.

The difficulty is certainly not due to a falling off of production or to unsatisfactory business conditions in general. In fact, the contrary is true. All the usual indices of economic well-being justify this conclusion—volume of production, employment, balance of trade, internal sales, income, wages, bank deposits, foreign exchange rates, and so on. The high prices for strategic minerals, metals, and fibres, in the purchase of which the United States figures so prominently, have accelerated production and turnover everywhere. In addition to the opening of many mines (virgin or abandoned) various new plants, enterprises, and even whole industries have sprung up—the outcome of both the military requirements of the government and the difficulties of importing needed consumer goods. The government in the past eighteen months has granted licenses to scores of new establishments engaged in the manufacturing or processing of metal articles, food, chemicals, and textiles.

Agricultural production appears to be at its highest level in years. According to official statements—and it is only fair to say

that these are vigorously questioned in various unofficial quarters—farm production increased between 12 and 15 per cent in the first six months following Mexico's war declaration over the previous six months, while the gain for the present year according to predictions of the Secretary of Agriculture, Senor Marte R. Gomez, will run even higher. Corn, beans, rice, coffee, peas, bananas, and fresh vegetables show this upward tendency, and even wheat, the statistics on which are not yet complete, seems to be in this same category. The balance of agricultural exports over imports is expected to reach 50 million pesos this year, while the high domestic and foreign prices, the ready domestic and foreign outlets, and the increased quantities, are all viewed as favorable signs.

But, paradoxically, despite the presence of these favorable indicators in production and finance, there has developed an actual deterioration in the living conditions of the masses owing to the combined scarcity and dearness of everyday necessities. While monetary wages have climbed and work opportunities are greater than ever, real wages have fallen. The cost of living, which has been rising steadily for the past seven years, has soared under the impact of war to unprecedented heights. In September, 1942, the price index of the Bank of Mexico stood at 130, in comparison with a base of 100 between September, 1938, and August, 1939. By September 18 of this year it had moved up to 179, with a 4 per cent monthly increase during the past twelve months.

While there are some things that still remain close to pre-war levels, in general those which enter into the daily life of the people—especially food—have reflected both scarcity and costliness. This is particularly true of such staples as meat, corn, eggs, milk, sugar, fish, salt, rice, cooking oil, and charcoal. Clothing, furniture, and other commonly used articles likewise exhibit the upward trend. While the raising of rents is subject to government control, numerous complaints of violation are being made.

The lack of balance between production and consumption, between profits and prices, between the national income and

the individual wage-earner's income, has been particularly hard on people in the lower economic groups of both urban and rural areas. Aside from certain regions which, like Yucatan, are suffering from a conjunction of exceptionally unfavorable factors, no place has felt the downward plunge of living standards as much as Mexico City. Numerous families there are described by the newspapers as being "reduced to living on nothing but frijoles, chile and tortillas like the humblest peons." Employees, both public and private, on fixed salaries are among those most strongly affected, since in many cases "they continue to receive the same income that they had 15 or 20 years ago."

Fortunately, both the government and the business leadership are jointly and severally striving to resolve the difficulties with a resolution and in a scientific manner such as Mexico has rarely known. There is a realization that a certain degree of hardship is inevitable as long as the war lasts, and that in any case no panacea can be found. The complexity of the causes requires the application of a variety of remedies. Technical, administrative, financial, and economic means, all are to be used to combat the forces responsible for the conditions.

While its efforts to date have not yielded notable success, the administration must be credited with having taken a prompt, vigorous, leading role in the ameliorative program. It established in March a "consortium" to fix maximum prices, control exports, buy up surpluses, and otherwise regulate distribution. It has attacked energetically, if fruitlessly, the problem of railway transportation, a ubiquitous element in the entire economic malaise. It has sought to repress by means of fines and threats hoarders, monopolizers, and speculators generally. It has pressed the United States to grant priorities on railway rolling stock and equipment, farm and industrial machinery, and other items vital to Mexican economy. And, in September, when these measures proved inadequate, it promulgated a series of decrees of unprecedentedly drastic character, including compulsory increase of wages coupled with "freezing" at the new levels, the establishment of new price maxima, forbiddance of "wildcat" strikes, and obligatory enlargement of the

areas planted in corn and sugar. In these and numerous other ways, the government is thus striving to meet its responsibilities, and while it is too early to predict the outcome, the steps taken are all in a needed direction and are already exerting a beneficial influence on the national temper.

With this exception of the growing strain on morale due to the effect of war-time economy on living conditions, together with the other forces and developments already noted, there is nothing on the horizon to indicate that Mexico's will to victory is any less high today than it was eighteen months ago, when the state of war officially began. And certainly, if we were to search for still other factors threatening the existing unity and singleness of purpose, we should not find among them the present close relationship of Mexico with the United States, since this continues to be a force binding together the nation and strengthening the determination to carry on to the end.

While this friendship—which reached its apex of symbolism on April 21 and 22 by the exchange of visits of the two Presidents—is most ardently expressed in official Mexican circles, there can be little question but that the great majority of the people are heartily in favor of the present orientation towards the northern neighbor. Mexico, of course, has her cynics who view all these manifestations as a “marriage of convenience” with no possibility of genuine affection between the two nations. There are “grumblers” like occasional writers in “Hoy” and in “Accion Nacional” circles who complain that the Mexicans want to be “with but not under” the United States. There are Anglophobes and “Gringophobes” like Jose Vasconcelos who see Mexico tied to the chariot of the American conqueror more securely than ever as a result of the good neighbor compact, and who deplore the consequent developments as a setback to Mexican nationalism, self-determination, and *Hispanidad*. There are also the less intellectual, cruder, but even more outspoken haters of Anglo-Saxonism, “Gringoism,” Protestantism, and democracy like the Sinarquistas and the contributors to “El Hombre Libre” and “Omega.” But all

in all these voices remain weak and without real weight at this time.

The mass of intelligent Mexicans, including the propertied groups of industry and agriculture and others generally called "conservatives," are unwilling to trade theoretical dangers of the future for dread realities of the moment. They know very well how Mexico's destiny today is linked to that of the United States, what a ghastly fate would await her if the Axis were to win, how pathetically weak she is if made dependent upon herself alone. They are also fully cognizant of the immediate material advantages which the American connection is bringing, what it means to hold the friendship of a nation that buys close to 90 per cent of Mexico's exports, pays for nearly 6 million ounces of silver monthly perhaps twice what it is worth, and that alone in a war period can supply the machinery, tools, clothing, and other things which Mexico so vitally needs.

But it would be a mistake to put the friendship that now prevails for the American neighbor solely on an egotistical or material plane. Most of these same intelligent, articulate Mexicans want a continuation of this cordial relationship because they see clearly the folly of permitting the old era of dislike, distrust, rivalry, and non-co-operation to return. They, too, look forward to a world in which justice, humanitarianism, brotherliness, and equality will hold sway. Hence, like Foreign Secretary Ezequiel Padilla, they welcome "this new era . . . of our firm and honorable friendship."

WHY SHOULD CANCER INTEREST US?

By CHARLES OBERLING

CANCER is "the failure of medicine." This accusation, so often heard, reflects the bitterness of public opinion in the face of a defeat to which it must be peculiarly sensitive, since medicine has many other humiliating failures to its account.

Speak of someone who has heart disease, or tuberculosis, and you will hear only the conventional manifestations of pity or of sympathy, but let the conversation turn to a patient with cancer and you will see an expression suddenly frozen in horror. Questioning begins forthwith, to end invariably with that pathetic exclamation: "When will they ever find a cure for this terrible scourge!"

Cancer makes a vivid impression upon almost everyone as physicians well know, for they are harassed by persons otherwise entirely rational who live in constant dread of this disease. These "cancerophobes" end by becoming nervous wrecks. Every little pain, every loss of weight, every slight ailment real or imaginary, is interpreted as a sure sign, whipping fear into a paroxysm of terror and making life unendurable for these unfortunates and for their families as well.

Nothing illustrates better the wide extent of this obsession than the welcome given to patent medicines that are supposed to ward off the malady. It is practically certain that not one of these products has ever prevented a single cancer from developing; yet the unscrupulous dealers who prescribe them reap an astonishing harvest.

Why this fear of cancer? The question is complex, for many facts combine to make the disease a symbol of terror.

In the first place, its name has a mysterious and disquieting sound, and no one has ever really understood why Hippocrates chose it. Was it to portray the outline of certain cancers of the

breast, whose ramifications suggest a crab with its claws buried in the living flesh? Or was it to describe the gnawing, shooting pain caused by those claws? Nobody knows. But the name, perhaps because of its very enigmatic quality, brings to mind with singular clarity the condition to which it belongs.

Again, the nature of the malady inspires fear. The stealthy attack, slow yet irrevocable; the depression, so different from the buoyancy of tuberculosis; the ulceration, with its fetid secretion; the loss of flesh, giving the advanced cancer patient, with his emaciated, cadaverous face, the aspect of one dead and forgotten among the living—all these stamp on the memory of those who have watched such a person die an ineffaceable impression of suffering and horror.

It would be wrong, however, to think that this train of events is always present. The prevailing impression is much worse than the reality, for often the suffering is no more severe than in other disorders. It should be realized that cancer in itself is not painful and that it may exist for a long time without causing the least trouble. Indeed, it is precisely this that gives the disease its insidious character—a feature that frequently delays its diagnosis and hence the timely institution of appropriate treatment.

Another factor that has contributed to the fear of cancer is the widely prevalent belief that it is hereditary. Many a woman passes her life in terror because her mother died of cancer of the breast or uterus, and many a man because his father's or grandfather's death was brought about by cancer of the stomach. "Cancer is in the family," they say, and feel themselves the victims of an inexorable fate from which no human hand can rescue them.

Scientists know that the heredity of cancer is a problem far from simple. Nevertheless, the general public believe that the malady is inherited, and it is hard to rid their minds of an idea that has for them all the semblance of truth.

Thus the fear of cancer is a reality to be reckoned with, but this in itself does not explain the interest aroused by the disease. There are other afflictions at least as terrible and others again

that are just as inevitably fatal. So if cancer has become one of the great problems of the day, enlisting the interest of experimentalists, sociologists, and even of governments, it must be for reasons more objective, more serious, than simple fear, no matter how widespread this may be.

Now the social importance of a disease, apart from its gravity, depends largely on its frequency. But whoever attempts to investigate cancer from this point of view immediately runs into serious difficulties. All that is known of its frequency has been gathered from vital statistics, which, so far as causes of death are concerned, are based upon death certificates furnished by physicians or government officials. Unfortunately, these statements are so little subject to supervision that almost anything may be set down thereon, and in the case of cancer their unreliability is multiplied still further by false entries, made in deference to the wishes of relatives who do not want the word cancer to appear on the record.

Even though these documents are filled out conscientiously they may still be vitiated by numerous errors. Many cancers can be diagnosed in the living patient only by procedures that are not available to the country doctor, and even in the perfectly equipped hospitals of great cities some escape the most accurate clinical examination and are not found until autopsy. Thus only statistics that are founded upon autopsy findings can reflect the real frequency of cancer, and such statistics do not exist. Even in those countries where post-mortem examination is widely practised, hardly ten per cent of the dead come to autopsy.

So the reliability of statistics on the frequency of cancer depends in great measure on the prevailing conditions of sanitary equipment and organization, the care with which the disease is sought out, and the accuracy of death certificates. If cancer seems to be commoner in cities than in rural districts, this is only because it is more often recognized on account of the larger number of doctors and the better facilities for examination. It is the same, too, with statistical differences in frequency among the various countries. If the recorded mortality from

cancer per 100,000 inhabitants is 140 in Denmark, 124 in Switzerland, 116 in England, 105 in Germany, 100 in Holland, 84 in France, and 50 in Spain and Italy, this means simply that the highest numbers come nearer the truth.

The real frequency, therefore, can be assessed only by taking the highest of these figures as a minimum. Such a rectification of the French rate leads to the conclusion that there are at least 60,000 deaths in France every year from cancer, instead of the 35,000 suggested by the official statistics.

This is fully confirmed by the most recent records from the United States, where, over and above the government figures, there are valuable statistics available from the large insurance companies. According to Louis I. Dublin, some 168,000 persons died here of cancer in 1942, and when the various errors just discussed are taken into account, he estimates that the number would fall not far short of 175,000.

The latest returns from various countries indicate that cancer is slowly but surely assuming second place on the list of fatal diseases, being preceded now only by disorders of the heart. In civilized lands, at least 23 out of every 200 persons living are destined to die of cancer. These are disquieting figures, and there can be no doubt that this malady, by reason of its high frequency, represents a menace of the utmost gravity.

Furthermore, an impression is abroad that this frequency, high as it may be, is still increasing; and it is clear that a disease already common would become a source of even deeper concern were its death rate to keep on rising. But in a question of such weight, impressions are an unsafe guide; we require established facts, based on statistics.

Here again records from different countries lead to different conclusions. Certain among them, like Switzerland and the Austria of bygone days, report a relatively small increment in cancer mortality over the past 40 or 50 years, whereas the figures for others, England, for example, or the United States, indicate a definite rise. According to Schereschewsky, the rate for the latter country went from 63 per 100,000 in 1900, to 83.4 per 100,000 in 1920. Duffield and Di Mario found a steady

augmentation for New York City from 68.2 per 100,000 in 1901 to 148.8 per 100,000 in 1938.

On the whole, all the figures just cited point to a constant increase in cancer mortality, leaving in doubt only its extent. Yet no problem in statistics is simple, and if any reliable conclusion is to be reached, two facts must be kept in mind.

First, there must be taken into account the apparent augmentation, which comes in part from an improvement of general medical conditions, in part from a wider knowledge of the malady and especially from new achievements in the field of diagnosis. The first factor certainly accounts for the differences existing between the various countries so far as an increase of cancer is concerned. It has already been explained that the frequency with which the disease is recorded depends upon the number of physicians in any given community and the equipment available for diagnosis and registration. So it need cause no surprise that in countries where considerable progress has been made in such matters the frequency curve should rise more than in others that have remained more or less unchanged in these respects. The remaining factor is the increased accuracy with which modern techniques, and especially X rays, reveal cancer of internal organs like the lung, digestive tract, and brain. The importance of this influence is reflected in all recent figures. Thus if with Duffield and Di Mario we divide cancers into two groups, those accessible to direct examination, like cancer of the skin, mouth, breast, and genital organs, and those that are inaccessible, like cancer of the stomach, liver, digestive tract, lung, and kidney, it will be seen that the increase in the mortality for New York is confined to the latter class. Obviously, the rise is brought about largely by more frequent discovery, and this explains also why in all statistics the increment bears more heavily on males. It is because cancer in women almost always affects accessible sites, whereas in men it is most often the internal organs that are attacked.

Secondly, we have to consider the absolute increase of cancer mortality in relation to the increasing average age of a given

population. It must not be forgotten that cancer strikes by preference those who are more or less advanced in years, and that as the number of elderly persons in a community increases the mortality from the disease will necessarily rise. So it was in Vienna, for instance, where between 1923 and 1933 the number of inhabitants over sixty years of age was augmented by 40 per cent, and the cancer death rate by 33 per cent. But there was an increment in diseases of the heart and kidney as well, for these, too, generally appear after forty-five, in the "critical age," when a whole series of fatal diseases begin to assert themselves. The fact that an aging population must suffer a rising mortality from cancer, elementary though it be, has often been overlooked in discussions on the relative frequency of cancer among different peoples. Those who assert, for example, that cancer is rare among Negroes, Egyptian peasants, and certain natives of India, and proceed then to generalize on the cause of the malady, forget entirely that these people die at an early age and so escape the chance of developing it.

Although the aging of populations is now a well-established explanation for the rising cancer death rate, it has been asked, nevertheless, whether the augmentation may not be in progress because younger and still younger people are being attacked. To understand the discussion on this subject it is necessary to know that certain varieties, such as embryonal tumors, sarcoma, and so on, are more common in early life, but that these are not counted in when a "rejuvenation" of cancer is mentioned. This term refers only to the cancers of adult life, like those of the breast or gastro-intestinal tract, which are found occasionally in persons under thirty years of age.

Naturally enough, one is always more impressed by exceptional cases than by those that follow the general rule; so when a surgeon or a pathologist has encountered, one after the other, a number of youthful subjects with cancer he is inclined to attribute some significance to his observation, though the succession may have been wholly a matter of chance. In the interest of accuracy, therefore, Berger and I tabulated the age of every

cancer patient at the pathological institute in Strasbourg from 1875 to 1925, but found no change during this fifty-year period.

The rising death rate need cause no apprehension, since it is fully accounted for by the aging of populations and improvements in diagnosis. For the individual, therefore, the danger is no greater than it ever was, since the proportion of cancer patients to the total number of persons in the cancer age has probably not changed in any appreciable degree. But to society the situation presents quite a different face. Preventive medicine has triumphed over infant mortality, the nutritional disorders, diphtheria, and so forth—in brief, against those maladies that affect principally the young—and the increased average length of life in civilized countries is due entirely to this success. Adult mortality has remained about the same; and although the infant of today is much more likely to reach adulthood, the chances that a person of forty-five will live on into old age have improved hardly at all. It is here that cancer exerts all its weight, for, together with disorders of the heart and arteries, it is the chief cause of early death among adults. And it is here that medicine has been brought to a stop. The intensive effort to prolong life has saved people from all sorts of diseases, only to transform them into candidates for cancer.

This would be less cruel to the individual, and better for society, if the cancer age had been raised. As it is, the malady strikes at the very flower of age, at a period of life when, far from having reached the end of his usefulness, the victim is still of inestimable value to his family and to his community. From this point of view, the situation is serious, cancer a grave menace. The number of persons afflicted and the amount of suffering caused are a heavy burden for humanity to bear, and the burden will increase as the progress of hygiene continues to lower the general death rate.

What is to be done?

The normal reaction of a man confronted with danger is to fight, and against cancer a fight has been going on now for some years with vigor, and not without success.

One of the main essentials in any effective campaign is knowledge of the enemy. In the case of cancer this is demanded, first of all, from the family doctor, for he is the advance guard in the battle; yet this wholly reasonable requirement is not being met. All who have taken an active part in the struggle realize that the most pressing need, if real progress is to be made, is education of the general practitioner. He must have constantly in mind the prime necessity of early diagnosis, and realize that his most sacred duty in every doubtful case is to set in motion all diagnostic means at the disposal of modern medicine: biopsy, endoscopic exploration, X-ray examination, and biochemical tests. How much time may be lost by expectant waiting and useless treatment! The golden hour passes, and with it the last chance of the patient.

As for treatment, it cannot be too often reiterated that modern methods are entirely beyond the scope of the general practitioner, and that to employ such outmoded medicaments as arsenic salve, silver nitrate, and other vain measures is no less than criminal.

Against cancer, there are only two weapons—surgery and radiotherapy. But these can be applied only in adequately equipped institutions and by experienced specialists, for it is more than a mere matter of cutting or irradiating. Careful choice must first be made of the means to be used; and even with the one finally selected, there will constantly arise problems that only the qualified specialist, out of his long experience, will be able to solve. It is for this reason that treatment in suitably equipped centres, such as exist today in many European countries and in the United States, enjoys merited and increasing favor. Certainly it is the method of the future.

Thus first upon the physician is laid the duty of understanding cancer and keeping abreast of all the modern knowledge of the disease. But the general public, too, since it is so deeply concerned, since it fears and censures, should keep itself informed, for a greater familiarity with the disease can have but fortunate effects. On this all cancer campaign committees are agreed, for only so can the general practitioner be helped to discover it in

its early stages. To what avail his education, and the building of expensive institutes, if patients do not seek his advice until there is no longer any chance of rescue?

That knowledge of this sort can be disseminated has been proved wherever anti-cancer campaigns have been organized on the rational basis of education by placards, lectures, and moving pictures. Already there has been tangible success. The proportion of persons seeking help for inoperable cancer has decreased notably, and the American College of Surgeons has records of around 39,000 cancer patients who were living and well more than five years after treatment or, in the customary phrase, were clinically cured.

Again, a deeper knowledge of cancer, far from accentuating the fear inspired by this disease, is the best means of allaying it. The fight against cancerophobia is quite as important as the fight against cancer itself, for the constant dread of a disease is not salutary, but is accompanied by ill health and perhaps even by heightened susceptibility.

It is always the unknown that is feared, and even the most dangerous enemy loses a part of his advantage when the weapons that he employs are thoroughly understood. Only the medical student, in his immaturity, discovers in himself symptoms of all the maladies he has begun to study. A riper experience with disease restores the poise of the normal man; panic makes way for a reasonable appreciation of danger, dread of the inevitable is transformed into resignation, and there come to memory those physicians who, themselves stricken down by the disease that they knew so well, have proved their indomitable courage up to the very end.

None but the sturdiest of souls can reach these heights, to be sure; yet at least one may hope that fuller knowledge will deliver the public from the unjustifiable fears and false hopes aroused by the charlatan.

Cancer research is one of the most entrancing chapters of contemporary science, one of the most forceful witnesses of the power of invention, of the tenacity and acuity of the human mind. In contemplating the amount of work already accom-

plished, the patience and self-sacrifice of so many investigators, one will be less inclined to criticise medicine because the last word on cancer still remains to be written.

Then it will be appreciated that the cancer problem is of almost immeasurable extent and concerns every branch of biology. As though it were the head of a hydra, each riddle solved is replaced by ten or a dozen others, always more difficult and always further removed from reach.

In the last analysis, cancer seems to be closely associated with the organization of the cell, and the fact that, unlike any other disease, it appears under the same form in almost all animal species, and even in plants, suggests the impairment of some mechanism essential to life.

But here we approach a frontier that the mind has tried in vain to cross. The life of the cell remains shrouded in mystery because our poor, weak vision is inadequate to the task, and within cell walls the familiar laws of physics and chemistry are valid no longer. If the secret really lies here, it is well guarded, nay, there is reason to fear that it may be one of those problems which, in the words of Nicolle, will remain forever insoluble because they transcend the capacity of the human mind.

But although the main road be closed, detours may provide unexpected access. Recent investigations on the viruses and the ferments have made known certain reactions that may be concerned with assimilation, one of the fundamental manifestations of life, and from here may be seen the road that leads to the heart of the mystery. Some day, perhaps, it will turn out to be one of the ironies of Nature that cancer, responsible for so many deaths, should be so indissolubly connected with the mechanism of life; and a fundamental discovery may well solve the mysteries of both.

ABYSSINIAN MEMORIES

BY HOFFMAN PHILIP

SAMUEL, the diminutive and efficient Legation interpreter, burst with deferential urgency into my study in Addis Ababa and announced that Haile Miriam, the Court Chamberlain, had sent a runner from the palace with the information that he would call upon me shortly. He was to bring a message from the Queen Regent of Ethiopia—as Abyssinia was officially designated.

This was in 1910, on the eve of my departure for another diplomatic post. I had then represented our government in Addis Ababa for about a year. My stay there followed a letter from President Theodore Roosevelt appointing me as our first Minister Resident to the Court of King Menelek. The ensuing months were packed with strange and vivid experiences, and I felt a pang at the thought of turning the colorful page and of quitting a curious and fascinating land where I had made many friends. But a sunstroke on the polo field and a badly injured ankle struck by falling rock when hunting greater koodoo in the mountains of southern Abyssinia had made me realize that a change of altitude and doctors would not be inadvisable.

The Department of State had asked my advice in the matter of maintaining a Legation at Addis Ababa. With its usual precaution in such matters, it had instructed me to proceed to Abyssinia under an appropriation of \$3,000 a year—the sum previously allotted for a Consul General there—and to recommend a fitting salary as Minister Resident after a personal investigation of the conditions. Under this arrangement I had installed the Mission in a dignified manner and at very considerable expense. After a careful study of the problem, it seemed that the situation in Abyssinia was fraught with highly explosive elements resulting from European politics and that the

trade value of our commercial relations had sunk to a temporary low, chiefly as a result of these clashing ambitions. In the circumstances, I felt obliged to report that the little nation had become an amphitheatre of European controversies, and it appeared that no particular advantage to the United States would accrue from the continuance of the diplomatic status, at least for the time being. I had reached this conclusion with regret, for I realized that the friendly Abyssinian government was most anxious to have permanent American diplomatic representation as a balance among the strenuous political aims of European nations.

When I went out to Abyssinia, rail connection with the French port of Djibuti on the Red Sea extended only as far inland as Dire Dawa. In this frontier town were the caravansaries of camels and mules which were the sole means of communication with the interior, and here it was necessary to assemble and contract for the large numbers of these animals required for transportation to Addis Ababa. That was a harrowing business—words fail to describe the sheer deviltry, cupidity, and unreliability of the camel and mule contractors with whom we had to come to terms.

Two caravans were to be formed for us—one of camels to transport the heavier cases of household effects, the other of mules for the smaller baggage and supplies. The camel caravan was to proceed to the mountain capital by a longer and easier route, taking approximately a month to reach its destination. We with our camping outfits were to accompany the mule caravan over the shorter and steeper trail. This journey could be made in two weeks of fast travelling.

Vice Consul General Love had been newly appointed to serve with me at Addis Ababa. He had preceded me to Dire Dawa by a week or so and was of great help in getting preparations under way. Our party also included Bates, an English personal employee, who had come out with me, and two Arabs—a dining-room boy and a cook, whom I had engaged in Aden. To these was soon added, as temporary interpreter for the journey, a character named Daoud who spoke a little of

most of the local dialects. Daoud had many failings, though they almost invariably had a laughable side, and this fact covered a multitude of sins. Wearing a very large *terai*, or double felt hat, and an old khaki shooting jacket of mine, which reached nearly to the knees of his black legs, he was a comical, but very self-important figure.

In the course of our long journey from the scorching plains of the Danakil country up to the high mountain plateaus, which are the home of the true Abyssinian—"the man with the gun" and ruler of the subject tribes—we passed through the districts of a number of Abyssinian sub-governors and officials. As a result, we had a series of visits at our camping sites. Usually before the camp was in readiness, notice would be received of the approach of one of these dignitaries, and hasty preparations had to be made for his reception. They included a bottle of sweet champagne with sugared biscuits and perhaps a small present of whatever could be spared from the stores of canned delicacies. The ensuing conversations were dreadfully tiresome and practically without variation. The visitor would begin with a series of inquiries as to my well-being, the health of the ruler of the United States and of all my relatives. This questioning would last for several minutes. It was then incumbent upon me to reply in kind. After this the bottle was solemnly opened, and its contents taken in complete silence.

Daoud was in great form on these occasions. He would stand beside the ceremonial table in a bored attitude (but with a fascinated eye on the unopened bottle), translating the endless inquiries until the pop of the cork signalled their cessation. When the visitor was merely a minor official, Daoud had a way of shortening the opening interlude. As soon as the official was seated, Daoud would anticipate the conventional salutations by turning in my direction a rapid stream of explanatory verbiage: "He say how are you, how are you today, hope you very well, how is your king, hope your family well, hope your country good, hope you got good journey," and so on. The nonplussed caller would sit goggle-eyed until Daoud directed towards him the reciprocal inquiries in a language he was able to compre-

hend. Thus the pop of the cork was expedited and the length of the visit greatly curtailed.

During my stay at Dire Dawa I had received an invitation from the Governor of Harrar to visit him. I accepted and, accompanied by a small retinue, Love and I made an early start on horses. It was a long ride. Finally, galloping to the top of a rise just outside the city of Harrar, we halted in amazement. The extensive town lay about a mile off, and the route to it was lined on both sides with tall, dusky warriors, most of them wearing the traditional headdress of lion's mane, their burnished shields and rifles making an imposing sight. A group of mounted officials met us and conveyed the Governor's salutations. We were conducted through the great lines of soldiers to a fine guest house in the town, where we were lodged in comfortable quarters. As the ride had been a hot one, as well as long, it was a great relief to be out of the fierce sun and to rest until the reception ceremony, which was to take place in the afternoon. The Governor had provided us with an excellent luncheon, with which was served a dark and pleasant wine that had the flavor of old port. This was our first experience of the national Abyssinian beverage known as *tedj*, made from distilled honey. When fresh, *tedj* is somewhat like an ale (probably the ancient mead), but when very old, as on this occasion, it becomes dark and exceedingly potent. In blissful ignorance of its latter quality we enjoyed several glasses and soon after made our preparations for the visit to the Governor.

This official was reputed to be a man of exceptional intelligence and a highly trusted representative of King Menelek. The post of Governor of the province of Harrar was politically very important, bordering as it did on the Somaliland possessions of Great Britain and of France, and being the principal outlet for Abyssinian commerce with the world. We were told that this clever and influential official had been taken prisoner by Abyssinian warriors in his youth, had been cruelly mutilated, and had found refuge as a slave in the royal household. His subsequent rise to power and honors, it was said, was due to the interest taken in him by King Menelek.

All traces of fatigue effaced by the *tedj* of ancient brew, we rode, with Daoud following, to the reception hall. The horses were led by officials garbed in black satin cloaks, their heads bound with colored silk, through a good-natured multitude of Abyssinians and tall, straight-featured Somalis. Subsequently we learned that, as a special honor, the Governor had allotted his chief political secretary to lead my horse, and to pilot Love's mount no less a personage than the commander of the military forces.

Dismounting, we marched down the centre of the darkened hall through serried ranks of Abyssinian onlookers. At the far end sat King Menelek's representative on a miniature throne. His tall, thin figure was draped in dark robes. He rose, shook hands, and bade me be seated on his right. The Governor's complexion was more sallow than were those of other Abyssinians I had seen, and he spoke in high but authoritative tones. Our exchange of remarks, through an interpreter, denoted that he was a man of character and acumen. On taking leave I asked our host to convey my salutation to the King in Addis Ababa and thanked him for his hospitality and my impressive welcome to Ethiopia.

At the time of my visit to Harrar, I was told also of a young prince of fine and enlightened character who was said to be living in semi-detention there and to be regarded with some disfavor by the reigning house at Addis Ababa as a possible claimant to the throne. He was then called Ras Taffari. Later he was to become one of Ethiopia's most successful and loved rulers, known to the world as Emperor Haile Selassie.

The caravan route we followed from Dire Dawa ran through very wild territory, populated at the lower levels by uncivilized tribes. Although we were accompanied by only a small armed Abyssinian escort, our caravan, which comprised over ninety animals, was unimpeded by any hostile or even disagreeable interruptions. This was proof of the good order that the fine old King Menelek had established in his dominions. To be sure, none of the natives subject to Abyssinian rule was permitted to

bear firearms, but all had kept their spears, and these are dangerous weapons in the hands of wild and fearless tribesmen.

Only one unpleasant incident broke the peacefulness of our trek. Love and I were accustomed to ride ahead of the caravan in the early morning hours accompanied by a couple of guards. Somewhere along the hot desert trail we would pick out a spot of shade made by a stand of mimosa thorn trees or a high rock, and here we would lunch and pass the hours of fiercest heat, riding on in the afternoon to find camp in the evening already prepared by the caravan party that had passed us in the interim. One day as I leaned against a tree eating lunch I became conscious of a black giant standing near-by. He wore only a breech clout, had an enormous shock of hair standing on end in the fashion of many of the tribal dandies of those parts, and carried a spear. His attitude was so truculent and his stare so insolent that I was tempted to what I knew was an unwise act. Seizing my camera I started to focus it on him. The picture was never taken. With a howl like that of a dervish my subject dashed back some twenty-five feet. There, to the accompaniment of a sort of jumping dance, he began to whirl the heavy spear around, holding it loosely in the thumb and fingers of the right hand, with a quick rotary motion of the arm. As the speed of the motion increased the spear became almost invisible in its deadly spin. Luckily, one of the escort sensed my danger; he rushed up behind the maddened giant, and with rifle grasped in both hands hooked it over the man's head, jerking him backward. There was a gurgling roar as the wild fellow measured his length, fortunate in not having had his neck broken, while the spear soaring upward to an almost unbelievable height arched harmlessly to earth far away.

Some days later as we rode into camp in the early evening, a picturesque sight awaited us. The tents were in shadow, and in front of them rose a rocky hillside still exposed to the rays of the declining sun. High above us on a rock shelf was a colony of baboons. Through the field glasses one could see a huge baboon ensconced on a seat of some kind and surrounded by a circle of

obsequious courtiers. I distinctly saw an apparent newcomer in the circle advance, make a bow, or obeisance, to the leader, then back away and disappear in the shadows.

After a week of travelling under a tropical sun we were obliged to make camp for twenty-four hours to rest the miserable animals that had been imposed upon us at Dire Dawa.

The morning after this halt, Bates came to my tent and in the voice of one announcing visitors in the halls of the mighty said: "Sir, Captain Stensland has called and awaits you in the dining tent." I would have made a bet that there was no white man within one hundred and fifty miles of us in any direction, and I looked at Bates with apprehension, thinking that he had been careless about wearing his helmet and had got a "touch of sun." My first impulse was to advise him to go to his tent and lie down, but as it seemed preferable to humor him, I replied as casually as possible that I would be there directly. On entering the dining tent a few moments later, I found myself face to face with an enormous Englishman. Deeply tanned, wearing the shortest of shorts and a wide-open shirt without sleeves, my guest introduced himself as Captain Steigand of the British army, from British East Africa. He explained that he had been months on the way and that the only other white man he had spoken with since the start of his trek was the British representative in Addis Ababa—where he had spent but one night as he was in a hurry to catch a steamer at Djibuti. I begged the Captain to stop long enough to breakfast with me, and this meal Bates supervised with a somewhat triumphant air. Captain Steigand was the author of books on travel and big game hunting and the master of many African dialects. His talk enthralled me, and he in turn was delighted to be speaking his own language again. In what seemed only a few minutes Mohamed appeared to lay the table for lunch. Later on, the tea and the whisky and sodas were served. Finally, the table was set for dinner, and I was still a rapt listener.

Among the tales he told of his journey I remember most vividly this little story of a fox terrier he had taken with him. He had started from British East Africa with a numerous cara-

van of animals and with native bearers to cross one of the most barren regions of the continent, with Lake Rudolf as his first objective, thence to go on to Abyssinia. This was a bold and hazardous undertaking, for vast stretches of rocky, waterless terrain, some of which I believe was uncharted, had to be traversed. One after another, the pack animals all succumbed, and the supply of water was greatly diminished. When on the march, Captain Steigand carried his fox terrier under his arm, to keep the dog from wearing himself out, and he shared with the dog his small portion of water. Cause for serious worry arose when Steigand's bearings proved to be at fault and he had no means of knowing where or when water could be found. Finally, the bearers refused to go further, and he himself was in a weakened condition. In his extremity, Steigand posed to his bearers as a prophet, telling them emphatically that if they would proceed, they would find on the morning of the third day water in abundance. Thereupon he picked up his dog and, followed by his faithful gun bearer, started off with determination on what he guessed to be his proper course. He was nearly out of sight of them when on glancing back he saw with relief the line of bearers staggering in his wake. Steigand said his second night from that was not pleasant, for he realized that if water failed to materialize on the morning afterward it would be the last of him, and of his party as well. He broke camp before daylight and with the dog under his arm made his way blindly on. As the sun rose, the terrier began struggling to get free, and once on the ground ran straight ahead until he disappeared over a slight rise. Steigand, in spite of his weakness, broke into a run and topped the rise—to behold the broad stretch of Lake Rudolf before him and the terrier streaking towards the nearest bay. But just as the dog got to the water's edge and leapt joyously off, two great jaws reached for him, and he disappeared into the stomach of a crocodile.

Steigand had faced many dangerous moments in hunting big game. He bared his side to show a great scar—the result of being caught and tossed by a wounded rhinoceros. One of his arms bore the traces of a mauling by a lioness, which he thought he

had killed. We were still in my tent at twelve o'clock that night, having talked unceasingly since eight in the morning, with all track of time lost.

On learning the hour he said he really must be going. A bright moon was shining outside. He gave a call and from the bushes along the trail popped up a long line of the black natives who had made the harrowing journey with him. They seemed to be travelling very light. About the heaviest load I saw was a huge pair of wild buffalo horns, the only trophy my guest was taking out with him. With a wave of the hand the tall figure started down the trail in the moonlight, silently followed by his bearers.

I was to meet Steigand once more, in August, 1917. This was on a British troop ship on which I had been given permission to cross the Mediterranean from Egypt to Italy. As a German submarine had been reported near-by, I was on deck and destroyers were darting about as the ship zigzagged her way. The rails were jammed with life-preserved British soldiers. I turned to make a remark to a tall officer next to me, and there was Steigand. He had been serving with the British army in the Sudan, where, I understand, he died later in the war.

Our hot journey to Addis Ababa took, altogether, sixteen days, including two stops of twenty-four hours to rest the pack animals. At the second stop, we had reached an elevation of over 8,000 feet, and the last stages of the trip were through well-watered highland meadows with fat, grazing cattle on all sides.

Our initial reception by the genial old King Menelek was a grand and weird ceremony. Early in the morning a horde of wild soldiers arrived at my encampment on the outskirts of Addis Ababa to conduct me to the Emperor. These men wore white cotton-sheeting robes (*chammas*) and peg-top trousers, with lion manes as headdresses and leopard-skin mantles; they carried rhinoceros-hide shields embossed with silver and modern rifles. With them were palace attendants leading a fat riding mule equipped with a native saddle and a massive silver gilt

collar. This was the routine ceremonial gift from the Emperor King to a newly arrived diplomatic chief of mission.

Our arrangements for the audience with the Emperor had started with some little embarrassment. On reaching this, our last camping site, a mile or so from the capital I had told Bates, who was in charge of my personal effects, that I would need full dress regalia for the approaching reception. As we had lived in riding and tropical clothes for several weeks previously, the thought of this formal attire, including the requisite top hat, was not alluring. The arrival of the army was the signal for hasty preparations. My dress clothes were beautifully laid out in my sleeping tent, and I proceeded to don them with a fiery sun blazing down upon the double tent cover above, but I was somewhat chagrined to find that the necessary garters were not present. Upon being applied to, Bates expressed his great regret that they could not be found. Disconcerting as this was, it was not so bad as what further developed—that my silk hat also was missing. Evidently my hat box containing hat and sock garters had taken the long way to Addis Ababa with the camels.

In the circumstances, I felt called upon to invoke the patriotism of Vice Consul General Love. He was the soul of generosity and immediately consented to and, indeed, insisted upon my wearing his own top hat as the ranking officer, while he wore the informal but more comfortable white helmet. Unfortunately, Love's head was much narrower than my own, which made wearing his hat torture. There was nothing else for it, however, and I was high-hatted and astride the enormously wide gift saddle of red cloth when the line of march was formed.

More warriors in picturesque attire flanked the route on both sides, and as we wound slowly along under the intense sun, crowds of natives dressed in the popular unbleached-cotton garments surged in the streets of thatched dwellings leading to the reception hall of the palace. Many cotton-garbed Abyssinian women with identical coiffures, resembling those of the

ancient Hamitic or Nabatean races, were among the crowds. This coiffure consisted of tight, closely set rows of fine braids of oiled hair drawn flatly back from the forehead. My enjoyment of this exotic scene was marred by the fact that at every step of the fat gift mule my trousers and socks tended to ascend and descend, respectively, while the precarious activity of Love's hat on my head was a constant source of discomfort and annoyance.

In those days, the hat was an article of highest importance to the Abyssinian. A man who owned one usually had a servant to carry it behind him—scrupulously protected by the original paper wrapping as long as this could be preserved. Next to the rifle a new hat in its wrapping best denoted importance in its owner. The Abyssinian capital lies but ten degrees above the equator. The rarefied atmosphere of its high plateau renders the climate generally agreeable, but the strength of the sun makes a head covering imperative for the foreigner, whereas for the native it may be looked upon as a luxury.

Preceded by the horde of warriors, with others bringing up the rear, we gradually made our way through the packed and breathless streets of Addis Ababa and emerged upon a garish square, fronting which was a huge oblong structure of sun-dried mud brick with corrugated tin roof. This was the Guebbi, or royal audience hall. A colorful crowd of thousands of warriors and attendants had gathered here. We were assisted to dismount and were ushered to a great curtained entrance. The curtain was pulled aside and at once fell to behind us. The contrast from the intense sunshine outside to the dimly lighted interior of the Guebbi quite blinded one at first, and I was brought to the situation in hand by a tug at my elbow, and the voice of Samuel (our new interpreter) behind me saying: "Excellency, please make a bow." I bowed vaguely to the space in front. When my eyes became adjusted to the subdued light, I discovered before me a long narrow passage formed by dense walls of shrouded, dusky figures. Every eye was upon me, deep silence reigned, and there was nothing for it but to start forward with Love and the little Samuel, bearing the borrowed hat, in close formation behind. I could make out, seemingly miles

away, at the end of the human lane, a silk-canopied four-poster couch resting on a dais which was several steps up from the floor of the hall. This was the throne of the Christian Emperor Menelek, Lion of the Tribe of Judah, King of Kings of Ethiopia. About midway from the entrance of the Guebbi to the throne, another tug at my sleeve indicated that another bow was in order, and on arrival at the foot of the steps, a third salutation was made. From my standing position I looked up to the dark but intelligent and kindly face of the King. He was reclining under the canopy in a black satin cloak, his head bound with a scarf of light-colored silk.

When my short address had been delivered and my Letter of Credence handed up to the King, he made a dignified speech of welcome in Amharic—the language of the Ethiopian highlands—after which we retired from the presence in the best order possible. King Menelek at this date had lost much of the vigor that had distinguished the earlier years of his reign, during which he had instituted many salutary reforms, following upon the Abyssinian victory over the Italian forces at Adowa in 1896. He attached great importance to the establishment of diplomatic relations with the United States as a means of expanding international connections beyond the confines of Europe. The predominant foreign interests in 1909 were those of Great Britain, France, and Italy, with Germany making a strong but futile effort to gain political and commercial advantages.

The main attraction for the United States was the extensive market for the unbleached cotton sheeting used for clothing. The trade had been important in the past. Our cloth supplanted the laboriously woven native cotton, and on account of its weight and durability gained such renown that the word *Amerikani* was coined and still was employed to designate all imported cotton sheeting. So highly was this material valued that bolts of it passed currently as money. But by the time of my arrival the sale of American sheeting had been almost entirely supplanted by British, Italian, and, I believe, Spanish substitutes. I was assured by my new Abyssinian friends that while

the American material was highly prized for its superior quality, some of the European cottons were very inferior and were weighted with a clay solution. As a result of our reports from the Legation, at least one important manufacturer in the United States visited Abyssinia but found that the valuable market had been so thoroughly exploited by competitors as to render efforts to recapture it too costly.

The second step in official protocol for a newly arrived foreign envoy was to seek an audience with the King for the purpose of offering gifts as established by custom. With this in view the Department of State had furnished me with a framed picture of the President, a gold-mounted rifle, a gramophone, and a book of photographs of our warships. To these I had added several articles for the sake of swelling the gift list, to which I had heard much importance was attached by the Abyssinian Court. Each object was carefully tied up in many wrappings of paper. This, also, was a very important detail. At the appointed hour, I arrived at the palace—a curious group of buildings sheltered by eucalyptus trees and situated on an eminence. Our party was followed by a mounted troop of native Legation guards, whom I had outfitted in uniforms resembling somewhat those of the United States Cavalry. The guards were very proud of these clothes and of their Krag-Jorgensen carbines, and they presented quite an imposing appearance on their prancing little Abyssinian horses. Mules bearing the profusely wrapped gifts brought up the rear of the procession.

We were ushered into a pavilion on one side of which sat not only the King, dressed much as I had seen him in the audience hall, but also his Consort. Queen Taitu, officially designated as the "Light of Ethiopia," was not a lady of very prepossessing appearance. Of rather more than middle age, her color was several shades lighter than that of the King. Her glance was indicative of more than average determination and was fraught also with a gleam of what I rather anxiously interpreted as anticipation. After salutations, my attendants started the unwrapping of the gifts. As each one appeared, I presented it to the King, who after a brief examination and a nod passed it to

his attendants standing behind him. Soon the floor of the pavilion was almost knee-deep in masses of tissue paper. As this Christmas-like ceremony approached its termination, I was disturbed to notice that the countenance of Queen Taitu registered nothing less than rage. She had seized upon the volume depicting the pride of our navy, the pages of which she was furiously thumbing upside down. The difficulty, it appeared, arose from the fact that no gifts had been forthcoming for Her Majesty. Without delay I requested the interpreter to explain that I had not expected the honor of being received by the Queen on this occasion and that I would welcome the first opportunity to offer a few small presents I had brought for her. At the same time I blessed my lucky stars that I had heeded the advice of an old traveller not to omit this detail in my preparations. He had assured me that silk stockings of the most brilliant and varied hues procurable would prove to be the most appreciated gift.

On being approached in the matter of gifts, the Department of State intimated that it would abandon its customary negative attitude, in consideration of the exceptional conditions then existing in Abyssinia, and would supply me with certain presents for the King, but I was advised semi-officially that it would firmly decline to accede to any suggestion of hosiery for the Queen. However, on my way to Abyssinia I had landed at Marseilles, where I obtained a fine array of bright-colored striped silk stockings together with handkerchiefs and perfumes that I was assured would please the taste of an African Queen. Such proved, I think, to be the case, and my subsequent reception by Queen Taitu was a most gracious one.

The Guebbi was the setting for an interesting scene on a later occasion. Here the Chiefs of Mission had been invited by the King to lunch on one of the Abyssinian feast days. The square outside the entrance was a picturesque sight as we assembled there with our mounted guards. The British, French, and Italian Ministers were followed, in turn, by smartly caparisoned official troops of bearded Indian Sikh lancers, and Somali and Eritrean cavalry. The German Minister and I, as well as the

Russian Chargé d’Affaires, were accompanied by bands of Abyssinian horsemen in distinctive uniforms. Leaving the multicolored guards, we were ushered into the vast reception hall, to a table placed at the side of and somewhat below the canopied throne upon which reclined King Menelek. After bowing to our royal host we took our seats at the table, which was laid in approved Occidental style. Here we were served with a sumptuous European luncheon accompanied by the inevitable sweet champagne. At some distance below us in the hall there were many long tables with benches at either side which accommodated probably a hundred persons each. These were soon filled by a horde of Abyssinian men in *chammas* and cotton trousers, who were admitted through the main entrance. Every man was supplied with a flat slab of native bread and a cup. Huge sides of raw beef were then brought in, suspended on the shoulders of servitors. As these were passed down the long rows, each guest took his knife and slashed off a portion to his liking. Morsels of the raw meat were wrapped in pieces of bread and thus consumed, the whole being washed down with beakers of *tedj*, which was passed constantly along the tables. At a given signal the hall was quickly emptied of the first crowd of native guests, who were replaced by new arrivals with unappeased appetites. This procedure was repeated several times until it would seem that the generous old King must have fed a great part of the male population of Addis Ababa. Meanwhile King Menelek had been served with a private repast in his reclining position.

The great hall having been finally cleared and our own luncheon finished, we made our bows to our host, joined our escorts on the square, and rode off to our widely separated Legations.

Some months prior to my departure King Menelek ceased entirely to appear in public. It was variously reported that he was very ill, that he was in a comatose state, even that he had died—also that he was recovering. At this juncture, rumor said the German Minister had expressed the opinion that the King was being slowly poisoned by Queen Taitu, who was ambitious

of usurping permanently the status of Queen Regent which she had assumed temporarily on account of the King's illness. This envoy, an intelligent and agreeable person, soon afterward retired precipitately from his post and left the country.

This was the status of affairs in Addis Ababa when I was transferred to another post. King Menelek was supposed to be still alive, and my travelling passport bore his seal. However, Queen Taitu was actively ruling in his stead. In the circumstances, I made no personal visit of farewell at the palace save upon the young man, Lij Yassu, the King's nephew, who had been designated by him as his eventual successor—a rather vapid lad of fifteen or sixteen. When I called on him, I took along his photograph which I asked him to autograph for my album. Lij Yassu seemed quite nonplussed by my request. He looked first to the right, then to the left, and finally replied that he would get his tutor to teach him to write his name very soon.

Haile Miriam, the Court Chamberlain referred to at the beginning of these reminiscences, eventually appeared at our Legation and was received in the hall amid piles of packed belongings ready for my departure on the morrow. He was rather plainly dressed in a *chamma* and one of the black satin court mantles, but he was a tall, handsome figure, with coloring of dark copper, and this with his blue eyes and thin lips combined strangely with a crop of short kinky hair. His feet were bare, and one great toe was bandaged carelessly.

After sipping a glass of the sweet champagne, the Chamberlain arose and beckoned to his retainers. Thereupon he handed me formally a letter from Queen Taitu conferring upon me the highest Abyssinian decoration, the Grand Star of Ethiopia, and requesting me to accept a bundle of spears and the skins of a lion and a leopard.

I replied to Haile Miriam that I was deeply appreciative of this friendly gesture on the part of Her Majesty and of the great honor she wished to confer upon me. I added my conviction that my government would likewise value this gesture as an indication of the good will of a sister nation, but I explained that its invariable rule in such cases was to decline to permit its

representatives to receive foreign decorations of any kind for their personal use. In the circumstances, therefore, I regretted that I was unable to accept the Grand Star, but I said that I would have great pleasure in taking with me as mementoes the spears and skins. As my words were translated by the interpreter, I saw the deep copper color of Haile Miriam's face turn to a light *café au lait*. At the same time the bandaged great toe of his injured foot was agitated in a manner suggesting great distress. There was no doubt that the Chamberlain was the prey of deep emotion. The reason for it became evident when his tremulous reply reached me through the wide-eyed interpreter, to the following effect: "Please explain to His Excellency that if he persists in his refusal to accept this decoration my own life certainly will not last the night, and I regret that it will be impossible for me to guarantee the life of His Excellency." This statement was made with intense seriousness and with such an air of complete finality that I concluded that in this case discretion would be the better part of diplomacy. I replied that I would receive the decoration in trust for my government to which I would submit it upon my arrival in Washington. When this decision was announced, audible sighs of relief were emitted both by Haile Miriam and the interpreter. The Chamberlain quaffed his farewell glass of champagne with the air of a man for whom life still held things worth while and departed with many wishes for a safe journey.

The route I had chosen for the journey back to the coast from Addis Ababa was an unusual one. It took us over rocky mountain trails to the town of Ankober—the ancient capital of Ethiopia, where, contrary to my expectations, there were no architectural remains of interest. Thence the way led down through wild and desolate plateaus to the River Hawash. The country in the lower and hotter regions abounded in wild life. Here I observed fresh tracks of the elephant, the buffalo, the eland, the lion and the leopard, and many varieties of smaller game. It is a matter of the purest chance even in such a country to encounter big game while on the march. One must be prepared to camp indefinitely where fresh sign is found, and as I

was pressed for time, I was fortunate in being able to get fine specimens of the lesser koodoo and the Abyssinian oryx. The latter has long and very sharp horns. When I approached close to one I had shot through the shoulder, which seemed dead, it rose abruptly to its knees and threw back its head with great force, its horn catching the front of my jacket and ripping it to shreds, but happily doing no other damage.

I had annexed en route an old Danakil hunter, or *shikari*, named Ali. He was a great character but did not cover himself with glory on this occasion. I was told that as a young man he had killed a bull elephant with a spear by jumping down on him from a tree and plunging his spear between his shoulders. To get a lion before leaving Abyssinia was my great ambition. As we approached the Hawash, tracks of the animals were found and their roaring was frequent. I made a few tries for them at night without success. The young camel was the surest bait for this purpose, and, although it proved expensive, I sent Ali on ahead to a village in the vicinity with the money to buy one and instructions to rejoin us at a camping site in the heart of the lion country. Two days later we reached the appointed place and made camp. As it was getting dusk, I could hear lions in the distance. Finally Ali appeared looking very shamefaced and leading two miserable kids. There was no camel. I was enraged and told him to bring one of the goats, with some rope and a peg, and to follow me.

The country immediately around us was flat and was covered with a more or less dense growth of detached bushes, with intervening spaces of long sunburnt grass. Several miles away there was a great stretch of impenetrable jungle. After a lengthy search I selected an open space where the grass was surrounded by big clumps of bushes—a place perhaps seventy-five yards square. At one side, a small bush stood alone some feet out from a background of dense growth. Directing Ali to stake out the goat in the centre of the open space I took my seat next to the small bush. As soon as I was settled Ali made for camp at a gallop. It was lonely out there, and the cold seemed intense after the great heat of the day. As the night wore on, the roaring

of lions at no great distance increased, and I glanced rather longingly at the far-away glint of my camp fire. The goat kept bleating, and several times I thought I caught glimpses of slinking forms a long way off, in the light of the stars. Suddenly my attention was startled by what sounded like the snapping of a twig behind me. Since there was no repetition of the sound, I concluded that it was merely a small misplaced branch whipping back into position. By two o'clock in the morning, I was so numbed with cold that I thought I must give up the vigil and return to camp. It was just then that I saw two small bat ears appear above the grass some yards away from the goat. These I surmised might belong to a lion cub, but they disappeared and nothing more happened for a while. Then without warning the cover behind me became alive with the sound of crashing branches and a huge tawny shape hurtled directly over my head, so close that I seemed to feel its fetid warmth. Another bound and it reached the goat and was disappearing in the darkness before I could straighten up sufficiently to seize my heavy double rifle and fire two futile shots in its direction. At the sound of the shots my camp awoke with much noise. Carrying lanterns and torches, most of the men came running out, led by the brave Ali shouting *ambissa! ambissa!* (lion! lion!). But there was no lion—only the goat lying where it had been dropped by the beast when startled by my shots, still very much alive though with huge claw marks on its sides—which medical attention soon set right. On later consideration, it was the general opinion that the attacking animal must have been a very big leopardess as an unwounded lion was not likely to have displayed such boldness.

The next day, after crossing the river, we made forced marches and arrived at the railhead at Dire Dawa in good time for me to catch my steamer from Djibuti. Having reached that heat-ridden town, it was incumbent upon me to call on the French Governor of Somaliland—which I did the afternoon of my arrival. His Excellency intimated that he would return the visit the next afternoon. Just before he came, a strong, hot wind arose, and the usually brazen sky of Djibuti began to take on a

very lowering appearance. Bates had prepared a handsome array of canapés on a table in the hall outside my dingy apartment, but the sky grew darker and darker and it became evident that one of the terrible dust storms of the region was in the making. At four o'clock there was a clatter of mounted escort and carriage at the entrance. His Excellency had arrived. As I went down the hall of the primitive hotel to greet the Governor it was so dark that I could scarcely make him out. Having grasped his hand I kept hold of it as we made our uncertain way to the armchair provided for him. When this was reached the darkness was such that I could hardly distinguish his face, and by the time Bates had furnished us with glasses of champagne there was a complete "blackout." While the Governor and I smoked unseen cigarettes and carried on a polite and boring conversation in French, a Stygian darkness reigned, caused by particles of black sand which penetrated all one's possessions, even closed trunks. Lights were of no avail. It seemed ages before it cleared sufficiently for the Governor to bid me limply *bon voyage* and depart, both of us by that time being quite wilted from the choking heat of the storm. The sole redeeming feature of this trying experience was that the black dust particles did not harm the clothes they covered and were easily shaken and brushed off. As the wind abated, the atmosphere gradually lightened. On boarding the steamer next morning, for the trip up the Red Sea, we found the tropic sun shining with its customary clear intensity.

My Abyssinian days were over. But, in spite of pleasure at the prospect of returning to the temperate zone, there remained in my mind a haunting nostalgia for the freedom and unusual conditions of life in the grand spaces of Ethiopia. There was, too, a warm feeling for its gallant and hospitable people, who in recent years have been so cruelly and unjustly tried, but now, happily, are free again.

IS ENGLAND IN EUROPE?

BY ALBERT GUERARD

I BELIEVE in a free and united Europe. Split up the continent into twenty, or even four or five, rival autarchies, and you will reconstitute the tensions that led to the Second World War. Abolish economic barriers, as Mr. Wendell Willkie proposes, and you will be compelled to adopt for the whole area a common financial and social system. The devising of such a system, the constant adjustment required to keep it in working order, will demand common political institutions. Whatever may be your starting point—security, prosperity, minority rights—the conclusion is ineluctably the same: isolation must be transcended or Europe must fight forever.

What are the limits of united Europe? We might define them broadly as “the seas and the Curzon line.” I believe that the Soviet world is too vast, too complex, and, at the present stage, too different, to be readily integrated with Europe. This division, which may be purely provisional, is of a pragmatic nature and implies no hostility. I am not afraid that united Europe will resume the reactionary crusade of twenty-five years ago against the U.S.S.R.; and I refuse to shudder at “the Red Spectre,” the invasion of the West by Bolshevist hordes. If I trembled at that bogey, I should unhesitatingly side with Hitler and Laval—which is absurd. For the time being, the ethnic frontier between Poland and Soviet Russia—one of the least “natural” in the world so far as physical geography is concerned, one of the most uncertain in its details—is also the most real from the standpoint of history, economics, and culture. This, I am convinced, is equally realized on both sides. Liberal Europe and the Soviet world wish to remain in friendly and active relations. They have no desire to merge.

Great Britain offered to pre-war thinkers a much more puzzling problem. Is England in Europe? I am aware that an affirmative answer is a bold paradox. I have no desire to ignore or minimize objections, which are formidable enough. My sole point is that in the post-war world the alternative is even more inconceivable. All the subtlety of a theologian may be needed before we solve this apparent antinomy.

Georges Duhamel once wrote a "Géographie Cordiale de l'Europe." The book itself is a minor travelogue; the idea is a fruitful one. Frontiers, especially in the flying age, exist only in the hearts of men. If this be the case, then the Channel is wider than the Ocean. Many Englishmen do not wish to be connected with the European continent; and many continental Europeans heartily return the compliment. Any union between the two must be what we call euphemistically a marriage of convenience, and the French, on a loftier plane, *un mariage de raison*.

From the English point of view, this feeling may be summed up in two words: *insularity* and *empire*.

We find insularity at every turn in England: in phonetics, in cuisine, in the system of weights and measures. It is a geographical fact turned into a passion. In the 1880's, when the Channel tunnel seemed ripe for realization, and when an actual start had been made on the French side, English opinion surged mightily to defeat the project. The strategic objections raised by Lord Wolseley were not the most convincing: the decisive argument was England's aversion to any physical contact with continental Europe. The philosopher Herbert Spencer was outspoken on that point. When the scheme was revived after the First World War, the articles of forty years before were reprinted without a change. English opinion had scarcely budged an inch. Labor was as firm as Toryism or philosophy.

The English were afraid of losing, with their insularity, their real or fancied privileges: security, liberty, a high standard of living, and even morality. With this pride went a curious inferiority complex. The English felt—without due

reason—that they were no match for the wickedly clever Continentals. We ought to sympathize with their attitude. It was essentially our own. Isolation and insularity have the same root.

The cultural lag may be very long: our conservatives still cherish an economic individualism which was ideal before the Industrial Revolution. On the other hand, a nation may experience a dramatic change. Over a hundred years ago, Germany shrank almost suddenly from a world-wide outlook to the most intense and most narrow nationalism. Japan was made over in the Meiji era, as were Russia under Lenin, Turkey under Mustapha Kemal. The passions that men share with the beasts alter with geological slowness: we shall love and fight to the end of time. But costumes, customs, ideologies, may be discarded in a moment. The British, fortunately, take no pride in consistency. They are most true to their own selves when they shift their outlook with unconscious thoroughness. A few years ago, a French friend of mine expounded to me, with faultless logic, the gold-standard dogma, which he had learned in London from the City. I smiled, for the City had already dropped the gold standard without even a shrug.

The physical and the psychological bases of insularity are alike vanishing. With air travel, the Channel has ceased to exist. London, Paris, Brussels, Cologne, are the scattered districts of a huge city, smaller *in point of time* than London was in my childhood. Arrogance, the aggressive side of insularity, has been rudely shaken. Battles are no longer infallibly won on the playing fields of Eton. The Chinese have shown themselves better able than the British were in 1941 to withstand Japan's armies. The Russians have thrown back the Nazis, to whom the French in 1940 surrendered. Prestige has proved a tinsel armor.

The effect has been singularly wholesome. It has restrained the worst aspects of the English character, and released the best. For, shorn of prestige and privilege, reduced to being a man among men, the Englishman has discovered that, on

every field, he was second to none. He has outfought and outwitted the German. He has driven the *Luftwaffe* from British skies, pounded the Rhineland, muzzled the submarines, chased Rommel back relentlessly from El Alamein to central Italy. Before the test of reality, conceit has faded away, but so has self-diffidence. England will no longer be so mortally afraid of meeting others on equal terms. The subjects of King George VI are not radically different from those of Queen Victoria, but they have shed not a few Victorian prejudices. And insularity is but another name for privilege and prejudice. Every caste, set, sect, or clique is self-confined on a tight little island.

Empire also belongs to the domain of *géographie cordiale* rather than to the field of realistic thought. Any territory that has to be held by force is a source of weakness; mature, permanent friendship is the true basis of a genuine commonwealth. In this light, there is no reason why the British Commonwealth of Nations should be dissolved, with its historic and sentimental ties. There is no reason why the King should not remain the titular head of thoroughly democratic countries at the antipodes.

Political geography, which seeks to harmonize *géographie cordiale* with hard physical facts, need not be crude. Complex solutions may be the most workable. Thus Alsace, under the ancient régime, became thoroughly loyal to France, just because her autonomy was respected, because her cultural ties with Germany were not severed. We could conceive of Great Britain as part of the west European economic and defense bloc, and at the same time, retaining intimate relations with all her overseas dominions. At most, preferential tariffs would have to be abandoned, and they are a comparatively recent development in British policy. In the same way, we could conceive of Canada as part of the North American economic and defense bloc (to a very large extent, this has already come to pass) without any disloyalty to the British crown.

So far, my argument has been purely negative, and, I confess, hypothetical. I have attempted to show that insularity

might break down, and that empire is not actually challenged, in its essential form of legitimate pride in a great tradition. All this, however, offers no positive reason why England should join united Europe. Let us examine three possibilities, and take our choice if we dare. The first is England facing a disunited Europe; the second is England remaining aloof from a united Europe; the third is England as a member of a European union.

The first hypothesis is the orthodox one, cherished by old-fashioned nationalists and imperialists. According to the hoary balance-of-power theory, it is Britannia's interest to divide if she would rule. There might be a simplification of the European map; the small countries might combine into precarious *ententes*; but a genuine federation of Europe, as a single, organic whole, is considered antagonistic to British interests. That conception has been supported among us by men who viewed the tacit Anglo-American alliance as the foundation of our foreign policy. It may, in addition, win the support of the governments in exile whose sole desire is the *status quo ante bellum*—national independence under the remote and liberal protectorate of England. If the European masses were consulted, their answer might be different. Just as England has used, with perfect moral rectitude, the princes and the Mohammedans to thwart India's desire for unity and independence, she can also prevent the unity of Europe by upholding, with unimpeachable liberalism, the cause of such minor governments.

A divided Europe; Germany inevitably a great nation again; France clinging more desperately than ever to her threatened status as a great nation; Italy, more populous than France, never resigned to secondary rank; Poland, Spain, hovering uneasily on the line between "great" and "small"; all the others ready to trade for prestige and profit any influence they may possess; a seething chaos, in which England's first rule will be to thwart Russia, and Russia's to thwart England; a paradise for the old wicked game of bluff and betrayal; purgatory for those who dream of peace, order, rec-

conciliation, progress. And then, inevitably, a polarization of all these confused elements, a new European war, a new world war. The recipe is infallible. Would England be the gainer?

"Europe must unite or fight forever"; but could Europe unite, and England stay out? For a while perhaps, provided England actually did stay out, and pursued a steady policy of non-intervention. What Europe could not stand is interference without reciprocal responsibilities. If England had a word to say in European affairs, and Europe no corresponding rights, it would mean a British protectorate over Europe; there is no true liberty without full equality of status. This bondage, however mild, Europe would be in no mood to accept for long; if united, she could throw it off in one day.

Let us then consider an England completely detached from a united Europe. On one side of the Channel, three hundred million men in a single economic and military bloc; on the other side, fifty million Britons. The disparity would be overwhelming. Yes, but there is the empire! Remember that for military purposes, the empire means primarily the white population only: some twenty million strong, scattered overseas, many on the other side of the globe. Yes, but there is the United States! Is there any certainty that the United States would fight a major war to preserve the *isolation* of Great Britain? England, facing a united continent, would be reduced to a position of hopeless inferiority. At best, she would enjoy a kind of Sinn Fein, by cutting herself off from the main stream of European life. Rather a high price to pay for the hollow pride of insularity.

Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, whose efforts on behalf of a free and united Europe I greatly admire, believes in that solution. To me, it seems wholly inadmissible, both from the continental point of view, and from the British. Mr. Winston Churchill once wrote a fine essay on European federation, leaving England out as a matter of course. But Mr. Churchill is not endowed with pontifical infallibility. With his unique greatness of intellect and character, he has spurned consist-

ency—the idol of little minds. He has stood for isolation, for something not very different from “union now,” for a new commonwealth with teeth, and even, in 1940, for the complete merging of the British and French empires. British statesmen may toy with the thought of a united continental Europe; when it comes to the test, they may revert to the “realism” advocated by Mr. Walter Lippmann. If we retain dreams of supremacy, a united Europe is a danger to be averted, just as, from the same point of view, Napoleon III should have averted German and Italian unity. And if “realists,” that is to say, diplomats of the old school, are in the ascendant, the deliberate thwarting of European unity may well become one of our unconfessed war aims, as Dr. Lin Yutang has surmised. Once again, we shall seek to prevent war by the time-honored methods which have “prevented” all the wars in European history.

Let us now consider the hypothesis of England as a free and equal member of a European commonwealth. It remains understood that not a particle of her cherished autonomy would be sacrificed. The King would wear his crown; the Lord Mayor would ride processionally in his gilded Cinderella coach; the “beefeaters” would still guard the Tower of London. The indefeasible right of brewers to win their way among belted earls would be respected. Dukes and retired statesmen would raise prize pigs. Butlers would bow, impassive and bland. I trust that the delightful world of P. G. Wodehouse would not perish from the earth. More deeply, every Englishman would be free to preserve a paternal interest—tempered with misgivings—in colonials and Americans; he would be free to deem himself superior to all continental Europeans—in the same way as among us Boston, Richmond, and San Francisco are courteously conscious of their privileges.

All this need not interfere with business, which in briefest terms means a European policy, a European Zollverein, and a European Beveridge plan. By the side of the Lord Mayor,

there is the Chairman of the London County Council—not a resplendent personage but with good hard work to do.

Now, England, which will always remain “dear old England,” needs Europe. First of all, for the preservation of peace. Europe is still the explosive continent; united, and with England as one of the charter members, it might at last efface all its military frontiers, the legacies of war, and the seeds of further strife. England would be at last absolutely safe—the inviolate sea separating her from friendly America, and the whole mass of continental Europe between herself and the friendly Soviet frontier. She would not be severed from her most immediate, most natural, and potentially most profitable market—three hundred million highly civilized Europeans. She would have her full share in the great work of reconstruction and expansion which, if we are not faint-hearted, should turn the decades ahead into a new Renaissance.

On the other hand, Europe needs England—her resources, her power, and, above all, her wise leadership, her genius for compromise. Europe without England would sooner or later combine against England; and the inevitable head of such a coalition would be Germany—an ominous prospect for all. With England, her wealth, her might, her prestige, *within* the European union, there would be no danger of German hegemony. The Germans would form less than one-fourth of the total population, with no monopoly of basic industries. Army, federal police, interstate transport by air, land, or sea would be under the control of the union—a union far more homogeneous and manageable than India or the U.S.S.R.

I am no prophet. England, for all I know, may choose the path of close co-operation among equals; or she may nurse the old distrust of others, the old self-diffidence, she may revive the old desire for “splendid isolation,” privilege, and supremacy. At any rate, there is little doubt as to which of these two policies is the way to peace.

RETURN OF A SNOB

BY LOWRY CHARLES WIMBERLY

AN upper berth might do for some people. But not for Landor. He didn't fancy such a roost. So he had taken a seat in the coach. And for some time now he had sat there feeling out of sorts. To begin with, he had found, upon boarding the train, that he couldn't get a compartment. Then he had been foolish enough to kick up a row with the Pullman conductor, a fellow annoyingly unlike a train official. The lazy voice, with its drawling intimacy, had carried no hint, at least, of an official accent. And the ashen face, purplish lips, and tall, stooping figure belonged, if anywhere, behind a drygoods counter, or at best over a set of books. It was as if the man had got into a conductor's uniform by mistake.

"Next time you want a compartment, brother," the fellow had said, "you'd better make a reservation."

"Reservation be damned!" Landor had retorted. "And what's more, don't *brother* me!"

"Well," the conductor had drawled, writing something on a pad. "Well—" but just then a woman passenger had begun plucking at his sleeve. And after he had mumbled something to her, then watched her go back along the aisle, he had faced Landor again and burst into laughter—had laughed with a sort of cavernous enjoyment, like one who, after waiting for years, had come across something tremendously funny. But when the laughter had subsided to a wheezing chuckle and Landor had damned the service for the third or fourth time, the white face had gone suddenly red, and Landor had heard himself being called a fool.

"You can't get away with that!" he had shouted. "I'll report you for that!"

The incident had, then, been thoroughly disquieting. For one thing, it had been so unlike what Landor had thought the evening would be. Had he made himself ridiculous? The question bothered him a little. Then, again, had the uniformed scarecrow been guffawing at the woman or at him? Another minute and Landor would have socked him, and he wished now that he had. Still, it had been foolish to wrangle with him at all. If one must wrangle, it should be with one's equals, and to report the blockhead would be again to stoop more or less to his level. But anyhow there could be no sleeping on the train. So he had finally decided to drop off at Ashton.

He could sleep in Ashton. Or could he? Would there be a decent bed in the place? The chances were clearly against it. And yet about all anyone had ever done in Ashton, he recalled, was to sleep. As a matter of fact, he himself had loafed away a good many years there. But he had waked up since. Proof of that could be had in abundance. It was not, of course, that anyone would want such proof, especially the people at Ashton. That is, they wouldn't relish it. But there again, Landor rather fancied the idea of getting off at the place.

The train stopped for a minute or so at Fairfield and took on a number of passengers—one of them a stout, swart-faced man, the others middle-aged and elderly women dressed in blacks and browns, their eye-glasses flashing importantly in the yellow light. The man found a seat, then gave it up to two of the women.

"Looks like one of these fraternizing pests," thought Landor. "Chances are he'll spot this seat." Landor placed his grip on the chair beside him. But the man didn't look Landor's way. He said something to the women about Fairfield and Ashton, then went up ahead. And as he disappeared in the vestibule, Landor wondered whether he and the women were going to Ashton. Landor couldn't recall, though, having ever seen the man before, or the women either.

He remembered Fairfield, however. From there to Ashton was well over an hour's run. That would give him time

for a leisurely smoke. Besides, the chatter of the women was annoying. From their talk about liquor, and the new world they were out to build, he concluded they were returning from a Temperance rally. Then two of them began arguing, and as Landor was about to get up, still another woman, tall and cadaverous, came into the car, and stopped here and there along the aisle, peering strangely at the passengers and inquiring for her husband. "Good God!" Landor said. "What next?" He took his grip and went up to the smoking-compartment.

He had hoped the room would be empty, and he swore a little when he found it wasn't. Still, the man was asleep, and breathing quietly—a bloated, gray-suited hulk, stretched out on the longest seat, the face covered with a gray hat, the hands clasped across the big stomach. The same man who had given his seat to the women, Landor thought.

Landor lighted a cigar and took the seat opposite. Then he finished a story he had been reading. He liked the "Standard." The people in its pages got ahead. And Landor, too, had got ahead—had gone farther than the people at Ashton had ever dreamed he would go. He turned to a full-page ad, then to another, thinking of his early investments. They had turned out uncommonly well, those investments. And as Landor thought of his present holdings, he had to smile at the assurance of the Ashtonites that he would never earn his salt. Eternally figuring one out, putting one down as this or that, then expecting one to stay put. Had they only known it, their confidence that he would come to a bad end had accounted, in no slight degree, for his success, for his having, so to speak, left Ashton in the dust.

There was nothing wrong, of course, with confidence, provided it was coupled with brains. But how often was that the case? Take the man opposite. In the fellow's complacent breathing Landor saw something not unlike stupidity, brainless assurance. Had it occurred to the fellow when he stretched out there that he might not come awake? Obviously not. He had assumed that he would awaken, or be

wakened. True enough, some trainman, when the time came, would probably shake the porcine body out of its torpor. And yet the conductor and the brakeman might be dead ten minutes from now. The rails might spread or the signals go wrong. The man hadn't made allowance for the uncertainties, for the chance that he might, if he waked up at all, wake up, not in this world, but the next. So with Ashton. It hadn't had the brains to allow for Landor's getting on in life, his rising above the place and everybody in it.

But had the town, he wondered, heard of him in all these years? Probably not, no more than he had heard of it. Just as well. Let the place go on believing a lie, and be damned in believing it. Part of the damning, though, would be to let the Ashtonites know they were wrong. Nick Hasselbaugh, for instance, or Peter Whitcomb, or even Judge Stilly. For all his kindness, Judge Stilly had, when it came to forecasting Landor's future, fallen in with the rest of them. And his moralizing lecture, booming there in the courtroom, had given official sanction to the coarse, eye-winking predictions of the town.

The brakeman came along, said something about the weather outside, and eyed the sleeping man for a second. And he had scarcely gone, when, like a spectre, a woman was standing in the doorway, her green dress shimmering silkily in the light. Landor recognized her as the woman who a while ago had been inquiring for her husband. She leaned into the room, peering at Landor. Then she put on a pince-nez, peered at him again, then at the sleeping man, and again at Landor. And as if that were not enough, she caught the man's image in the mirror of the lavatory door and peered at that for a moment. "That can't be him," she said. "That can't be." She jerked the pince-nez off, muttered something, and was gone.

Landor coughed a little. "Crazy as a loon," he said, and cursed the trainman for letting the woman wander about. He slid over towards the window. No telling whom the woman's aberrations might involve. "Likely enough she'll come in

for another look," Landor thought. He damned the service again and thought perhaps he'd better go back into the sleeper.

Still it wouldn't be long now before the train would be stopping for a moment at Ashton. Landor glanced at his watch. In the old days most of the trains went right on through. A sudden roar that shook the houses. That was all. But that had been enough. A train could thus summarily show its contempt.

Landor had to admit, though, that the predictions of the Ashtonites had seldom failed. Hadn't they said, for instance, that Sadie Duval would land in the gutter, and hadn't Sadie accommodated the town by doing just that? There was Slade McKinney, too. That Slade should have fulfilled to the letter Nick Hasselbaugh's prophecy had never ceased to trouble Landor. "There's one that don't need to worry about drowning." How many times had Hasselbaugh and others, too, got that off! And how right the final event had proved them to be!

Slade had had ample opportunity to drown that night when the posse was after him. He had made for the river, though he couldn't, as Landor knew, swim a stroke. Besides, the river had been at flood, and Slade had rather foolishly, everything considered, grabbed hold of a willow branch and hung on. So they had caught him, and the end of it all had been the noose.

They had been right, then, a good many times, far too many times. And as Landor recalled their treatment of him, the old bitterness returned. He saw again the courtroom, heard once more the words of Judge Stilly suspending sentence on condition that he, Landor, get out of town. He saw, too, the little railway station; saw again the gaping crowd as the sheriff put him on the train; felt, as in that moment years ago, the clinging of his mother's hand, then the slipping away of her hand as the train pulled out.

But he was returning now, and it would be for him, not the town, to pass sentence. Landor clenched his hand, wish-

ing again that he had smashed the sheriff, just as a while ago he should have smashed the conductor. But, after all, it was better that he hadn't. That had been poor Slade's way of doing things. Landor opened his hand, looked down at the lean, white fingers. A hand, he thought, can be eloquent of good breeding, of that fine aloofness which sets one forever off from the rabble, from just such a fellow as the man lying there asleep, the clasped pudginess of his fingers matching the heavy paunch.

The train sped through a town, then crossed a bridge, and as the engine screamed again, the man stirred a little, his hat nearly slipping from his face. And after a minute or so, Landor saw the Pullman conductor pass along the vestibule. Then here he was again, standing in the doorway. Landor flexed his fingers. "I hunted you up to tell you," the fellow was saying, "that I can give you a lower berth at Ashton. I'm sorry I couldn't fix you out sooner."

Landor blew a ring of smoke at the ceiling light, then ran an eye over the impossible figure—the sagging coat, the stripes on the sleeve, the gilt buttons, the lettering on the cap. Thus accoutered, this ass presumed to think he could go through life commanding respect.

"We like to do everything possible—" the fellow went on.

Landor bit into his cigar. "So I see," he said. "And among other things you do for your patrons is to call them fools."

The man's eyes fell, and he plucked for a moment at the stripes on his sleeve. "I'm sorry," he said, "for flying off back there." He shifted from one foot to the other, then turned to go.

Landor got up. "Just a minute," he said. "Back there you called me a fool. And now you try your soft-soaping. Well, get this straight. I said I was going to report you, and I'm going to do it. What's more, I'm leaving your damn train at Ashton."

Landor expected the fellow to turn red again. But he merely eyed Landor for an instant, muttered something about a crazy woman passenger, then turned and went on

down the vestibule. Landor felt more than ever that he should have socked the fellow. He stared angrily at the empty doorway, and then he heard laughter, the loud, hollow laughter of an hour ago. "By God!" he muttered. He stepped through the doorway and down along the vestibule until he was in sight of the coach. But the man had gone, and as Landor felt the gaze of the passengers upon him, heard anew the chattering of the women, and saw a Negro porter coming along with pillows for the passengers, he turned and went back to the smoking-room, where he sat down and stared again at the doorway. The porter went by, humming a song; and after cooling off a bit, Landor started to read an article in the "Standard." But he had read only a paragraph or so when he put the magazine down.

The engine began wailing again, and as the man on the seat mumbled in his sleep, then moved his head, the gray hat fell to the floor. A thing like that would have waked most people, but the fellow went on sleeping, his face turned towards Landor.

It was a squarish face, altogether unlike the Pullman conductor's, its beefy redness leaving off abruptly at the base of a stiff, black pompadour, the lower line of the jaw broken by a deep cleft in the chin. This wasn't the man, though, who had given his seat to the women. Landor had been mistaken there, and he was considerably annoyed at finding himself wrong. Still, it was a heavy, blockish face. It was a face, too, that hadn't felt a razor for a day or so.

Landor touched the cool smoothness of his own face. Then he got up and regarded himself in the mirror. The alert, handsome figure was evidence enough, he thought, that he had put no little distance between himself and Ashton. He stepped back, still viewing himself, and saw in the mirror the image of the man's hat, where it lay on the floor. With his face uncovered, the fellow might awake, and Landor didn't care to fraternize with anyone, least of all this particular dolt.

Turning, he picked the hat up, and was on the point of re-

placing it when the man opened his eyes and, with a quickness Landor hadn't thought was in him, sat upright. Awake, the face revealed a disturbing animation. It was the vivid blue of the eyes—eyes that Landor had assumed would be dull and leaden. But the eyes were looking at the hat, and with something like a sense of guilt, Landor found himself explaining. "You moved a little, and your hat fell to the floor." It angered him, though, to be thus accounting for his actions to this obvious nobody.

The man laughed. "Thanks," he said, taking the hat. "Glad it fell off. If it hadn't, yours truly might have pounded the old ear right on through the home town. Can't always depend on these trainmen."

Landor sat down. The fellow was the talkative sort, was he—the sort given to smoking-room camaraderie, and all that? Landor opened the "Standard" and began looking at the ads. But the man rattled on. "As I say, you can't always depend on these birds. Better depend on your hat." He laughed but kept right on, somehow, talking through the laugh. The drawl of the Pullman conductor might well be preferable to this. The fellow ran a hand back over his stiff hair, then put his hat on. "Going far?" he said.

Landor looked up. "Yes and no," he replied. Let the oaf make something of that if he could. Landor tossed his cigar in the direction of the spittoon. The man was drawing on a stogie now, or rather sighting along it and firing away at Landor.

"Well, she'll soon be rolling in. Say, have a cigar." He held out a stogie.

"No thanks," Landor said. He didn't care to mingle smoke with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. But was the fellow getting off at Ashton? Landor examined him a little more narrowly.

"That's right. Smoke too many myself. Don't inhale, but went to sleep smoking one once. Damn near set myself afire, and if it hadn't been for the wife, yours truly wouldn't be here lookin' at you."

"The idea being," thought Landor, "that the world is greatly indebted to the wife."

"But when I'm awake, I'm awake." The man leaned forward, his hair bushing out from under his hat, his eyes flickering in a haze of smoke. "On the road for a live-wire house in a wide-awake town." Landor was about to look at the "Standard" again when the green-dressed woman appeared in the doorway, only to vanish like a wraith. But the man had seen her. "Plumb batty," he said. "In other words, loco. But she's got the do-re-mi. Think of going nuts over the old mazuma. Poor as Job's turkey, and now she could buy the train and everybody on it. Got everything but a man, and thinks she's got him, only she can't find him." The fellow slapped his leg and guffawed. "Still, I reckon the whole town went batty. Shacks. Nothing but shacks. Then along comes oil. Way the burg jumped ahead, you'd think somebody had soaked the shacks in oil and stuck a match to 'em. New wells—"

An eastbound train roared past, drowning the fellow's voice. But here it was again. "But, say, maybe you know Ashton. Or maybe our house. City block and then some. Ever seen the town?"

"Perhaps," Landor said. "Perhaps." The man kept jabbering away, talking about oil, oil leases, new fields, new wells. But Landor no longer caught his words. He heard only the steady drumming of the voice, and began feeling a little confused, as though the train were running backward in time, back to the old days, then forward again, and again backward, to stop finally at the little station. And the faces of long ago—Whitcomb's, Judge Stilly's, Sadie Duval's, poor Slade's—shone like bright lights in his mind, then dimmed out to blankness, only to return, a quick procession of spinning, indistinguishable heads, which came suddenly to rest, some of them right side up, others upside down, all of them eyeing him derisively. And now again the faces were gone, and out of a haze came grayly the shacks of the old town—the stores, the courthouse, the forlorn little dwell-

ings. And then, to use the man's own words, it was as though someone had put a torch to the town; and there came a crackling and blazing, a flaring up into the lights of a city.

The fellow's voice was still drumming, and Landor saw only the red glow of the stogie and the blue eyes, which seemed to be laughing at him. Then into the drumming broke the voice of the brakeman calling Ashton. And as the train began slowing down, the man got into his overcoat and moved towards the doorway. "Well, so long," he said. He turned back. "But, say, old-timer, you oughta drop off and look around. Thirty minutes. Thirty minutes stopover." He was still talking as he went out the door, saying something about an oil lease, the wife, and another well.

Landor sat there staring at the doorway as the passengers crowded along the vestibule, the Temperance women still chattering and clacking. The woman in green came by, waved a hand at him, and as he caught her face in profile he had a feeling that he had seen her somewhere long ago. But he couldn't place her. He put his face to the window and looked out at the brightly lighted station. A red-cap was helping an old woman along towards the train, newsboys were yelling, and Landor could hear the cries of taxi drivers. Several well-dressed men carrying grips came through the station door, and there was Landor's smoking-room acquaintance stopping to shake hands with them.

Landor noted the prosperous look of the men and recalled the fellow's words about oil; and in the lights of the station, the bustling about of people, the cries of the newsboys he saw proof of those words. "New wells coming in every day," the man had said. Or were those his exact words? But it didn't matter. Landor got up and viewed himself again in the mirror. He smiled a little, the irritation of the evening almost gone. Ashton, he thought, had more or less kept pace with him. He recalled again his investments. Oil had somehow never appealed to him. But why not look into it? He got into his overcoat, deciding that, after all, it might be well to stop over at Ashton.

He picked up his grip, folded the "Standard" and slipped it into his overcoat pocket, and in a moment was on the station platform. He walked past some women, stepped out of the way of a heavily loaded baggage truck, stopped to buy a paper from one of the newsboys, and then, just off to his left and a little ahead of him, he saw the Pullman conductor. The fellow was talking to an old duck with chin whiskers, and Landor stood tautly still as he recognized the face of Hasselbaugh—the small, tufted eyes, sparkling like beads, the whiskery movement of the chin, the cackling voice. And then the conductor jerked a thumb over his shoulder towards the train, stooped nearer the upturned face of Hasselbaugh, and burst again into that loud, cavernous laugh—a laugh that shook his shoulders, the sagging coat, the very legs of his trousers. A red-cap came up to Landor, and Landor handed him his grip. "Hold this a minute," he said.

Another baggage truck rumbled past, but the conductor's laughter could be heard above the rumble. And he was still laughing as Landor stepped over to him, jerked him around, and let him have it. He hit him again, then again; and it was as though Landor were hitting back at the town which years ago had stood there gaping at his shame, his heart-break. He saw the conductor sway, saw him falling, heard the screaming of women, the sound of a police whistle. A couple of men jumped towards him, one of them the red-cap. The red-cap grabbed his arm, but Landor shook him off and swung at the other fellow and kept swinging until he felt himself jerked violently backwards. And as he wrenched himself free again, and again struck out, he heard once more the sharp whistle, glimpsed a blue-coated, uplifted arm, and as the policeman's club came down on his head, the station lights blinked, then blinked again, then glimmered in a dully flickering haze. And Landor could hear a roaring and yelling, a pounding of feet, a rushing towards him of voices.

When another policeman appeared and helped carry Landor through the station door, the red-cap was close behind. He had Landor's grip and a copy of the "Standard," which in the scuffle had fallen from Landor's pocket.

GERMANY'S STRATEGIC POSITION

By H. A. DEWEERD

AS the war in Europe enters its fifth winter, it may be helpful to reconsider the general strategic situation facing the Third Reich. The broad outlines of our own position have been sketched out by General Marshall most effectively in his recent report. That gave us a clear perspective of our own goals and objectives, and a fresh impetus to work towards them. But the fundamental realities of the enemy's position are naturally shrouded in the fog of war. The day-to-day, black-and-white, necessarily fragmentary communiqués, reports of correspondents abroad, and analyses of military commentators at home are not always helpful in penetrating that fog, though the general level of reporting in this war has never been exceeded. Thus it is essential on occasion to try to free ourselves from the spot-news mentality and the tyranny of detail in order to obtain a broad perspective of the enemy's position as well as our own.

Though it is impossible to write the history of a war before there is access to the documents of the various governments concerned, one can build from events themselves a fairly sturdy framework of conclusions about the motives and decisions which went into the making of those events. If, from existing conditions we can reach acceptable conclusions about past decisions and motives, a limited extension of these same methods may enable us to arrive at a "table of minimum military expectancy" for the next stage of the war. No so-called "inside" information is required for this process, and none was employed in preparing this article. Although it is generally understood that no two people view a given situation in exactly the same light, I should like to emphasize the fact that the conclusions reached here are entirely personal and do

not necessarily represent War Department opinions or those of the service at large.

The general pattern of German strategy in the present war can be deduced from a study of German military literature, from the trends of Nazi propaganda, from the speeches of Axis leaders, from the broadcasts of Axis military commentators, and from the course of the war itself. Certain fundamental traits of German military thinking are deeply rooted in the past. In this respect, Germany stands somewhat apart from other European nations. It has a body of traditional military thought running from Scharnhorst through Clausewitz, Moltke, and Schlieffen to Seeckt and the period of rearmament. These men devoted their lives to a study of war—not campaigns. They dealt with war as a whole, with what German writers call its “inner unity,” not with exterior appearances; and by the thoroughness and scope of their effort, they placed their findings on almost a philosophical plane. As Captain Cyril Falls points out, it was “the grounding of the Germans in the philosophy of war” which has made their country “so formidable a warrior nation.” Consequently, German military writers have not hesitated to proclaim the supremacy of the German mind in this sphere, a conclusion which seemed to be borne out by the brilliant triumphs of German arms in 1866, 1870–71, and in the early stages of the First and the Second World War.

Reduced to a few general statements, one may summarize their principal doctrines as follows. Germany should never engage in a war whose general course—including the end—could not be foreseen with reasonable certainty. Wars on two fronts should be avoided or undertaken only when conditions permit sufficient concentration on one front to attain an early decision there before dealing with the main military mass of the enemy on the other front. Intellectual and material preparations for war should be as thorough as the German General Staff can make them and carried out with relentlessness and precision. The supreme military objective in war is the destruction of the armed forces of the enemy. A decision should

be reached in as few operations as possible and in the shortest time. The strategy of attrition and defense is to be avoided since German superiority lies in the German army's capacity for mobile warfare as epitomized in the attack. All possible military strength should be directed against the decisive point. In the modern industrial age, decisions are best reached by striking at the flanks or rear of the enemy.

These basic doctrines together with a high degree of skill in the conduct of tactical operations gave the German army its redoubtable military character. It was able on repeated occasions to strike down one enemy after another in short brilliant campaigns. Muddling into and through wars "somehow," as democracies were prone to do in the past, was something alien to the German military mind. However, where unforeseen developments destroyed the underlying concepts on which their war plans were based, and where wars dragged out beyond their anticipated period, as in 1914-18 and 1941-43, the German army has not demonstrated outstanding ability to adapt itself to new conditions. That, at least, was the situation in 1914-18, when the German army went down to defeat in a war of trenches and matériel without any notable change in the methods or doctrines with which it began the war. All events since June 22, 1941, seem to indicate that it may repeat that performance in the present war.

For the land campaigns in western Europe from 1939 to 1941 German military preparations and doctrines fitted the requirements exactly. In the limited space and against the relatively feeble resistance encountered, the German plans and weapons were entirely adequate. The combination of the short-range dive bomber and the tank-infantry team, coupled with the revolutionary technique of undermining enemy resistance by propaganda and intrigue, successively overwhelmed Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France. These campaigns were conducted so swiftly, surely, and economically that they dwarfed all previous military achievements. In them one saw consummated all the principal tenets of German military thought.

The tremendous impact of these victories has affected all our judgments on military events since that time. Even the Germans themselves were not immune to the intoxication of success. Therefore one key to present strategic embarrassments of the Third Reich may be found in the unexpectedly easy successes of this period. These may have led the German High Command to believe that the extended phase of the war after the fall of France could be successfully carried on with the weapons and doctrines of the limited phase.

The German High Command faced an entirely new set of conditions after France fell. The war, hitherto confined to the relatively narrow limits of western Europe, was now destined to extend beyond the immediate range of the *Luftwaffe* and *Wehrmacht*. Perhaps the highly "illogical" resolution of Britain to continue the war alone against Germany and Italy was an eventuality on which they did not plan. We can now assume that a war between the rival Nazi and Soviet revolutions was a fundamental part of the overall German war program from the first. This being true, the continuation of the war in the West after the fall of France was embarrassing. To German military minds, the stubborn refusal of Britain to accept a peace on approximately the terms which Hess later carried to England was plainly absurd. Under no foreseeable condition, they must have argued, could Britain hope to defeat Germany and Italy alone. Therefore, there was no sense in Britain continuing the war. It was not as if by a sturdy and prolonged resistance Britain could ultimately win better terms; the terms then available were, to the German way of thinking, already "reasonable."

So the first departure from German traditional methods of conducting the war was their decision to make a strategic attack on Britain with a tactical air force, the *Luftwaffe*. In this case, the Germans followed a British irrationality with one of their own. A great measure of the German success in the land campaigns of 1939-40 can be attributed to the fact that the *Luftwaffe* was then carrying out the ground co-operation role for which it was designed and trained. When operating with

virtually no air opposition it provided just the necessary additional power and terror needed to make the *Wehrmacht* seem irresistible. But when the *Luftwaffe* was called upon to carry out the mission of a strategic air force, it failed signally in the Battle of Britain.

The Battle of Britain entailed something more than the failure of the *Luftwaffe*. It revealed that for the first time in the Second World War the German High Command had undertaken a campaign the end of which was not clearly foreseen and which was only indirectly related to the supreme impending struggle with Russia. The air assault on Britain would only make sense in the German tradition *if* it were successful. At no time in the venture could any German predict the course or outcome of the battle. It violated many of the fundamental tenets of German military thought.

The full implications of Germany's errors and defeat in the Battle of Britain were not immediately apparent. In contrast to tactical errors, which are quickly revealed and punished by an alert enemy, mistakes in the realm of higher leadership are sometimes concealed for a long period. When Hitler turned in the spring of 1941 to repair the blunders of Mussolini in the Balkans, the same kind of brilliant success which attended German arms in 1939-40 followed. Yet the sequel to all these impressive victories—namely, the assault on Russia begun on June 22, 1941—showed that certain other inconsistencies in the German war plan stemmed more or less directly from the reverse suffered in the skies over Britain.

By leaving Britain to her own devices in 1941, the German High Command allowed one enemy to remain on her flank whose bases of military power were now relatively secure against German attack. The makeshift, post-Dunkirk British army could be steadily replaced by a newly armed and strenuously trained force. Very early in the war, Britain began to concentrate on the production of heavy bombers capable of carrying out a sustained strategic attack on the Reich. Thus, instead of repeating the mistakes of the *Luftwaffe* by sending poorly defended, low-capacity bombers designed for short-

range tactical support of ground forces on *strategic* bombing missions, Britain was prepared in 1942 to begin a systematic assault on Germany's bases of military power, her war industries, with adequate equipment. The failure of the German High Command to evaluate the potentialities of the long-range heavy bomber is an outstanding example of its incapacity (or unwillingness) to adapt itself to the changing conditions of the present war.

As a result of the drain on her air resources in the Battle of Britain and her eagerness to engage all possible strength against Russia, Germany overlooked the tremendous opportunities open to her in the Mediterranean after the fall of France. A full development of this theme would require more space than is available here, but the failure to exploit the opportunities for consolidating the Axis position in the Mediterranean and North Africa at little cost in 1940-41, is certain to go down in history as one of the great German "lost opportunities" of the war. The way was thus prepared for the ultimate Anglo-American conquest of this area and withdrawal of Italy from the Axis. Intent on the impending death struggle with Russia, the German High Command concentrated its main strength against Russia and let Rommel carry on in North Africa as best he could with limited forces. His remarkable successes, up to the autumn of 1942, with relatively small forces seem to indicate that far-reaching results might have followed the detail of larger German forces to this theatre.

Recalling that the destruction of the main enemy forces has been the traditional objective of German military operations, we must assume that when Hitler invaded Russia in 1941, he fully expected to destroy the Red army. The repeated refrain of the "annihilating battles" in early German communiqués bears this out. It was epitomized in Otto Dietrich's famous statement of October 9, 1941, that the Red army was destroyed and would not rise again. Yet the *Wehrmacht* failed to destroy the Red army in 1941 and was only strong enough to mount a powerful offensive in one sector of

the Russian front in 1942—which led to the stunning disaster at Stalingrad.

El Alamein and Stalingrad represent the zenith of German military strength and achievement. Up to the time of those battles, it was still possible to conceive of an outcome of events by which Germany could escape defeat. After those two disasters, this was no longer possible. When General Moritz von Drebber crept out of his shell-battered dugout in Stalingrad to become a Russian captive along with the beaten remnants of the German Sixth Army, he kept mumbling over and over: “*This* is defeat! We have had reverses before, but *this* is utter defeat!” In saying this he was really pronouncing a judgment on the fate of the *Wehrmacht* as well as of the Sixth Army.

Even before the destruction of the German Sixth Army at Stalingrad revealed the ascending power of the Red army, the limitation of German efforts in 1942 and the direction of their advance—south into the Caucasus and northward to cut the Volga—indicated that the strategy of annihilation had already been replaced by a strategy of attrition with oil as an objective.

Thus by 1942 it became clear that the *Wehrmacht* no longer hoped to destroy the Red army, but aimed at the bases of power and the communications which supported that army. The main war industries of Russia were by this time safely beyond the reach of the short-range *Luftwaffe*, and British and American supplies to Russia had reached a volume which began to count in the military balance.

When Germany declared war on the United States, she added a third great industrial state to the list of her adversaries whose bases of power were beyond her reach. The willingness of Hitler to commit the Reich to a war against the United States on the slender hope that a relatively simple mechanical instrument like the U-Boat could keep the military energies of a great industrial nation of 130,000,000 people from being applied decisively on the battlefields of Europe betrayed the narrow provincialism of his thinking. In this case, he repeated Ludendorff's fateful error in 1917.

By 1943 the R.A.F. and the U.S.A.A.F. were in a position to bomb German bases of power effectively. Despite the concentration of fighter planes in the West and the introduction of new armaments, the *Luftwaffe* has not yet shown a capacity to stop these raids.

From the beginning of 1943 onward it was no longer possible for Germany to destroy the main armed forces of her three great enemies, or assail their bases of power, or effectively protect her own. Therefore the intellectual basis for a positive German strategy dissolved. Germany had lost the war—although the United Nations had not yet won it. There remained only the negative aim of “wearing down the will to war of the enemy” or of exploiting a possible division between the United Nations.

The transition of Germany to the defensive and the adoption of “attrition strategy” in 1943 was accompanied by a great propaganda campaign to popularize this kind of warfare, which went counter to the basic tenets of German military thought. Military writers and commentators in the Reich have performed miracles of distortion in order to make this program acceptable to the German mind. Frederick the Great, long hailed as the prototype of Nazi *Angriffsgeist*, or spirit of attack, is now offered as support for a war of attrition. But the greatest creation of the Nazi mind for giving a semblance of intellectual basis to Germany’s deplorable strategic position in 1943 was the concept of the so-called “Fortress of Europe.”

In the great days of mobile warfare and “destruction strategy,” it was customary for Germans to scoff at Maginot Lines and formal fortifications. But now, concrete and steel liberally distributed over the peripheries of Europe suddenly became the chief embodiment of German hopes. There is a kind of supreme paradox in the fact that the inherent dynamism of the Nazi revolution was the motivating factor in the establishment of the static Fortress. It arose from the fact that having conquered the western European nations, Nazi Germany wished to force these nations into the “new order,” pillaging the resources of the conquered areas and dragooning

their peoples into German war industry. To do this it was necessary to garrison all of conquered Europe. An evacuation of these areas would have entailed an admission that the dynamism of the Nazi movement was exhausted. "Revolutions can't retreat—and live." Because Europe was a Nazi prison, it had to become a fortress.

The "Fortress of Europe" would have been a bit more reassuring to Germans if the solidarity of the European Axis (as well as the strategy based on it) had not received the shattering blow of Italy's capitulation in September. From that time on, Germany was isolated in Europe. All her tiny satellites except Bulgaria had suffered such grave losses in fighting against Russia that their armies can no longer be entrusted with important tasks. All Italian garrisons in France, Yugoslavia, Albania, and Greece had to be replaced by German troops.

The summer and autumn of 1943 not only found the Allied armies fighting their way into central Italy, but found tremendous Red army offensives threatening the whole position of the *Wehrmacht* in the East. The combined reverses in these two theatres seemed to call for a ruthless retraction of German aims to a defense of the homeland proper. But this could not be done without scuttling the "new European order." Nor could territory be surrendered in the West without providing new bases for the growing air fleets of the Allies.

So the *Wehrmacht* had to be spread ever thinner around the perimeter of Europe and the home front bolstered up to withstand Allied air attacks by threats and vague promises. The tactical skill and morale of German troops on all active fronts was still high, but the weaknesses of the German strategical position could no longer be concealed from them. With even an elementary knowledge of tactics, the German troops knew that a cordon defense of Europe was a military absurdity. Nor could they escape the conviction that both the Red army and the Anglo-American troops possessed weapons, tactical skill, and fighting spirit equal if not superior to their own. No one could tell them that the German armies which in September,

1942, were fighting on the Volga and before El Alamein—and which one year later were fighting on the Dnieper and Volturno—were waging a victorious war. With their own eyes, they could see the steady decline of German air power on all fronts.

On September 30, 1942, Hitler spoke at the Sportpalast in Berlin. At that time the position of the Reich seemed so strong, and he was still so blind to the realities of the changing war, that he dismissed the military leadership of the United Nations with typically crude German humor. (That was before Stalingrad, El Alamein, and the Allied landing in North Africa.) He could not tell what the Allied leaders would do next, he said, because they were merely a pack of “military idiots.” Yet one year later not even a malignant sorcerer out of the pages of the Nibelungen legend could have drawn up a hypothetical military situation involving much greater disadvantages to the Reich than the one actually confronting it.

If, before the war, it had been suggested to any well-trained German staff officer that after four years of “victorious” battles, the armed forces of the Third Reich would have lost the initiative everywhere, that they would be spread out from northern Finland to the islands of the Aegean awaiting an Allied invasion of Europe from the west and south, that the bulk of the German ground forces would be battling for life on a two thousand-mile front in Russia, that Germany would be at war with the only important former member of the European Axis, that German troops would be fighting in Yugoslavia to hold territory supposedly “conquered” two years before, that enemies whose war industries were immune from a counter attack would be slowly bombing Germany’s war industries to destruction, that the manufacture of all civilian clothes would be discontinued in the Fatherland and that public morale would be maintained with the headsman’s ax—he would have dismissed such suggestions as too fantastic for serious consideration.

It was inevitable that the declining power of the Third

Reich and its hopeless strategical position would be reflected in the political field. The small neutrals who had to accept German coercion from 1939 to 1942 felt strong enough in 1943 to resist openly. On August 15 Sweden terminated the right to move goods across her borders, which Germany had forced her to grant in 1941, and on August 20 she stopped the transport of German troops. If this could be accepted by the master race as merely a negative act, the decision of Portugal on October 12 to permit the use of the Azores as an Allied base was a different matter. It was a positive act of assistance to the enemies of the Reich, and the meekness with which the news of this act was received by the German ambassador in Lisbon was a measure of the Reich's impotence at the moment to intervene or object. Although the immediate military significance of Italy's declaration of war on Germany on October 13 was not great, its political significance was.

In the First World War, Winston Churchill observed that "the Germans were, of all enemies in the world, the most to be dreaded when pursuing their own plans; the most easily disconcerted when forced to conform to the plans of their antagonists." Britons and Americans can stand a little chaos in their war-making, but the Germans are acutely uncomfortable when they can see no meaning in what they are doing. This Teutonic fondness for order and planning covers the whole field of military activity from the training of a squad to the overall strategy of a war. To ask the *Wehrmacht* and the German nation to fight without a positive plan after all hope of defeating their enemies has passed away, is to place them under an almost intolerable handicap. The daily repetition of the phrase "according to plan" in the German communiqués is merely a desperate effort to keep alive the pretense that some military "plan" or purpose exists in the German decision to defend the peripheries of Europe. Morale on the home front could not stand the frank admission that there is nothing for the German people to fight for except the hope that their enemies may tire or fall into disagreements among themselves. After the Moscow Pact of November 1, 1943,

the German people should know instinctively that nothing can alter the fundamental disadvantages of their position.

While this represents the German situation in the psychological sphere, realistic German staff officers know that the only hope of an effective defense of the Reich lies in the ultimate withdrawal to a defensible area in which interior lines will afford the Germans certain advantages. Recent German military literature is full of references to Frederick the Great's achievements in this type of warfare. This program would not waste German man power and resources in garrisoning outlying areas however important from the political or ideological angle, but would concentrate everything on the strictly military defense of the German citadel. But recent developments in Italy and the Balkans seem to point in the opposite direction—towards a dispersal of German military strength. Only in Russia, under the increasing pressure of the Red army, have there been large-scale German withdrawals to new lines; but the sustained intensity of fighting on that front precludes the possibility of economizing on troops by the mere retreat to new positions.

In 1918 the Germans waited too long before deciding to abandon Belgium and all their heavy supply depots in the north in order to shorten their line. Their failure to take this drastic action enabled the Allies to win the war in 1918 instead of 1919. By holding to their program of a perimeter defense of Europe in 1943 and 1944, the Nazi leaders may later find it impossible to make a "disengaging movement" on the scale required.

Even if they are successful in such a movement in later stages of the war, the power of Allied air fleets to disrupt communications will reduce the advantages which formerly attended the possession of interior lines. Frederick the Great was able to stand off enemy armies larger than his own because he could move his forces from one decisive point to another more quickly than they could. In 1914-18 Germany could shuttle divisions from the eastern front to the west and back again as the military situation required. But it is not cer-

tain whether this can be done effectively today either by rail or truck or transport plane in the face of superior Allied air power.

We must expect the *Wehrmacht* to show its accustomed tactical skill in carrying out the awkward tasks now assigned to it by the Nazi High Command. As in 1918, it still possesses the bulk of its divisions intact. From time to time the *Wehrmacht* will possess local superiority in certain sectors and may launch impressive counter offensives, but this will not change the strategic situation. German war industry is still capable of supplying the army with its basic needs, but it should also be pointed out that when the German army surrendered in 1918, its reserve stocks of field artillery were sufficient to replace nearly all batteries of 77 mm. guns surrendered under the armistice terms. Until the *Wehrmacht's* position on each successive small front becomes hopeless, it will fight hard and effectively. But when large numbers of German troops are isolated, outgeneralled, and outfought, they will surrender even though they possess weapons, ammunition, and food, as in Tunisia. They have not shown the suicidal tenacity in the defense of a distant outpost commonly exhibited by the Japanese soldiers. The Nazi decision to defend all of Europe necessarily exposes garrisons on the perimeter to destruction in detail. It repeats the mistakes of General von Falkenhayn, who similarly dispersed German military strength around the various fronts from 1914 to 1916.

It was the impressive development of Allied air power which in the final analysis robbed the Germans of any of the comfort which they should have derived from the fortress character of the "Fortress of Europe." To the most ardent Nazi or the dullest burgher in the Reich it must be painfully evident that a fortress without a roof is no fortress at all. Allied bombing operations place the Reich under a two-way strain. Her soldiers in the field worry about the safety of their loved ones back home, and the civilians worry about the safety of their soldiers at the front. No other nation has been subjected to similar trials for a prolonged period. Consequently,

no one can tell how long the Germans can endure this strain.

The acquisition of Allied air bases in Italy placed all of central Europe within bomber range. As the weight and tempo of Allied air raids increase, the internal security of the Reich will become a matter of vital concern to the Nazis. The bomb-harassed masses are not yet aware of the truly hopeless strategic position of the Third Reich. As in the case of Italy before the collapse, we can still expect to hear a good many speeches from public leaders about the "unshakable German will to victory." But words are meaningless in the face of high explosives in sufficient weight. So that when the incredibly awkward and fatal position into which the Nazis have led the German people finally penetrates to the slow minds of the masses, morale may collapse as suddenly as it did in 1918.

That the Nazis recognize this possibility is reflected in the care with which they have prepared for just such an eventuality. They have always considered the homeland as the *Kriegsplatz Inner-Deutschland* and organized élite *Waffen-SS* divisions to conduct the battle on that front. The appointment of Heinrich Himmler as Minister of the Interior and Dr. Goebbels' threat on September 30, 1943, that those who believe that Germany may lose the war will have their heads cut off, indicate that Hitler intends to end "his battle" as he began it, by fighting the German people.

The question naturally arises: is it possible for the harassed Reich by some mighty achievement in military legerdemain, some secret weapon, some undreamed of concentration of resources or spurt in production, some revolutionary development in tactics, some gigantic "peace offensive," to pull itself out of the abyss into which it has fallen and emerge with clear horizons and new prospects? No definite answer is possible. Yet nothing in the Germans' conduct of the war since 1941 gives any indication that a revolutionary change in their war methods is impending or even possible. The war has reached a stage in which no "secret weapon" can alter the heavily weighted scales. Any new German attempt to raise

production will be offset by the inevitable increase of Allied air attacks. Even if all of Professor Speer's production hopes were exceeded, the result would have no permanent effect in the light of the gigantic American arms production program. Innovations in the tactical sphere will not help the German army much unless the *Luftwaffe* can regain its lost supremacy in the air. A final wild attack, a *Friedenskampf* such as Ludendorff launched in 1918, in which all German reserves and resources are thrown into an effort to break through the encircling walls of assailants, may take place. Such a gesture would fit the Wagnerian temperament of Feldherr Hitler, but if we are to judge by the results of the German offensive at Kursk-Belgorod in 1943, it would play directly into Allied hands and hasten the inevitable collapse. Failing to take this step, there is left for him only to play out his futile and tragic drama of prolonging the war.

As new fronts open and remaining German hopes die, we may expect that one of these fronts will be the *Kriegsplatz Inner-Deutschland*. Its opening will mark the close of the war in Europe. Until that day, and then the day when we shall win the war against Japan, every American civilian and soldier must work, train, and fight with all his energy and skill.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

A CONNECTICUT YANKEE AND OTHER CHARACTERS

CONNECTICUT YANKEE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, *by* WILBUR L. CROSS, *Yale University Press.*

WHEN I received a telegram from the Editors asking for a review of "the Governor's" autobiography, my emotions were extremely mixed. As it happened, in his first year or so of editing THE YALE REVIEW, he rejected my first attempt at serious writing. Now I was asked to sit in judgment on "Uncle Toby's" own book in his own journal. The old rejection had been courteous but complete. Now a judge's gown. A black cap? No. My article was undoubtedly bad. The Governor's book is fine. He wins on both counts, as he has always won.

"The Governor."—"Uncle Toby," used affectionately by the people of his State, a nickname won by his scholarship as the greatest authority on the novelist Sterne.—"The dear old gentleman down at Yale," as he was called sneeringly by the politicians during his first campaign for the governorship.—"That old son of a bitch," as the same politicians called him when he had conquered and exposed them after bitter fights to a finish.—"Connecticut Yankee."—Here already we have almost a staccato autobiography in sobriquets which he himself lists. Like the facets of a diamond they flash the lights from an unusually full, varied, successful, and happy life: a life, like this book which he finished on his eighty-first birthday, ever filled and flushed with zest.

We have had in America, though more rarely than in England, experience of the scholar in politics. I think it a mistake so to designate Wilbur Cross. He was a consummate politician, as his entrenched enemies, the Rorabacks and others, learned to their cost. He was also a consummate and influential scholar, acclaimed by the world of scholarship at home and abroad. But letters and laws, the shades of Academe and the rough give-and-take of the hustings and the State House, were no divided realms for him. It is true that his life may be divided, as is his book, into two sections, the academic and the political, but there was no complete change from one to the other. He was a politician when a scholar and remained a scholar

when a politician. In a word, he has always been in the best Platonic and Greek sense a "whole man."

It is that which lends, perhaps, such peculiar interest to the tale of his life as he tells it in the autumn of his days—an autumn like that of his beloved Connecticut, full of the color of our foliage and the crispness of our October air. His book is New England to the core, but also has an interest transcending the sectional.

It is not an easy volume to describe because its varied topics will obviously appeal with differing intensities to different readers. In the beginning we have a sharply etched, authentic, and wholly charming picture of Connecticut rural life in his boyhood days. The long chapter called "A Lost Village" should prove a lasting classic in itself.

For those interested in Yale, specifically, or education as it has developed in America more generally, we have the accounts of his own student days in New Haven, and later of his work in building up the modern university, after a few years spent elsewhere in school-teaching. He has written, both in his life and in this volume, an important chapter of the history not only of Yale but of the development of American higher education, notably in the building up of the Graduate School.

Besides what we may call this more strictly institutional phase of his career, we have accounts of his work in other fields which made him as noted in England as America. Among these were his resuscitation of the almost defunct YALE REVIEW and his vitalizing editorship for nearly three decades. His years spent on Sterne and Fielding, and his work on other English novelists which made him the leading living authority in that field of literature.

Then, retired for age from Yale, came his four terms as Governor of Connecticut. His instruction in politics began apparently as a small boy of eleven helping in his brother's store, where he overheard how twelve per cent of the voters in the election of 1876 in the pious village had been bought for \$5 each. This was nothing to what he was to find as Governor, and his racy account of his fights has a significance for those interested in the workings of the democratic process far beyond the ordinarily dull details of state politics.

There is certainly nothing which is dull about the book anywhere. Perhaps the word I have already used—zest—best describes Cross's approach to both life and his talking about it. When "Teddy" Roosevelt left the White House he remarked he had had "a bully time." Wilbur Cross has evidently had a bully time all his eighty-one

years, whether putting life into "darkest Sheff," looking down the crater of a Hawaiian volcano, hunting material for his literary work in England, editing the REVIEW, touring the State in campaigns or fighting the gang at Hartford. Those who know him know well how salty his talk can be. His book is as salty as his informal conversation, and, I may say, has a wealth of good stories which it would be unfair here even to sample, stories to be chuckled over and quoted.

During the past year and more I have been making a study of what has made the real American and of some of our figures in fact and fiction who are so truly American that you would recognize them as such if you came on them even in Tibet or Tanganyika—a sort of Dr.-Livingstone, I-presume meeting. "The Governor," fortunately of the realm of living fact, is assuredly one of them.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

EIGHT POETS

FOUR QUARTETS, *by* T. S. ELIOT, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

WESTERN STAR, *by* STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT, *Farrar & Rinehart.*

THIS IS MY BELOVED, *by* WALTER BENTON, *Alfred A. Knopf.*

ARENAS, *by* TOM BOGGS, *Coward-McCann.*

THE BRIGHT PLAIN, *by* CHARLES EDWARD EATON, *University of North Carolina Press.*

LAST POEMS, *by* ELINOR WYLIE, *Alfred A. Knopf.*

NEW POEMS, *by* DYLAN THOMAS, *New Directions.*

THE TEETH OF THE LION, *by* KENNETH PATCHEN, *New Directions.*

THE title of Eliot's later poems, "Four Quartets," was certain to provoke, and already has provoked, comparisons with Beethoven's later quartets in intention as well as accomplishment. Towards the end, Beethoven fashioned a music to reach beyond music; in his fifties, Eliot employs mind to stretch beyond mind. The result is an intricate paradox: "Four Quartets" is both simpler and subtler than anything Eliot has written since "The Waste Land." The language is more direct, sometimes even prosaic; the allusions are much less remote and recondite; the connectives are clear. But the meanings are more complex than ever, and the frame which encloses them is deceptively patterned. Structurally "Four Quartets" is magnificent; it unfolds design after design. Some of the patterns are obvious: the series of fours; the mixed symbolism of the four seasons and the four elements, air, earth, water, and fire; the dexterous alternation of unrhymed slow passages and rapidly rhymed lyrics; the turn of the theme with minute variations.

But the best of the four-part poem disguises its effects. Never has

a poet used repetition more skilfully and persuasively; never have variations been so insinuating. Here Eliot's chief preoccupations are the sense of time and timelessness, the involution of life, and the difficulty of communication. It is not a narrow interpretation of the poet's art that leads Eliot to complain of the years lost in learning how to use language—"the intolerable wrestle with words and meanings"—the old attempts, the new starts, and the failures "because one has only learnt to get the better of words for the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which one is no longer disposed to say it." And so, says Eliot, each venture

Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate,
With shabby equipment always deteriorating
In the general mess of imprecision of feeling,
Undisciplined squads of emotion.

The accent of "Four Quartets" is grave, sometimes sadly nostalgic, but it is by no means lugubrious. The music as well as the meaning is solemn, and it will not be to everyone's taste. Eliot's counterpoint of private experience and impersonal mysticism is not easy to follow. But few will question the beauty of the communication; few will doubt the perfection of the poet's art.

Stephen Vincent Benét died before he completed what was to be his major work: a long poem, a narrative-epic of several books. He laid aside the work to give all his time to the war effort; he wrote poems, pamphlets, and histories which were of definite use towards a definite end. But the first part of his extended narrative was finished, and "Western Star" is, as the title indicates, the story of America's beginnings. Its pages brim with the excitement of Elizabethan England, of the fabulous coasts that lured Englishmen to the new country, of the tragic first failures and the stubborn triumphs, and most of all, with the living warmth of people: of the young prentice, Dickon Heron; Matthew Lanyard, journeyman carpenter; Captain John Smith and Sir Gilbert Hay, and Squanto, the Indian who showed the starving white men how to plant corn—a panorama of the great and the unknown who cultivated the new land, of the land that bred new men. Pre-eminently "Western Star" reveals a deep passion for humanity itself; it was with the material of mankind itself that Benét worked so understandingly. Others have pointed out how well Benét's lines describing Dan'l Webster unconsciously described the poet who created them: "He began with the simple things that everybody's known and felt—the freshness of a

fine morning when you're young, and the taste of food when you're hungry, and the new day when you're a child. He took them up and he turned them in his hands. They were good things for any man. But without freedom they sickened. And when he talked of those enslaved, and the sorrows of slavery, his voice got like a big bell. He talked of America . . . and he made you see it." No poet has ever written a better epitaph for himself.

Walter Benton's "This Is My Beloved" has made a stir, chiefly because of the vivid language used to express the delights of the body. The poet's sensual pleasure is obvious and implicit, but beneath the carnal images there is the ever-present sense of wonder. Freshness radiates its own sincerity, and the originality rises above the eroticism. The poems are sometimes too special, too spasmodic, but they are quick with pathos and remembered passion that is so close to pain. The young author, born in Austria of Russian parents, is now a lieutenant in the Signal Corps; it will be interesting to see what he will do upon his return, and with other material.

After reading "This Is My Beloved," Tom Boggs's "Arenas" sound thinner than they are. The author's program is good enough. "A good lyric," says Mr. Boggs "might be defined as a legitimate shock: offending reason nowhere, yet always beyond reason in the wonder of its result." But the shock the reader receives from the lyrics in "Arenas" is one of so low a voltage that he is unaware of any impact at all. The author seems to be aiming at a disarming simplicity, something between Herrick's country airiness and Blake's trembling innocence, but all he achieves is a false naïveté. The tunes are light, the words are nimble, and some of the lines prod the mind: "The great last look of loss," "Serene as Jove's the lion's brow," "The maiden cowers behind her beauty, the ape behind the brain." "The radiant drama of the earth is written on a leaf." But the poems rarely live up to their lines. Most of them are spoiled by the author's too obvious pleasure in turning a pretty phrase, and by a "cuteness" which begins by being arch and ends by irritating.

If Mr. Boggs's lines are better than the poems they build, Charles Edward Eaton's poems surpass the lines that make them. Individually Eaton's lines are seldom quotable, but the poems of this twenty-six-year-old author unaffectedly combine sense and sensibility. Eaton is assured without being aggressive, arresting without being bizarre. Such poems as "Spring Song," "The Body's Dawn," "Landscape of the Mind," and "The Hurt Look of Evil" display a

taste that is both fresh and critical, a consciousness of the poet's function without relying upon the poetic attitude. Eaton has not yet found his central theme—his material is often soft where it is meant to be tender—but his accent, half metaphysical, half-Cavalier, is already his own.

The "Last Poems of Elinor Wylie" have been gathered from a variety of sources, from typewritten notes and pencilled manuscripts transcribed by Jane D. Wise, from the poet's first book, "Incidental Numbers," published anonymously in England, and from magazines now out of print. The compilation is a tribute to the transcriber's industry and an "item" for the collector, but it scarcely enhances the poet's reputation. Little in this volume attains the general standard of Elinor Wylie's verse, nothing in it achieves the tone and texture of her best. Some of it is decidedly inferior, some of it sounds like self-parody: "Three Elegies," for example, which is neither dexterous light verse nor serious poetry, and "Golden Heifer," which is a longer and more labored "Peregrine." But the craftsman is usually in control, and her "effects" are still revealing, although most readers are familiar with them. Here, as before, "the silver still cries out above the bronze." And the brightly punning "Love to Stephen" is both a rhyming tour de force (echoes of "Peregrine" again) and a whimsical portrait of Stephen Vincent Benét.

The two most original if not the best "Poets of the Year" volumes published by New Directions during the last two seasons are Kenneth Patchen's "The Teeth of the Lion" and Dylan Thomas's "New Poems." Both authors set out to create excitement and both achieve it; Thomas by leaping images and wild association, Patchen by sheer force. Few readers will immediately comprehend Thomas's poems beginning "There was a saviour rarer than radium" and "Into her lying down head His enemies entered bed," but only the impatient will fail to finish reading them. The publisher claims that Thomas "is progressing towards greater logical lucidity," but it is neither the logical nor the lucid element in this poet which counts. It is his flair for introducing the grotesque into the ordinary, for mingling the delicate and the terrible. Patchen is even less cautious; he flings logic out of the window with uncontrollable gusto. "His poems," says Patchen's publisher, "are formed like a whirling nebula which is its own form." But this is merely an indication of Patchen's contradictory powers. He is both American and surrealist, serenely lyrical and brutally noisy, an analyst of the human heart, a denizen of nightmares, and always, if incalculably, a poet.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE YALE REVIEW

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC

THE REPUBLIC, by CHARLES A. BEARD, *Viking Press.*

HERE our best-known historian and political scientist borrows a title and method from Plato to set forth his appraisal of the American republic. Professor Beard's matured convictions concerning our political ideals and practices are revealed in a lively record of twenty-one "free-for-all conversations" supposed to have been held (with one exception) in his home. Beard takes the part of Socrates (and, since he reports the dialogues, of Plato also). His associates are fictitious characters. Two—a physician, calling himself a Cleveland Democrat, and his alert wife—attend regularly. Others, appearing for single sessions, include a Jeffersonian Democrat, a Mark Hanna Republican, a retired army officer (with a voluble dislike for civilian peace-planners), a Catholic priest, a refugee, a former United States Senator, a labor leader, an industrial magnate, and a number of professional and amateur "internationalists." Most of the characters are genuine representatives of familiar interests; and they talk sensibly enough to keep Beard talking at his best.

The session on foreign policy is exceptional. Beard stages this session (longest of all) not in his study but in another home, at a "social conclave" that begins with a cocktail party and continues through and after dinner. He has himself meeting various internationalists, whom he identifies by such terms as a "boisterous" professor of international relations (President Taft once called Beard a "muckraking . . . associate professor of politics"), his "zealous" wife, a "British professional propagandist," and a man with a "booming voice." Beard, we are supposed to believe, keeps sober. (Plato said that Socrates, although ordinarily abstemious, could on special occasions drink deep without being upset.)

They discuss foreign policy in "loud tones." Beard is finally confronted by four relatively inoffensive specimens, whom he invites to state their views at length, admonishing them to treat opposing views "without contempt" and to show due respect for "stubborn facts." He characterizes their views, however, as "far-fetched," "untenable," "misleading," "vague," and "rhetorical"; and he ably cross-examines them. There is no one present to bring up the more moderate, less easily caricatured, proposals for organized international co-operation in maintaining peace. Beard, reporting his own views, propounds a definition (in terms which hardly anyone would oppose) of "the supreme object of our foreign policy" and offers a

brief recommendation for the peace treaty. He proposes that the treaty be limited to "ten years or more, subject to renewal" and that it pledge the signatory powers "to refrain from . . . violence during that period" and "to abide by stipulated methods of arbitration and conciliation" in controversies arising under the treaty. No one at the conclave asks Beard to face any "stubborn facts."

In the other conversations, Beard's humor is lighter, his irony weightier—shrewd in the genuine Socratic manner; and his associates are given parts to speak that bring forth clear and significant statements of his own views. As a result, the discussions supply us with clear-cut, richly illustrated, expositions of our law and policy concerning such matters as the rights of citizenship; freedom of speech and religion; "the general welfare"; the powers of the President, Congress, and the courts, and the limitations on separation of powers; the vices and virtues of political parties; and the dealings of government with property.

The book should clear up a thirty-year-old dispute (in which Beard has taken little part) over the purity of Beard's economic determinism. He still looks upon the Constitution as, in important aspects, "an economic document." Our constitutional framers and early legislative leaders did bring about governmental changes that were, in many instances, favorable to their own interests; and all governments constantly concern themselves with clashing economic interests. But Beard does not build up these familiar observations into any over-all hedonistic or materialistic interpretation of history. He is now clear that our Constitution serves general as well as special interests, and protects moral as well as economic rights. Hamilton's mercantilist policies, Beard says, were "good for the country at the time and in many respects are still good"; Marshall, freely construing the Constitution in order to validate Hamilton's measures, "was a godsend to the country." Today our courts loosely construe the Constitution in order to validate the economic legislation of the New Deal; these measures, despite faulty features in some of them, may also show up well in the verdict of history. And a concern for economic interests has not generally led to a neglect of other interests. Beard points out that Hamilton vigorously attacked the Sedition Acts of 1798; and his longest quotation is from a recent Supreme Court opinion (by Justice Black) reversing, on constitutional grounds, the murder convictions of four penniless Negroes, because the con-

victions were found to have rested mainly on confessions obtained by torture.

The brief book in hand is an expert commentary on our constitutional law, a candid discussion of our political practices (with some moderate proposals for reform), and a discriminating appraisal of our ideals and achievements. It is written in a style that refutes Socrates' contention that the best and wisest of our citizens is unable to impart his political wisdom to others. Beard's "Republic" is easy to read; and everyone should read it.

FRANCIS W. COKER

RUSSIA TODAY

MOSCOW DATELINE, 1941-1943, by HENRY C. CASSIDY, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

RUSSIA FIGHTS, by JAMES E. BROWN, foreword by JOSEPH E. DAVIES, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

TWELVE MONTHS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD, by LARRY LESUEUR, *Alfred A. Knopf.*

THE RUSSIAN ENIGMA: AN INTERPRETATION, by WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

It has been said that various accounts of Russia at war very often read as if they were the same book published under different titles. To a large extent, of course, such a uniformity is determined by the subject-matter itself. In a country engaged in a tremendous struggle for survival, one cannot expect much variety either of thought or of action. Conditions under which foreign correspondents have to work in Russia also must be taken into consideration. They have only a limited opportunity of establishing contacts and making observations, and the limitations are the same in the case of each correspondent.

With all that, however, there remains the possibility of telling the same story in a different way, and making it worth while to the reader. This is the case of the first three books under review. All three have been written by American correspondents who were living in Moscow at the same time and who went through essentially the same experience. And yet every one of them has succeeded in imparting to his book his own individuality. Moreover, each of these books contains some revealing details not to be found elsewhere or emphasizes certain sides of the Russian picture more than has been done by any other writer. Thus in Mr. Cassidy's book, which I believe to be the best of the three, the reader will find a particularly good account of the campaigns of 1942 and 1943, and a highly interesting discussion of what he calls "the inter-Allied battle of the second front," including a vivid description of both Churchill's and

Willkie's visits to Moscow. Very impressive is his picture of the coming of the war to Russia: the initial shock of the German attack which, Mr. Cassidy asserts, caught the Russians by surprise, and the quickness with which the country adapted itself to the new and terrible emergency. The author stresses the calmness of the Russian people who remained immune to any "mass crises of nerves."

Mr. Brown's account of the Churchill visit closely parallels that of Mr. Cassidy, but he adds to it an expression of opinion that it was a mistake for the Americans to assume a minor role on that occasion. It was a pity, he thinks, that no Cordell Hull was there then to act as a mediator between Churchill and Stalin. As we all know, the mistake has been rectified since. I should single out also for special attention the author's explanation of the eclipse of Timoshenko as a part of the all-around replacement of the old revolutionary generals by the group of the "young generals" not connected with the civil war or his chapter on the Russian women or his appraisal of Ambassador Standley's blunt talk in Moscow—which, he feels, was all to the good.

Mr. Lesueur came to Russia via Archangel at the moment when there was a direct threat to Moscow (October, 1942) and not being permitted to proceed to the capital, he had to make a 2,000-mile detour to the Urals and Kuibyshev. This gave him an opportunity to observe at a close range the evacuation of industry and of refugees, and the working of the transportation system in the rear, of which he gives an interesting report. He got the impression of a well-organized plan and of a high degree of efficiency. The rest of the book, which is written in the form of a diary, deals mostly with everyday occurrences of war-time life in Moscow, and while one learns many interesting details, the general effect is slightly monotonous. The book would have gained by condensation.

Mr. Chamberlin's new book differs from the three volumes just reviewed in that it is not an eyewitness account of recent happenings in Russia but a summary and an interpretation of the main trends of the Russian development in the course of the last decade. The historical introduction is a masterpiece of condensation. In some respects, my reading of Russian history differs from that of Mr. Chamberlin. I cannot agree with him that either autocracy or serfdom were "typically Russian institutions . . . for which there is no equivalent in Western experience," and I am less inclined than he seems to be to blame much-maligned Russian history for all the objectionable

features of the Soviet régime. However, with most of what he has to say on the post-revolutionary period I find myself in complete agreement. I regret that limitations of space did not permit the author to say even more about the various phases of the Russian Thermidor, of that "evolution of the revolution," to which he has devoted one of the best chapters in the book. In the remaining parts of the volume Mr. Chamberlin discusses the personality and career of Stalin, Soviet governmental system and economics, main trends in Soviet foreign policy, the purges, the Red army, Russia at war, and her probable part in the post-war world. All these chapters, besides having an informative value, deserve high praise for the author's eminently sensible and dispassionate approach. I think that for some time to come Mr. Chamberlin's book will remain the best general and comprehensive account of recent developments in Russia.

MICHAEL KARPOVICH

EPIC CHAPTER IN NAVAL WARFARE

AMERICA'S NAVY IN WORLD WAR II, *by* GILBERT CANT, *John Day Co.*

THE historian who undertakes to chronicle the events of a war still in progress faces several insuperable obstacles. His history is inevitably one-sided, since his knowledge of what took place on the enemy side of the events he chronicles is no knowledge at all but a combination of guesses, deductions, and fleeting glimpses. He cannot know truly the motives behind enemy actions, or the exact strength used by the enemy at any given point, or exactly what the enemy did on any given day, or exactly what damage the enemy suffered in action.

The historian does know more about his own side of the war, but unfortunately he cannot tell all he knows. And when he is a "civilian," barred from the ultimate secrets of his own military services, he never by any means knows all about his own side. His lack of full knowledge is complicated by the fact that he is constantly tantalized by rumors which he cannot verify, and by allusions made by military men who assume he knows more than he does.

A third great obstacle faced by the current historian is his lack of perspective. Living as he does in a world of rapidly changing military technique, he cannot form sound judgments because he lacks accurate yardsticks with which to measure the importance of the things under discussion.

When the historian writes during war time, his lack of perspective has one ultimate complication—his bellicosity. Still without pre-

cise knowledge as to how his enemy will be beaten, he is so anxious for victory that his narrative is colored by his feelings.

The World War of 1914-1918 brought us historical works of three types. First, there were the histories written during and immediately after the war. While they lived these were accepted as authoritative—but unfortunately, many of them gave birth to legends, and such legends provided the motive for the next wave of historical writing—the now-it-can-be-told books which appeared in the Twenties.

Works of the second type were a great improvement on the war-time histories. In them the enemy began to emerge in much clearer detail, as a competent and thinking antagonist rather than the shadowy beast of war-time chronology.

Ultimately, we began to get the serious historical works based upon the material in the national archives of the various belligerents. These scholarly efforts, usually published as official histories under governmental auspices, are the first authoritative accounts of events between 1914 and 1918. Presumably they will keep coming to the public for the next hundred years. Until these histories are written, no one knows fully what takes place during the course of a war.

Now in another great war, a fresh cycle of historical works has begun to appear. In "America's Navy in World War II," Mr. Cant brings us the second volume of his naval history of the present war. This work is devoted to the part played by the United States Navy during the twelvemonth commencing with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Here we see, in first rough form, the outline of the many histories to come. The battles take name: Coral Sea, Midway, the Solomons. The charts of ship movements begin to take shape. Later histories will be corrections and amplifications of this work, and after that there will be corrections of the corrections.

Mr. Cant betrays a certain irritation over the difficulties he has encountered in getting the truth, and the further difficulties of securing permission to tell his discoveries. The naval men in his pages all appear to be great heroes in combat aboard their ships and in their airplanes—but equally difficult bureaucrats when they are on duty in offices ashore. He is constantly critical of the navy's public relations policy, and in many other instances shows the zeal of a naval reformer. Repeatedly he ventures into the field of supposition and deduction, as when he writes:

"At the approach of sunset on June 6 the American carriers were so far west that they have been described as coming within range of Japanese bombers based on Wake Island. Insofar as the course of our ships has been revealed by the Navy Department, it would appear that they were never less than 700 miles from Wake, and our intelligence must have known that there were no land-based bombers there capable of executing a determined attack. It is evident that the dominant reason for the American fleet's turnaround early in the evening was shortage of fuel, possibly accompanied by partial exhaustion of bomb and torpedo supplies and the admitted reduction in the number of serviceable aircraft, rather than any danger from enemy planes."

This querulousness in challenging the verities of war-time communiqués and official releases, colors this book to its great disadvantage. It is too early to write accurate history of the naval war, and perhaps a waste of time to break lances over that fact.

It is not too early to write a narrative account of such happenings as can be told at present, and that Mr. Cant has done very well. His conclusions as to the importance of such events as the bombing of Pearl Harbor will very likely be challenged later on—long perspective will upset our pre-Pearl-Harbor conception of naval warfare quite completely, and many of Mr. Cant's judgments remain pre-Pearl-Harbor. But his book is useful as a trail-breaking job, and moving in its many quotations of official citations for gallantry. The naval war in the Pacific is an epic chapter in the record of naval warfare. Mr. Cant does us a service in tackling, unafraid, the monumental task of reducing it to words.

PAUL SCHUBERT

VICTORY IN THE FAR EAST

JAPAN FIGHTS FOR ASIA, by JOHN GOETTE, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

WHEN Japanese propagandists holler "Asia for the Asiatics" we realize the hypocrisy of the slogan clearly enough. Like Hitler, when he talks of European unity, they are thinking of Asia "liberated" and placed under the overlordship of its master race. Mr. Goette warns us against complacently supposing that all Asiatics look through our spectacles. His title means that though Japan is fighting to get what she covets she is also fighting *for* Asia because she is attacking white imperialism. He fears the effect of Japanese victories and Japanese propaganda, and, hardly less, the vagueness of the Atlantic Charter and such annotations on it as Mr. Churchill's

"I have not become the King's first minister to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire" and Queen Wilhelmina's proclamation that the Indies are to be retained within a Dutch commonwealth.

Allied victory in the East will free seven countries (excluding Korea), of which only two, China and Siam, are independent. Malaya, the Philippines, Burma, the Netherlands East Indies, and French Indo-China are colonies. In translating that part of the Atlantic Charter which says that "sovereign rights and independence" will be restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them, Mr. Goette suggests that cunning Japanese propagandists may add footnotes showing what Mr. Churchill and Queen Wilhelmina said. He asks, "Is it not logical for those Asiatic colonials to weigh the merits of Japan's Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere against the general promises of the Atlantic Charter which were so quickly nullified by the official record?"

This states a real problem but oversimplifies it. Oversimplification here is dangerous because the question is complex. Asia is no more a unity than Europe or the Americas. All the countries named by Mr. Goette are different; they have different histories, languages, religions, and customs. Some of those colonies may be regarded as nations; some are tribes and primitive societies in process of evolution into something else; that something else may be nationhood according to the standards of the nineteenth century, or it may be membership in a new kind of community. Like many other good liberals, Mr. Goette does not boldly face the question of how independence and self-government can be conferred forthwith on people who have had no experience of the latter and whose knowledge of the former was simple national separatism in a pre-steam, pre-aviation world.

Korea, which Mr. Goette left out, is a concrete example of the questions our negotiators will face at the peace table. Here is an Asiatic people about to see the prospect of a liberty it never before enjoyed. Korea is neither Chinese nor Japanese; it has a history, a language, and traditions of its own. It should be independent, and we must hope that real self-government and independence will reward its patient people for many unfree centuries of which the latest, with its Japanese phase, was not the hardest. Korea is a small nation strategically situated between three powerful states, China, Russia and Japan, and one need not be a cynic to foresee that immediate independence without international supervision and protection would

result in Korea again becoming a dependency of one or other of its neighbors. In the hand of any one of them it is a potential menace to the other two, and a possible source of future war. The victors have a moral responsibility for Korea and a political interest in seeing that it does not again become a helpless shuttlecock in the national policies of Russia, Japan, and China. They have no less responsibility for every colonial country in the Pacific. That responsibility cannot be discharged by a perfunctory grant of independence to small and weak communities in a dangerous world.

Mr. Goette is profoundly right when he says: "Victory will place in our hands the fate of over one half billion released Orientals. Under such a staggering responsibility, can there be any longer a separate British, Dutch, French, or American Asiatic policy? We have set ourselves up as the United Nations. Should not that entail a joint policy?"

This plea for a clear policy in regard to colonial areas is one that all must support. The regions from which we intend to drive Japan are almost wholly "colonial" areas, and one of the great questions of the peace is what are we going to do with such places. We have promised them deliverance and freedom. It is not charged that they have been maladministered by their British, Dutch, and French suzerains, but in all of them there is a natural determination to obtain control of their own affairs. If fate is kind and if the democracies rise to the opportunity, they will reach that control within the security of an international framework strong enough to shield them from the intrigue and rapacity of aggressive neighbors and broad enough to give their humble brown masses the protection of humaner standards than native get-rich-quickers controlling a native political machine would be likely to apply. My criticism of Mr. Goette is that we are entitled to expect from a writer with his experience a closer study and closer guidance than the bald statement: "We are committed to bring them freedom." It is time that writers ceased dealing with this question in sonorous generalities and discussed it as an actual problem of government which we shall have on our hands in a couple of years.

Discussion of Mr. Goette's main point has left too little space to review the rest of his book. He had the unusual experience of reporting the China war from both sides. From long living among the Chinese he has acquired a sympathetic understanding of the Chinese character. He perceives the strange duality of the Japanese charac-

ter, still half-baked, half-feudal, half-modern, never quite sure whether a situation requires the civilized or the savage code.

While every endorsement must be given to his emphatic warnings against overestimating our Japanese enemies he sometimes overestimates them himself. He effectively exposes the fatuity of Japanese propaganda in China and yet is afraid of its power over other Asiatics. Yet it is entirely possible that the inability to enter into other minds which has dogged the Japanese in all their dealings with China and America may also stultify their propaganda in Malaya and Java. His opinion of Japan's ability to stand up to aerial attack seems to this reviewer much too favorable. It is true that Japanese air-raid drills for ten years past have made those of American cities look like amateur acting. It is true that in Japan now there are modern office buildings as solid as those which once existed in Cologne and Hamburg. But in every Japanese city 90 per cent of all buildings are flimsy wooden structures which will burn like tinder. In the earthquake of 1923, fire broke out in Tokyo in 130 places at once, and the fire brigades were helpless. The entire city of Hakodate was reduced to scorched earth one windy night when a bath-house chimney fell. It is hard to see what could save Japan's matchwood towns if they experienced a rain of incendiary bombs.

The legend of Japan's super-efficiency is again too easily accepted and too lightly passed on to American readers in the statement that Tokyo now has "through rail traffic with Shanghai" and plans to continue it to Singapore. Here Mr. Goette is wearing seven-leagued boots. "Extend this railway across Malaya and Burma and our enemy is on the frontiers of India safe from the danger that stalks sea-borne military forces." The statement that Japan has through rail connection with Shanghai seems to be based on the fantastic report that a tunnel has been constructed under the sea between Shimonoseki and Korea. That would be one hundred miles long. If the Japanese have secretly accomplished such an engineering feat they are supermen indeed. They have, in fact, recently completed an under-sea tunnel in that neighborhood, but it is three miles long under the Straits of Shimonoseki, and it connects the rail system of the main Japanese island with that of the southern island of Kyushu.

Funny enough to be worth repeating is the story of the prospective Eurasian Czar of Siberia as Mr. Goette heard it in Harbin, that dwelling place of romance. It seems that when Nicholas the Second visited Japan as a young man he became the father of a boy, the

mother being a Japanese girl. According to the story this princeling is kept in Switzerland with his mother by the Japanese who plan to make him Czar of Siberia when they have defeated the Soviet armies. If that child (supposing him to have existed outside of White Russian imaginations) still lives he is fifty-two years old and has been remarkably successful in concealing himself so long. Nicholas had a very unpleasant experience in Japan. He was murderously attacked with a sword by a policeman who ran amok when he saw an opportunity to exterminate the house of Romanoff. The Japanese were so scared that the Emperor Meiji, grandfather of Hirohito, rushed from Tokyo to visit the Czarevitch in hospital in Kyoto. After that escape it seems improbable that the young and shy Russian prince went out seeking amorous adventures, the fruits of which have remained unknown from 1891 to 1943. HUGH BYAS

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY

THE LITTLE LOCKSMITH, *by* KATHERINE BUTLER HATHAWAY, *Coward-McCann*. "I HAD started out long ago with a predicament to solve and in order to solve it I had gone forth on a lonely voyage of discovery."—Mrs. Hathaway's predicament was that she "belonged to the fantastic company of the queer, the maimed, the unfit" who are ordained by our society to be spectators rather than active participants in the experience of life. Her book is a sensitive and penetrating record of part of her voyage. It is also an illuminating psychiatric document of the interrelationship between mind and body, and of the morbid effect of physical disease on a human being's life and personality. With unusual insight and articulateness she traces her struggle to stay whole, and to satisfy her passionate desire for the normal experiences of friendship, frivolity, success, and love. A person of strong inner drives, she also had strong needs, and the need to love and be loved was one of her dominant cravings. For the best part of her life she was prevented from fulfilling her natural wishes for intimate companionship and sexual love: physical illness and social attitudes distorted her body and her life.

Katherine Hathaway was strapped to her bed from the age of five until she was fifteen. She was held in one position by weights and pulleys prescribed to lessen the damage of tuberculosis to her spine and to prevent her from emerging—like the little locksmith who came to fix the locks in her family's Salem house—with a hump between her shoulders. A gifted, imaginative child, surrounded by a

devoted and creative family but lacking in "the language of intimacy," she made the most of those years, experiencing intensively in small compass with her senses and her mind. From the beginning, however, her craving for a wider experience was thwarted. In childhood, she was confined. She hungered without satisfaction for the adolescent's privilege of being silly, and watched restlessly the developing love lives of others. The woman's pleasure of being admired and sought after was denied her. Natural drives had to be repressed or compensated for, suppressed or sublimated. Again and again, as she came to another phase of growth new sensations were welcomed and hope surged. But the crash always followed. Her mother did not understand her. Her brother did respond to her reaching out with love and admiration and friendship.

But neither he nor her parents gave her the one assurance she was to crave all her life: the assurance that she could live fully. "It was understood that I could not play a part in the ordained dance of love, in obedience to the design." At least, this was what she believed from the day she arose from bed at fifteen, looked into the mirror, and confronted the fact of her deformity. The rest of her life was a search for a way which would permit her to fulfil the inner need which drove her to experience and to create, if not in the same way as others, then in a way of her own. In dedicating herself to writing she found a support, and in the independent act of purchasing and rebuilding a house of her own in Maine she found release and eventually personal fulfilment.

"The Little Locksmith" is of particular interest to the psychiatrist and to the physician concerned with the personal side of medicine and aware of the struggle of the sick to be "normal." There is a harvest for students of dynamic psychology, and for laymen, as well. Psychiatrists are often accused of overemphasizing the importance of sex in life. Yet they see those who are physically handicapped search for and find gratification of their instinctive lives in the pity or sympathy or devotion of a brother, mother, nurse, or friend. This story dramatizes the choice which is often possible between healthy and distorted fulfilment of the "love" impulse. One of the most important themes in the book is the author's portrayal of the way in which the sex impulses of a handicapped person found expression and compensation in friendship, and sublimation in creative writing. The book also illuminates the working of the unconscious and reports fully other conflicts. Some of the best and most

perceptive writing describes the conflict between mother and daughter, and the relationship of the brother and sister.

Katherine Hathaway's life is evidence of an underlying weakness and sentimentality in our attitude towards physical deformity. We do not treat cripples as human beings. We are kind to them, we pity them and care for them well. But we lose sight of the fact that they have all the normal needs and drives of other people. They should be helped to achieve the fullest lives that their capacities permit in order that their personalities and the manner of their living should not be twisted and maimed. Even the most humane parents can do irreparable harm, as Mrs. Hathaway's experience so poignantly proves. She was adored by her parents and shielded from the knowledge of the pain she cost them. No family could have been more devoted, considerate, eager to help; nor ultimately more cruel. She was persuaded that she could not expect to live fully and normally. "If I could not have intimate personal experience equal to the strength of my desire, then my instinct made me seek some kind of distraction which would be strong enough to equal it." Luckily, her will and her talents were equal to the challenge; her life was rich and without bitterness.

CLEMENTS C. FRY

A TOO CERTAIN MEASURE

A CERTAIN MEASURE: AN INTERPRETATION OF PROSE FICTION, *by ELLEN GLASGOW, Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

A CERTAIN MEASURE has the interest of a literary puzzle as well as of literary criticism. With "The Voice of the People" in 1900, Ellen Glasgow sprang, like Minerva, from Virginia's brow; and for the last forty years she has been a thorn in the side of our critics. Is she the precursor of a notable resurgence or the heir to the genteel tradition—the ancestor of Thomas Wolfe or the rather eccentric literary aunt, say, of Robert Penn Warren? Has she told us just how short a Virginian gentlewoman must fall, or just how far a major American writer can go?

As an advocate of the comic spirit, Miss Glasgow must appreciate, too, the ironies of circumstance that have contributed to her predicament. "A Certain Measure" is a collection of Miss Glasgow's prefaces for the Virginia Edition of her books. Her own summary of her work shows clearly how she has been out of step, not only in the eyes of literary historians but in the perspectives of history. From

"The Romance of a Plain Man" in 1909 to "Barren Ground" in 1925 she was a realist in an epoch of sentimental classicism; and she became a classicist in our own period of savage and almost paranoiac realism. It is only lately, as the trend of the times has turned from its prophetic stress on the primitive and irrational—and the pleasant E. M. Forster revival is one symptom of this change—that Miss Glasgow has met her period. Or I should say, that her period has met Miss Glasgow; for of the two she may seem the more solid.

On vital points "A Certain Measure" gives evidence of this stability. In terms of her work as a whole, Miss Glasgow is better informed, bolder, more flexible and acute than one might imagine from any section of her work. If there is a certain undertone here of a writer who feels an undeserved as well as a natural isolation, she has maintained her balance in the midst of her irritation. Miss Glasgow, in fact, is one of the few moderns whose fits of spleen achieve the dignity of the grand style. And this serenity was not always easy to gain. There were the environmental difficulties of becoming a lady novelist in a Virginian society that adored the lady and the novelist (of a certain order) but not the combination. Beyond these, there were even more intense personal difficulties: delicate health, the lack of any formal education, all the constraints of that Southern sheltered life through which the young Ellen Glasgow had to break.

And when the later novels, like "Vein of Iron," came to rest on the classical trait of fortitude, Ellen Glasgow was merely preaching what she had been practising. In her own way she had turned these personal and cultural limitations to her advantage; and she had fallen back on the one tradition that a writer can never do without, and never has to be without. "A Certain Measure" tells us just how completely Miss Glasgow's life and temperament—her learning, feeling, and wit—are bound up with her integrity as an artist; her single-hearted and lifelong devotion to her craft. Nor is this a finicky devotion: witness her fondness for that bald chronicler of womanhood, Defoe.

But saying all this, I must add that Miss Glasgow still remains a disturbing figure for the critic to evaluate. What is the matter, after all, with "A Certain Measure"—and what is the missing element in Miss Glasgow's achievement that "A Certain Measure" brings to our attention? Reading this meticulous, beautifully articulated, and slender volume, one is struck at once by the perfection to which Miss Glasgow has brought her art—and one begins to feel, at last, the

limitations imposed by that perfection. Miss Glasgow, for example, will certainly never commit the errors—of taste, of commerce, of experience—that mark William Faulkner's work (and by sheer implication Faulkner looms up in these pages as a sort of Southern Gorgon). But neither can she give us the truths of Faulkner, or his often just as compelling fictions.

As in Miss Glasgow's sober chronicles like "Barren Ground" the final line—the uncertain and disquieting line—that will really show her characters is the line that is never crossed, so the "comedy of manners" in "They Stooped to Folly" is perhaps her highest achievement. But one may still point with pride to "A Certain Measure" as an example of an artistic consciousness that is rare in our imperfect American age and literary tradition; even while one must choose, in this case, the age and the tradition.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

STUDY OF THE PRIMATES

CHIMPANZEES: A LABORATORY COLONY, by ROBERT M. YERKES, *Yale University Press*.

REPRESENTING, as it does, the fruition of the lengthy and productive career of one of the world's outstanding students of the psychology and biology of the chimpanzee this book could hardly be anything but what it is—a landmark in psychobiological literature. It is a fitting successor to its author's earlier contributions, which include four books and many technical articles dealing with manifold aspects of study of the primates.

In a brief review it is possible only to sketch in broad outline the general nature of the volume's scope. The unique values of the chimpanzee as an experimental subject are carefully set forth; and an excellent general description of the species includes accounts of individual differences in temperament, general patterns of social behavior, maturation and development, reproductive cycles, and physical and psychological sexual differences.

The mentality of the chimpanzee is treated under the general headings of sensory capacities and perceptual organization, intelligence and instinct, behavioral modification through experience, memory, foresight and insight, and language and symbolism.

Approximately one-third of the book is devoted to a detailed description of proven techniques in the care and handling of the chimpanzee. In this section is presented a wealth of practical information which has been laboriously and painstakingly acquired during the

establishment and maintenance of the world's largest and most successful chimpanzee breeding station at Orange Park, Florida.

An epilogue tells the story of the long but eminently successful struggle which finally resulted in the founding of the present chimpanzee colony, the erection of the accompanying research laboratories, and the initiation and expansion of an ambitious, long-term program of investigation. There are also many illustrations, and the photographs are of excellent quality.

A reviewer cannot do justice to a work of this nature by citing isolated fragments of information lifted out of their general context, but mention of a few particularly interesting points may help to indicate its general trend. Individual differences in temperament are marked among chimpanzees, and the range of emotional expression is wide. Shyness, timidity, fear, terror, suspicion, distrust, resentment, anger, curiosity, confidence, elation, melancholy, and a host of other attitudes may be recognized and distinguished by an observer after long and intimate acquaintance with the animals. Professor Yerkes is inclined to believe that such traits as timidity and shyness are probably inherited although they are undoubtedly strongly affected by experience.

In the social life of the chimpanzee, sexual relationships are important, but the urge towards psychological dominance is also a primary motivating force. In chimpanzee society, the dominance principle functions against individual ineffectiveness and places a premium on such qualities as initiative, leadership, and courage. Dr. Yerkes believes that the dominance drive favors the evolution of social service.

The chimpanzee probably sees the world in much the same colors and with the same clarity as does man. The similarity ends here, however, for to the ape the spatial relations of the visual environment are of paramount importance. If a chimpanzee sees the experimenter place food in a round, yellow box, and if, in the animal's absence, this receptacle is moved across the room and replaced by an empty, blue, square box, the ape will unhesitatingly go to the new box with all the indications of expecting to find food. The baited box will be ignored, though in plain sight. Spatial position is one of the first cues to which the animal naturally responds. The chimpanzee's hearing is no more acute than is man's; but the young ape can hear sounds which are pitched well above the human auditory range.

Professor Yerkes's literary style and method of approach to his

subject commend themselves highly in several particulars. Descriptions of many experiments are presented in narrative form and enriched with references to personal experience. There is no attempt to conceal the essentially fragmentary nature of present knowledge concerning many aspects of chimpanzee nature. On the contrary, lacunae are scrupulously called to the reader's attention. However, the author is not averse to predicting the probable course of future discoveries, and these properly qualified glimpses into unexplored territory stimulate the imagination of the reader.

The book leaves several lasting impressions. They include satisfaction with the vast number of important facts which have been established through experimentation with chimpanzees, confident expectation of even more significant discoveries to come, and admiration and gratitude for the man who has devoted a major portion of his professional life to making possible both realized and anticipated scientific advancement through the use of the chimpanzee.

F. A. BEACH

THE ESSENTIAL CHESTERTON

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON, *by* MAISIE WARD, *Sheed & Ward*.

WITH the possible exception of Bernard Shaw, Gilbert Chesterton is probably the best subject for biography among the literary men of his generation. In this respect, as in so many others, he recalls Dr. Johnson. Like Johnson, he was primarily a great talker, with a personality extraordinarily vivid, picturesque, and individual. Like Johnson's, his fame as a writer rests largely on his essays and critical biographies, which are not much more than extensions into print of his brilliant and penetrating talk. His influence, like Johnson's, was gained chiefly through the masculine force and charm of his personality.

Miss Ward's book is the "official" biography, and she records in her introduction Mrs. Chesterton's hope that it may be the "final and definitive" one. It is in several respects a good biography; it is based on careful research, it is completely honest, it is rich in anecdote and quotation, and it is sympathetic and understanding in personal matters. It includes many interesting personal letters, among them some first-rate ones from Shaw and Wells. But it is far from "definitive." It is painfully weak on the literary and critical sides, and it is badly proportioned in its discussions of Chesterton's writings. Miss Ward is interested only incidentally in the poetry and the

literary essays; she gives them little space, and pays scarcely any attention to matters of technique. She seems unaware that "Lepanto" initiated a new type of ballad poetry, or that Chesterton restored to the periodical essay an influence and vogue which it had not enjoyed since the eighteenth century. On the other hand, she gives undue space to his political and economic writings, especially to those which deal with "Distributism"; here she speaks as an enthusiastic disciple. She seems unable to distinguish between Chesterton's good journalism and his permanently important work.

She is handicapped also by her point of view, which is that of a devout and rather naïve Catholic. To her the most important event in Chesterton's life is his "conversion." It was so to Chesterton himself, she might answer, and in his last years perhaps it was; but it is not so to the great majority of his readers. Whatever the significance—and I have no wish to minimize it—of his admission into the Roman Catholic church, the fact is that when he became a Catholic in 1922 most of his best work, the work for which he will be remembered, was done. The great experience of his religious life was not his entrance into the church; it was the experience described in "Orthodoxy," his discovery of Christianity. How Miss Ward's Catholic point of view affects her criticism may be suggested by her remark that Chesterton's "St. Thomas Aquinas," which he dictated after "flipping rapidly through" a few books, is "perhaps [the] most important book of his life."

In spite of her limitations, however, Miss Ward has succeeded in the main end of biography; the essential G.K.C. is in her book, though seen through the eyes of an admiring feminine disciple. She brings out vividly her subject's eternal boyishness, his huge delight in life, and his splendid generosity of spirit. She does not do full justice to his joy in combat, perhaps because she is too anxious to emphasize his kindness and benevolence. But she is by no means blind to his weaknesses. Being a woman, she is constantly giving us instances of his hopeless lack of practical sense, of his complete indifference to punctuality, and of his slovenliness in appearance and dress. She does not conceal from us the fact that at more than one period of his life his wife and his friends were seriously concerned about his drinking. Incidentally, she demolishes the spiteful myth about his marriage which was published after his death in Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's book, "The Two Chestertons." Dr. Johnson said that one of the duties of the biographer is "to display the minute details

of 'daily life'; here Miss Ward is at her best, and the details she selects are always interesting and significant. The writer of the definitive biography, when he comes along, will find in her book a treasure-house of material.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

AN "IRREPRESSIBLE" CONFLICT?

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by JOHN C. MILLER, *Little, Brown & Co.*

THE American Revolution and the American Civil War differ from most wars in that the antagonists who fought them were associated by many ties of blood, culture, and common interest. Because of these unifying factors, a question applicable to all wars arises with especial pertinence: could the intrinsic objectives of the wars have been achieved without hostilities—that is, were these conflicts "irrepressible"?

It is probably characteristic that Americans have speculated extensively upon the preliminaries of the Civil War, while taking the inevitability of the Revolution pretty much for granted. For a nation as isolated as the United States was in the century after Napoleon, the circumstances of separation from Britain no longer seemed relevant. It has remained, therefore, for the British, rather than the Americans, to ponder the measures that might have preserved, on a voluntary basis, the union of English-speaking peoples. Now, however, when Anglo-American collaboration is one of the hinges on which the future swings, the circumstances of an earlier Anglo-American conflict invite our re-appraisal.

For such an appraisal, Professor Miller's book is highly opportune; it offers no ready-made conclusions and little new interpretation, but it does provide a vigorous, accurate, and exceptionally impartial narrative from which the reader may draw his own inferences. The full story of the decade before the Revolution is here recounted with uniformly crisp phrasing, incisive comment, and apt quotation.

Readers who know the literature of the Revolution well will appreciate the skilled narration and the judicious balance of this account, but they will find few interpretations that have not been previously developed by other writers. This lack of new standpoints does not mean that Professor Miller has merely followed the standard accounts, for many hundreds of footnote citations attest the fact that he has worked at length in the sources. Indeed, he carries his

academic self-reliance to the extremity of omitting all reference to the works of Trevelyan, Andrews, Van Tyne, Schlesinger, Becker, and other major authorities. As his findings, though independently reached, often coincide with the interpretation of these writers, it seems anomalous to ignore them in a book which carries a large body of footnotes.

An especial merit of this study is its penetrating, yet unsensational demonstration of the shortcomings of both British and American leaders. Less restrained writers, handling this material, might have lapsed into a "debunking" tone, but here neither accuracy nor even just emphasis is sacrificed for dramatic effect. Nevertheless, the steady progression of the story shows impressively enough the shabbiness and self-interest that characterized leaders and policies on both sides. If the recriminations of the Revolution are now ended, it should be not with a reciprocal concession of right on each side, but with a joint admission of wrong on both. This entire story is an implicit indictment of provincial outlook, whether held by colonies, empires, or nations. The treatment of the story leaves one hoping that current Anglo-American relations may be handled as honestly, as comprehensively, and with as much detachment as in this account of the misunderstandings and cross-purposes that preceded the Revolution.

DAVID M. POTTER

THE FALL OF FASCISM

THE FRUITS OF FASCISM, by HERBERT L. MATTHEWS, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*

ELEANOR and Reynolds Packard in their recent book on Italy wrote that while all the other American journalists interned in Siena, after Mussolini declared war on the United States, were desperately trying to kill time, Herbert Matthews kept busy. He was plunged in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Now with this book "The Fruits of Fascism" we have the result of Mr. Matthews's reminiscing and brooding over his experience in fascist Italy. Here, well padded with quotations from Gibbon, is Matthews's Decline and Fall of the Fascist Empire.

This book is the latest to tell a story that has already been told many times. The fact of being the latest and most up to date gives no mean advantage to Mr. Matthews's work. The institutions and history of Italian fascism have often been described by Italian and non-Italian writers. All the writers on fascism who had any concern with the truth reached the conclusion that fascism was wrong, and

that it was bound to ruin Italy. Now the same story has been told once more by an earnest and conscientious writer. It does not tell us that fascism is bound to fall, it describes its falling. It is perhaps the first history of fascism written by a latter-day anti-fascist.

A striking feature of this book is that it is an anti-fascist history of fascism written almost entirely with fascist material, documented with quotations taken from fascist sources, or from sources that were available inside fascist Italy. Had Mr. Matthews been acquainted with the literature on fascism which has been published outside of Italy, he would have avoided falling into some inaccuracies that are particularly strange in an otherwise carefully thought out book. Thus he could write respectfully of "aristocrats," of Mussolini-made noblemen whose nobility is about as authentic as the seaworthiness of a Kentucky admiral, and the reader who happens to have some knowledge of fascist intellectuals finds a number of crackpots promoted to the rank of distinguished and brilliant thinkers.

The author tells explicitly in his preface and in his final chapter what led him to write this book. He wanted to help prevent the recurrence of the fascist blight. He knows now what fascism has made of a country that he loves as much as if it were his own. He has seen that country being ruined, the character of its men corrupted, the lives of its humble people made unbearable. The author identified himself so completely with the Italian people that for a long time he was inclined to look at fascism with a condescending Italian nonchalance. Now he knows better, and he candidly recounts his experience, presents his facts as he has learned them.

He says that he began to recognize the real nature of fascism when he saw what fascism was doing to Republican Spain. He saw fascism then in all its native criminality, fascism that will never live in peace nor let the world enjoy peace. Now we are at war with fascism, and we are well on our way towards crushing the major centre of fascist infection. But Mr. Matthews warns us that fascism is too malignant a disease to be eradicated completely by the surgery of total warfare. Let us be on guard, he tells us, because fascism is going to have its recurrences.

Mr. Matthews has done his job with earnestness and fervor; only occasionally is it marred by inaccuracies, which are certainly due to the limitation of his sources and the circumstances of his work. He makes us especially aware of one thing: the next time we want to take radical steps against this deadly disease of a nation, we must

not wait until the moment when, along with the diagnosis, we get the coroner's report.

MAX ASCOLI

THOMAS WOLFE

THOMAS WOLFE'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER, *edited, with an introduction, by* JOHN SKALLY TERRY, *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THOMAS WOLFE wrote novels of uncommon power; hence these letters of his are documents of uncommon interest. No writer of genius, one is tempted to say, has ever left a more intimate and eloquent account of his hopes and fears, toils and aspirations, than these letters contain. The book, too, is enriched by a charming introduction by John Terry. Mr. Terry, who is now writing the life of his old friend, gives a vivid portrait of Wolfe in his New York days, and also a vivid portrait of Wolfe's mother. Into this part of the book he has fitted also some interesting reminiscences by the mother—parts of a longer story recorded on the dictaphone.

It has long been known that Wolfe's novels (especially the Gant saga) are highly autobiographical. As Mr. Terry says, they are "fictionized versions of what happened to him; they all mushroomed out of his gargantuan memory and were reshaped according to the artist's desire." But these letters, with the introduction, give an even better insight into Wolfe's genius and bent than any afforded by the novels.

Six feet, seven inches tall, "earthy, sensuous," he could eat enough for two men, drink (beer) enough for three men, and laugh with the gusto of half a dozen. But fundamentally Wolfe was as serious as a Fundamentalist elder. An illness in his twentieth year, which for a time he feared might prove fatal, had burned into his consciousness the fact that time is fleeting, and filled him with determination to express himself to the last ounce. "His plans and dreams," says Mr. Terry, "were actually those of a superman." He was passionately determined to encompass all living experience in a series of great novels.

As a child, Wolfe was precocious; as a boy in Asheville he seems to have been the very counterpart of his Eugene Gant of Altamont. At the University of North Carolina, under Koch, Greenlaw, and Horace Williams, he found a sort of intellectual Arcadia, and blossomed out into a sort of literary phenomenon. During his years at Harvard, under Professor George P. Baker, he showed great promise of becoming a dramatist, and almost succeeded in selling a play

for New York production. In his twenty-fourth year, being obliged to earn his living, he accepted a teaching job at New York University, and two years later began "Look Homeward, Angel." An extraordinary first novel, it brought him financial support, and a goodly measure of fame, before he was thirty. His second novel, "Of Time and the River," fulfilled the promise of his first, and before his untimely death, at thirty-seven, he had already achieved for himself a permanent place in American literature. His life offers an attractive subject for a classic biography, and one hopes that Mr. Terry will do it full and signal justice.

CHARLES LEE SNYDER

DOWN TO EARTH

THE AMERICAN LAND: ITS HISTORY AND ITS USES, *by* WILLIAM R. VAN DERSAL,
Oxford University Press.

HERE is a book that is definitely individual. In the past few years, there have been a number of books (standing alone, or as parts of a series) dealing with the history or the folklore of various sections of the United States, books that set a new style—plotless and hence differing from a historical novel; devoid of the author's experience, though possessing a time perspective, and thus differing from the "travel-and-description" category and yet not the straight, undiluted history of the textbook. They were books that showed the colorful past of the section with a romantic slant of "human interest," leaving the reader with a stirring sense of the rich lore of his land. But there they left him, for the most part. Dealing with a glorious past, they gave no hint of the future.

This book begins in the same style. The first two chapters, except that they deal with the country as a whole, might be taken from a volume of the "Rivers of America" series. From there on, however, the whole tenor of the book changes. The author leads us into a subject as prosaic and unromantic as any on this earth—the commonest of professions, farming. He shows us, one by one, the crops the American farmer raises: the methods used to grow them, how they look in the field, what they become, on the plate or in the factory. A dry subject, perhaps—yet so interesting is the writing and so well are the necessary facts organized that this is far from being a textbook. Having seen the crops and the lands they grow on, we are shown what is wrong with the present system. And then two futures are revealed—one that can be and one that will be if we do not mend our ways.

We have all heard of conservation—the prevention of soil erosion, the husbanding of our timber. But to the ordinary Easterner, or the city dweller anywhere, this book brings the problem into clearer focus. We see it not through the eyes of one Dust Bowl refugee group, not as a heart-rending emotional account of the destruction of a farm and a family, but as the physical elements involved, their causes and their cure.

To us also are presented new aspects of old familiar topics. The tranquil shade of the forest primeval becomes a fear-filled gloom; the buffalo herds of the great western grasslands are shown as the original pathfinders of our wooded Appalachians; some European grapes refuse to grow in America, and some American grapes save the European vineyards. Many simple processes and facts that the average person never quite understands are made clear—facts so simple and so self-evident to the farm-bred that no one ever bothers about explaining them—and yet a source of mystery to many.

Seldom has there come so interesting a book which is, at the same time, so close down to earth. Through its pages we become aware of the greatness that lies in the fields and forests of America, and of our duty to insure this continued productivity.

RICHARD F. LOGAN

OF MYTHS AND MEN

AMERICAN HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP, *by* GERALD W. JOHNSON, *Harper & Brothers.*

GERALD JOHNSON's purpose is admirable, although his title seems a little misleading. One who expects to find Carlyle fitted to the American context—the hero as soldier in Washington, as homely sage and statesman in Lincoln—may be surprised to find scant mention of either. Mr. Johnson has made selection of his heroes in a way that looks at first blush eccentric: Pierre-Samuel du Pont, Jefferson and Hamilton, Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Tom Watson and Huey Long, Bryan and Roosevelt I, and Woodrow Wilson. All save Du Pont were political characters. This sole exception—a man unknown to most Americans, however great the later fame of smokeless powder and rayon and cellophane—may appear the most whimsical choice of all. Yet the prime subject of Mr. Johnson's book is not heroes in the Carlylean sense, but the ironies of history. Most of these ironies arise from contradictions between flesh-and-blood and legend. A man's public immortality arises not

from what he was, but from what posterity wants him to be. It is his legend, with which he often had little to do, that wields the enduring influence.

Du Pont, whose family name is stamped indelibly upon American life, came here as a physiocratic dreamer, an idealist fearful of modern industrialism. Hamilton, in Mr. Johnson's interpretation, was also a romantic (his chief delusion being that "the rich are intelligent"), while Jefferson was the hard-headed realist, whose only miscalculation in blueprinting his agrarian commonwealth came from inability to foresee the age of steam and electricity. Of both Hamilton and Jefferson Mr. Johnson writes with marked brilliance. One can only object that his paradox is built upon such flexible ambiguities as "romanticist" and "realist"; for one could readily turn the tables and prove the opposite and more conventional thesis. But, as always, the Devil's Advocate holds a picturesque advantage. In certain Plutarchan parallels—notably Jefferson and Hamilton, Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt—the analyst gains his maximum irony. Bryan, a Fundamentalist with a Marxist mind, stated radicalisms as though they were pedestrian. T. R., on the other hand, rephrased conventionalisms with such audacity that they seemed radical.

The ultimate irony of American history Mr. Johnson discovers in his own favorite hero, Woodrow Wilson. Wilson was rejected by the American people as a visionary, by their failure to see him as a hard, stern Covenanter, intensely practical, warning them against the wrath to come—the bitter grapes from which the Nazi vintage was pressed. In praising Wilson, and lashing a nation that turned blindly against him, Mr. Johnson has much justice on his side. But he misses one vital point, on which Wilson fell short of practicality. This point is cogently stated by Mr. Lippmann: that Wilson's leadership was at fault in making no clear and explicit avowal of our complete war aims. We fought for democratic ideals, truly enough, but they were enmeshed with our own national welfare and the safety of our Western world. Wilson the schoolmaster taught Americans to fight for "a high disinterested purpose" that exhilarated us momentarily, then left us with a morning-after conviction that we had mixed in other people's wars with no benefit to ourselves. We were thus unprepared for the peace. One may endorse Mr. Johnson's eloquent tribute to Wilson the hero, while admitting that Wilson also had heroic faults—chiefly his refusal to see that a people's morale

endures longest when it recognizes candidly that saving the world for democracy is also saving it for ourselves. DIXON WECTER

THE MIND OF MARITAIN

RANSOMING THE TIME, *Charles Scribner's Sons*; THE TWILIGHT OF CIVILIZATION, *Sheed & Ward*; THE RIGHTS OF MAN AND NATURAL LAW, *Charles Scribner's Sons*; EDUCATION AT THE CROSSROADS, *Yale University Press*; ART AND POETRY, *Philosophical Library*; by JACQUES MARITAIN.

JACQUES MARITAIN and Reinhold Niebuhr are the two outstanding religious thinkers in this country today. Each is in so many ways typical of the Christian tradition to which he belongs that he can be taken not only as a spokesman of that tradition but as its symbol; each is an exemplification of its vital relevance to the contemporary scene.

Maritain and Niebuhr have much in common. Both are, first and foremost, theologians, but both are at home in technical philosophy, as is evident in their respective critiques of older and more recent philosophical positions. Both survey the present and anticipate the future from a rich historical perspective. Both are intensely concerned with the actualities of the social order and are bold in denunciation of our social ills, generous in constructive suggestions for their alleviation and cure. Both insist on the imperative need, now as always, for the conversion and reformation of the individual, yet both recognize how much sincere and intelligent Christians can do to cooperate with non-Christians in our secular society.

These striking similarities are more significant for Christian unity today than are the differences which distinguish Maritain and Niebuhr, both as individuals and as Catholic and Protestant. These differences, however, must not be minimized, for it is in and through them that each is able to make so distinctive a contribution to contemporary thought and action. Niebuhr's strength is his prophetic insight and eloquence, his revival and reinterpretation of biblical revelation, and his challenging Protestant reading of the dialectic of history. Maritain's strength is the lucidity of his re-exposition of Thomistic theology and, more particularly, his sensitive exploration of its bearing upon every major aspect of human life. The five volumes here reviewed testify to the "catholicity" of his thoroughly Roman Catholic outlook. All five deserve far more consideration than I can give them in the space at my disposal.

The general character of "Ransoming the Time" is clearly indi-

cated in the author's Foreword. "The topics treated in this book seem extremely diverse. Yet the subject-matter is but one: man in his cultural life and in the complex patterns of his earthly destiny. And the essential theme also is one: human conflicts and antinomies can be overcome and reconciled only if first they are perceived in their full dimensions, and if they are viewed in the ontological perspectives of Christian wisdom. This is not a book of *separated* philosophy, separated from faith, and separated from concrete life. I believe, on the contrary, that philosophy attains its aims, particularly in practical matters, only when vitally united with every source of light and experience in the human mind. Thus it becomes able, in its own intellectual domain, to *ransom the time*, and to redeem every human search after truth, however it wanders, in manifold, even opposite ways."

The intention here expressed is admirably realized in the ten essays which comprise this volume. Three are historical—a brief study of Pascal's political ideas, and a longer and very illuminating study, in two parts, of Bergson's metaphysics and philosophy of morality and religion. In his sympathetic yet critical treatment of Bergson, M. Maritain exhibits his remarkable ability to enter imaginatively into the thought of a writer whose position is different from, though perhaps not explicitly hostile to, his own.

Under the provocative title, "The Mystery of Israel," the author discusses the "Jewish problem" from a primarily metaphysical and religious point of view, and in the following essay he defends himself against a philosopher "whom I prefer, for the sake of charity, not to name." "Israel is a mystery," he writes. "Of the same order as the mystery of the world or the mystery of the Church." "It has been said that the tragedy of Israel is the tragedy of mankind; and that is why there is no solution to the Jewish problem. Let us state it more precisely: it is the tragedy of man in his struggle with the world and of the world in its struggle with God."

Passages such as these reveal the temper and quality of M. Maritain's approach to the problems that rend and torture mankind. "I am perfectly aware," he says, "that before agreeing with the statements proposed in my essay, it is necessary to admit, as a prerequisite, the whole Christian outlook; therefore it would be inconsistent to hope for any agreement from a reader who does not place himself in this perspective. I do not intend to try to convince such a reader, but,

for the sake of mutual understanding, I think perhaps it would be interesting for him to know how a Christian philosopher considers this question." This is, in fact, a good description of M. Maritain's attitude in all his writings. His ultimate *hope* is doubtless to persuade, but his primary *intention* is to understand, to expound, and, to the best of his ability, to demonstrate that Christian charity which he so repeatedly insists is the chief fruit and evidence of Christian faith.

This interpretation of the Jewish problem is profound and illuminating. But it is regrettable that the author has deliberately ignored its psychological, sociological, and ethical aspects, especially in view of his own desire to eschew a "separated" philosophy. How, one is impelled to ask, would he, as a Roman Catholic, deal with the Jewish problem concretely, in the light of historical events and sociological urgencies?

In the essay entitled "Who Is My Neighbor?" he addresses himself to the persistent problem of how, and to what extent, Roman Catholics can co-operate, religiously and socially, with Christians of other communions and with non-Christians. "A rapprochement obviously cannot be effectuated at the cost of straining fidelity, or of any yielding in dogmatic integrity, or of any lessening of what is due to truth. Nor is there any question whatever either of agreeing upon I know not what common minimum of truth or of subjecting each one's convictions to a common index of doubt." All clear-headed Christians sensitive to the demands of religion would, or should, agree. But when M. Maritain goes on to say, "I know very well that if I lost my faith *in the least article* of revealed truth, I should lose my soul" (my italics), he is expressing that attitude, typical of Roman Catholics but present also in Protestant communions, which makes genuine Christian co-operation so difficult. Dogmas, regarded as basic articles of faith, are essential in any church as a "community of believers"; they constitute its common theological foundation. Dogmatism, in contrast, is uncritical and unwavering acceptance of dogmas as the final and absolute word of God. Dogmatists are always guilty of what might be called the fallacy of misplaced absolutism. Christians believe that God is absolute; dogmatists assert that their (or their church's) conception of God is absolute. Christians believe that God is omniscient; dogmatists assert, in effect, that the dogmas which they accept are infallible. It is this dogmatism which seems to many of us to be neither philosophically honest nor truly

Christian, since it repudiates both philosophical humility and the humility which Christianity demands of all professing Christians. (M. Maritain will forgive me—he would be the first to insist on absolute candor.) It is this dogmatism, moreover, which threatens to wreck all efforts towards church union and which alienates so many thoughtful and sincere men and women from the church of Christ. M. Maritain is clearly right, however, in pointing out that real co-operation is possible among Christians on the basis “of the heart and of love,” and among all men of good will on the basis of “civic friendship.”

The remaining essays in the volume, on such diverse subjects as “Human Equality,” “The Catholic Church and Social Progress,” “Sign and Symbol,” and “The Natural Mystical Experience and the Void,” are all thoroughly Thomistic in outlook and all rich in insight and suggestion.

“The Twilight of Civilization” is the text of a lecture given in Paris in 1939. The author is fully justified in believing that “the thoughts I expressed at that time retain their actuality as well as their truth.” It is an impassioned account of the crisis of modern humanism, of the great anti-Christian forces whose demonic power was evident even before the war, and of the answering challenge of the Christian gospel. In the conclusion, on Christianity and democracy, he reiterates his earlier attacks on “the myths stemming from Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the homicidal errors of bourgeois individualism, which might be termed miscarried democracy,” and reaffirms his belief in “an integral humanism and an organic, Christian-inspired democracy.” Many of his non-Catholic readers will probably agree that “a political philosophy which must be called democratic in the sense that it is opposed to dictatorship and to absolutism is something much larger than that which we call the democratic parties or even the democratic form of government (though it naturally tends to the latter).” And all Christians must agree that, in *some* sense, “the Christian religion is annexed to no temporal régime; it is compatible with all forms of legitimate government.” But such statements as these will leave many readers uneasy on a vital point, namely, on the Catholic conception of the political implications of Christianity. *Can* religion be “the best defender of the person and of his freedom” (as M. Maritain says in “Ransoming the Time”) if it does not declare itself to be essentially *more* compatible with some forms of government than others?

This general theme is further explored in an admirably clear monograph, "The Rights of Man and Natural Law," in which M. Maritain studies the basic characteristics of a "society of free men" in contrast to other societies, the concept of law, and the rights of men as human beings, as civic persons, and as workers. Here the author is laboring, hard and fruitfully, to clarify the basis on which men of good will can co-operate to promote social and international justice.

"Education at the Crossroads," the Terry Lectures for 1943 at Yale, is a document of first-rate importance. With a characteristic concern for both ends and means in their proper relation to one another, M. Maritain discusses first the aims of education, disposing *seriatim* of seven "misconceptions" (including Pragmatism, Sociologism, Intellectualism, and Voluntarism) and concluding that the main duty of the school is "not to shape the will . . . but to enlighten and strengthen reason." "Teaching's domain is the domain of truth." He then proceeds to the "dynamics" of education and the art of the teacher; he stresses the importance of fostering in the pupil a regard for truth and justice, for existence, for work, and for the welfare of others; and he formulates the "fundamental norms of education" in four basic rules which deserve quotation. (1) "Foster those fundamental dispositions which enable the [student] to grow in the life of the mind"; (2) "Center attention on the inner depths of personality"; (3) "Foster internal unity in man"; (4) "Liberate intelligence instead of burdening it." These rules, he believes, will dictate the inner structure of the curriculum and focus primary attention upon "school subjects—those whose knowledge is 'of most worth' "—as basic, without neglecting subjects "the main value of which is that of training" and which belong properly to the category of "play." The main stages of education are then examined with an eye to what should, and should not, be taught at each level of liberal education, from the grades to the graduate school. The lectures end with an honest facing of some of the "trials of present-day education" and the supreme importance of an "integral education" for an "integral humanism."

Once again the ultimate frame of reference is Christian, Catholic, and Thomist, and many professional educators and perplexed parents—indeed, precisely those who could benefit most from a careful study of these pages—will ignore them because of their own dogmatic prejudice against this Christian and Catholic point of view.

Actually, M. Maritain's ideal of education is, at least in large measure, as valid on secular as on Christian premises; it is sheer informed common sense. His criticisms of such contemporary trends as progressive education and vocationalism are at once sympathetic and cogent; his treatment of the vexed problem of religious education is a model of democratic tolerance and practical wisdom. In the reviewer's opinion, this small volume should be compulsory reading for all, whatever their religious beliefs or disbeliefs, who want light on the nature and place of education in our democratic society.

"Art and Poetry" brings together three appreciative estimates of Chagall, Rouault, and (rather surprisingly) Severini as "religious painters," some extraordinarily interesting "dialogues" on contemporary literature, and a rhapsodic essay on music and poetry. The common theme of these poetic fragments, which complement the author's well-known "Art and Scholasticism," now in its third edition, is "Art and poetry, and the intermingling of the human and poetic demands in man." Their background "is the conviction that whereas poetry is, by its nature, working in the lines of art, poetry and poetic knowledge nonetheless infinitely transcend art merely conceived as the craftsman's virtue. The main task of the philosopher, in such matters, is to discern and revere the genuine substance that poetry conveys to us, and the freedom it aspires to, and the original, irreducible mystery of poetic knowledge." This task is here undertaken with great imaginative power and literary expressiveness; the author reveals still another facet of his many-sided genius. What is most arresting is his capacity for genuine understanding of, and sympathy for, any artistic venture which is authentic and vital. Even here he does not refrain from appraisal in religious terms, but his judgments are never moralistic or canonical, but always artistically sensitive and artistically relevant.

I wish there were some way in which I could, without overstepping the limits of good taste, indicate the quality of these books which I most prize. Whoever has had the privilege of knowing M. Maritain as a friend will testify to his Christian humility, charity, and fervor. Those qualities are not so evident in his more formal and systematic writings, but they impregnate nearly every page of these five books and endow them with a rare and precious quality—a quality not present in the writings of most philosophers. "Truly, philosophers play a strange game. They know very well that one thing alone counts, and that their medley of subtle discussions relates

to one single question—why are we born on this earth? And they also know that they will never be able to answer it. Nevertheless they continue sedately to amuse themselves. Do they not see that people come to them from all points of the compass, not with a desire to partake of their subtlety but because they hope to receive from them one word of life? If they have such words, why do they not cry them from the housetops, asking their disciples to give, if necessary, their very blood for them? . . . For mercy's sake, if ever God has spoken, if in some place in the world, were it on the gibbet of one crucified, He has sealed His truth, tell us; that is what you must teach." M. Maritain does not amuse himself. He spends his life speaking, in many tongues, what he conceives with passionate sincerity to be the word of life. He cries this word from the housetops; he teaches, in season and out of season, what he and his church accept as God's truth. And he does so, I am convinced, despite my radical disagreement with him on some central beliefs, with exemplary humility, sympathy, and love. This, I submit, is his richest contribution to the twilight of our civilization—the twilight which, we desperately hope, with him, may be the dawn of a "new humanism."

THEODORE M. GREENE

STRATEGY AS AN ART

MAKERS OF MODERN STRATEGY, *edited by* EDWARD MEAD EARLE, *Princeton University Press.*

IT is something of a surprise to find a compendial work of any kind presenting the subject with order, proportion, and consistency. It is still more of a surprise when the subject is military strategy, on which the doctors fall into those violent disagreements called wars. If strategy were the science it is sometimes considered, war would become a matter of calculation without intervention of weapons. The fact is that strategy is an art which can only be dealt with by asymptotically approaching description, and this anthology brings it out. It begins with Machiavelli, who never thought of himself as anything but an artist, and it ends with Hitler, who has tried to be one.

It is an effort to present the complex of ideas by which the minds of military leaders are consciously or subconsciously ruled. The method is to consider these ideas in the making through some view of the men who made them. Vauban, Frederick the Great, Jomini, Clausewitz, Adam Smith, Ludendorff, Mahan, Douhet, are a few

of the names, each treated by a writer who has some claim to specialization in the field. Obviously, the result is a book which can do no more than present the main outlines of their contribution to strategic thought, but the net result is a far clearer picture of the basic military mind than could be given from the standpoint of any one set of theories.

This is not to say that the book altogether lacks weak spots. Sigmund Neumann on Engels and Marx is chiefly concerned with proving that the former was a competent military critic and fails to demonstrate that his man contributed anything to the art beyond good journalism. Theodore Ropp, who takes the continental theories of sea power, does not quite seem to have worked out his definition of what sea power is; omits all reference to the spectacular Russian ideas and to any German ideas but those stemming from Tirpitz, assuming that because other theories are not on paper they do not exist. Irving Gibson (in an essay otherwise excellent) presents André Maginot as an impotent personalization of the French desire for cheap security, in apparent ignorance of that extraordinary individual's ventures into sea-air strategy and of the part his secret Spanish treaty played in setting off the upheaval in that peninsula.

But these are minor matters, and it is fair to admit that in association they amount to no more than a request for fuller evaluation of parts of the subject—an evaluation that might be disproportionate in a book admirable for its lack of overemphases. This quality is quite clearly the work of the editor, who himself contributes three of the papers, two of them among the very best in the collection. No one has thrown so much light into the shadowy history of the modern Russian army, including its remarkable recovery from the Finnish War and the failure of the treason trials to affect its structure. The closing chapter on Hitler might have been written fifty years hence and will probably be standing up at that time. Alexander Kiralfy contributes an extraordinarily sound observation on the hitherto unexamined subject of Japanese naval strategic ideas. Derwent Whittlesey disposes of Haushofer with extraordinary neatness and dispatch, and Edward Warner contributes the penetrating observation that up to the present all theorists of air power make sense only when viewed in retrospect.

As a compilation the book is likely for some time to remain basic in its subject.

FLETCHER PRATT

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WHAT WE DIDN'T KNOW HURT US A LOT

BY CARL BECKER

IT is a commonplace that history has to be rewritten from time to time. The reason is that, quite apart from any new information that may have been turned up in the meantime, each succeeding generation necessarily regards the past from the point of view of its own peculiar preoccupations and problems. In so far as these preoccupations and problems are different from those of the previous generation the events that led up to them inevitably acquire a significance that was not apparent before.

A notable example of this general truth is the effect of the last war on the estimate of the nineteenth century. In the light of the catastrophe of the First World War and the problems it bequeathed to the post-war generation, the facile optimism of the preceding century seemed obviously misplaced. Modern history could no longer be explained in terms of a simple faith in democracy, prosperity, and progress. The Victorian Age, therefore, came in for a bad beating. The Victorian was portrayed as a figure of fun—conventional, pompous, complacent, materialistic, inhibited, and hypocritical. The Victorians had blindly blundered into the most disastrous war of modern times and thereby left the world worse than they found it. Therefore, good-bye to all that, let us at least be honest, said all the cynical and disillusioned young men.

But now we are in the midst of another and even greater

catastrophe in the light of which we are compelled to re-examine and re-assess the events that led up to it. As we look back over the twenty years between 1919 and 1939 what we see most clearly is the ineptitude of those intellectual attitudes and political policies that made the present war possible if not inevitable. The cult of prosperity and business efficiency, the complacent return to normalcy in national and international affairs, the brittle cynicism and theatrical despair of the sad young men, the disparagement of "ideals," the easy assumption that democracy was on the way out—all this now begins to look pretty thin and unrewarding. Already some kind things have been said about the despised Victorians; and the Hard-Boiled Age, sandwiched in between the Age of Progress and the German conquest of Europe, begins to appear in the light of a strange interlude of limited insight, confused purpose, and frustrated endeavor.

It is said that nothing reflects and portrays the essential spirit of an age better than what is called its literature—imaginative writing and criticism of it. Of American literature in this sense there was, during the period from the beginning of the First World War to the beginning of the second, a sufficient quantity. The number of stories and novels appearing in books and periodicals was unprecedented; the energy devoted to the propagation of literature, in the way of daily newspaper book reviews, book-of-the-month club activities, and high-powered advertising, was incredible. If criticism lacked much in quality and discrimination, it lacked nothing in quantity and good will. One day some reviewer hit upon the word "creative" to describe a writer whose book he happened to like. The word caught on; thereafter any writer, critic, artist, interior decorator, or cook not esteemed creative was damned indeed. And so every week the mass-production book reviewers and the authors of publishers' blurbs heralded the appearance of new creative writers whose work the world would not willingly let die. It is true that the world let most of it die within six months or a year. But the general impression left by all this frenzied literary propaganda was that

American literature had at last come of age, that never before had there been so many writers of the first rank who saw life realistically and portrayed it as they saw it with fidelity and insight.

The fidelity and insight of the best American writers during the last twenty or thirty years are not to be doubted. I am not now concerned with that, but rather with the prevailing conviction that all this fidelity and insight served the laudable general purpose of emancipating American literature from two artificial limitations which, so it was thought, had hitherto prevented American writers from depicting American life as it was and as they knew it to be. One of these artificial limitations was the idea, surviving from colonial times, that great literature could flourish only in mature civilizations, and that American writers, living in a new and crude society, could attain excellence only by imitating the best English models and with this borrowed technique making what they could of the manners and customs of a country which, from the point of view of "culture," was necessarily backward and provincial. The other artificial limitation was the moral squeamishness and "refinement" of the Victorian Age which had prevented writers, even English writers, from dealing frankly and fully, or even at all, with the question (fundamental for an adequate understanding of life) of sexual relations.

From these two artificial limitations American writers emancipated themselves with immense gusto and complete success. They accepted the fact that they were Americans, and that it was their business to observe life as it was lived in the United States and to describe it in the language that was native to them and to the people whom they described. American life, however crude, was what it was, and for an American writer excellence could be achieved only by accepting it in all its rich diversity and conveying the peculiar accent and flavor that made it essentially American. Like their English contemporaries, and perhaps with an even more deliberate bravado, American writers also emancipated themselves from the

limitation of Victorian tabus—made no bones of describing fully and frankly all those matters which had formerly been thought too vulgar or too intimate to be mentioned in polite society, or to be referred to more than obliquely in books meant to be read aloud in the family circle, in the evening, under the shaded lamp on the living-room table.

Winning these two freedoms was all to the good. Even at the risk of much exaggeration and triviality, of much writing inspired by no more worthy purpose than to flout the mores and shock repressed spinsters and prim old gentlemen, it was eminently worth while for American writers to free themselves from subservience to foreign models and the tabus of the Victorian Age. But the consciousness of having been valiant in the battle for freedom too often engendered a certain intellectual arrogance—the feeling that if a writer knew how to observe accurately and portray with fidelity the details of the contemporary scene it didn't matter much what else he knew. The resulting impression is that American writers of the last quarter century, with some notable exceptions, have taken it for granted that since it isn't necessary to imitate foreign writers it isn't necessary to know much about them, and that since the work of the Victorians is defective in certain respects it isn't worth bothering about in any respect. The chief merit of American writers of the last quarter century is that they have observed closely and portrayed with fidelity the life of their own time and place; their chief defect is that they have mostly known too little about the life of other times and places to disclose the general or universal significance of the life they knew and portrayed with so much realistic detail. The interesting result is that, aiming to emancipate themselves from provincialism, they have, by and large, exhibited a provincialism of their own—the provincialism of those who know little or nothing about what has been thought and said and done in the world before the year 1900 or beyond the confines of the United States of America.

Viewing the world in this short perspective, American writers have, accordingly, for the most part presented the various

aspects of the contemporary scene with all the vividness but also with all the garish exaggeration of "close-ups." So presented, nothing could be more "realistic" or convincing than, for example, "Main Street," or George Babbitt, or Studs Lonigan, or the Killers, or the inane lost soul in "An American Tragedy," or the pathetic antics of William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes trial in Dayton, Tennessee, or the pathological behavior of the degenerates of "Tobacco Road." But as isolated phenomena, each for the moment filling the foreground and distorting the general picture, nothing could be more fragmentary, more marginal, and consequently less adequate for conveying the essential quality of American life as a whole. One feels that the authors are too close to the incidents they relate, too emotionally involved, to stand off and see them in proper relation to the life and history of the people of the United States, still less in proper relation to the life and history of mankind. Relating these incidents with much hard-boiled objectivity, the authors appear, nevertheless, to judge them subjectively, in terms of their own resentment or contempt, or in comparison with some ideal of human behavior never realized outside of Utopia. They almost persuade us that only in the United States are there Main Streets or Babbitts or gangsters or boobs, and that in the United States there is very little else. With some notable exceptions, the most popular writers of the last quarter century seem to be saying: "We accept the U.S.A. but with a grimace; we are uncertain what it's all about, but it strikes us as pretty bad; we can at least show it up, though without knowing, after all, what good it will do to show it up except that it eases our sense of frustration. Meanwhile some of us find satisfaction in becoming half-hearted fellow travellers on the Marxian line, or in going to Paris, although nothing is certain in Paris either, except that in Paris also the sun also rises."

It has been well said that anyone condemned to live with an optimist is bound to become a pessimist. This excuse is open to all the disillusioned men—young or old. They were disillusioned not only because their view of human life was too

much restricted to the immediate present but also because, imprisoned within the immediate present, they were condemned to live with the sentimental optimists who glorified material success as the new gospel of salvation. After the war of 1914-18 the mass of the people were fed up with noble ideals and eager to return to "normalcy," to business and pleasure as usual. No more parades, no more crusades! Put money in your purse and have a good time! For some years it seemed an easy thing for anyone to put money in his purse. One had only to buy and sell stocks on margin, or buy and sell land on a rising market. There seemed to be no end to it. The febrile prosperity of the late 1920's, founded on shenanigan and as unstable as water, was naïvely taken by hard-headed business men to be the beginning of a new era in human history, and was rationalized as the inevitable result of the business and technical efficiency and the superior moral qualities of the American people.

In this naïve glorification of business success and rationalization of frenzied finance, some trained economists were almost as gullible as the writers of superficial best-sellers or the editors of magazines designed to exploit the vanity of women. A famous Harvard professor declared that the United States was the land of prosperity chiefly because Americans were seeking "the kingdom of Heaven and righteousness." Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows" was a best-seller chiefly because it demonstrated that Jesus was, after all, a jolly fellow, the good-mixer prototype of the American business man. "There is only one first class civilization in the world today," exclaimed the editor of a popular woman's magazine. "It is right here in the United States." The editor of another popular magazine announced that the stories that "now pour in to us from all quarters of America are tales of ultimate success and happiness." "You business executives," so runs his inspired judgment, "sitting at your desks, thinking ever in terms of factories and output and financial setup, have been making a fairy tale come true."

This inspired judgment was uttered in 1930, after the stu-

pendous stock market crash had already demonstrated to the discerning that the fairy tale was a fairy tale indeed. But for three years, the President of the United States and the outstanding political and business leaders of the country clung desperately to the fairy tale, and in the face of a wealth of evidence to the contrary assured the people that the depression was only temporary, that there would surely be a quick recovery, that prosperity was "just around the corner." Then all over the country the banks began to fold up. Normalcy and the temporary joy-ride were ended, and a New Deal, which was only a revival and expansion of Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom, had to be improvised hastily to meet the three-year-old but still unforeseen crisis. The provincialism of the optimists was far worse than that of the pessimists, and what they didn't know hurt the country a lot more.

It is often characteristic of provincial minds to be overconfident—to think that we are the people and wisdom shall die with us. Much of the thinking of the Hard-Boiled Age, whether taking an optimistic or a pessimistic view of American life, was infected with this species of intellectual arrogance. Often enough, no doubt, the arrogance was no more than a mask concealing the failure of a quest for certainty, or the despair occasioned by fruitless journeys through the waste lands. But more frequently it was the arrogance of those who mistake sophistication for knowledge—in this case, those of little learning who picked up half-truths by reading books of popular exposition on psychiatry, the dialectic of history, the A B C of the atom, and the Einsteinian theory of relativity. To them it seemed that science had discovered the true nature of the universe and solved the mystery of human behavior. It seemed that the mind of man, by rational scientific procedure, had demonstrated that the universe was devoid of intelligence, and even of order, and that the mind of man was irrational; from all of which the astonishing conclusion was somehow reached that an age which regarded every belief as open to doubt had at last got the low-down on men and things.

The ideas of Marx and Freud had, of course, been known to scholars before 1914, but it was not until after the war that they entered the main current of popular thinking. Then it was that the lost generation, which studied psychology in college and read the works of Havelock Ellis, and the advanced intelligentsia in all the Greenwich Villages, and the pseudo-intellectuals of the fashionable world, who boned up for conversation at dinners given to popular lecturers from abroad—then it was that all these people first learned about infantile fixations, complexes, frustrations, the factors of production, and the irrational behavior of the atom. How admirably these ideas were suited to the mood of the time! Who could any longer be fooled when it was known that the activities of the individual were largely determined by the subconscious without the individual being aware of it, and that the chief function of the conscious intelligence was to provide those “good reasons” which would lend moral credit to conduct inspired by egoistic motives? Who could any longer be taken in by the principles and ideals of democracy when it was known that the main course of history is a conditioned reflex induced by the factors of production, and that forms of government and theories of politics and morality set forth to justify them are scarcely more than by-products designed to buttress the economic interest of the ruling classes? The ideas of Marx and Freud have certainly added much to the knowledge and insight that in the long course of time men have acquired about themselves and their history; but as so often happens with new ideas, these were assimilated in popular thought without qualification and made too much of, serving the Hard-Boiled Age, as one may say, as compensation for its sense of frustration by demonstrating that the real motives of men are always sordid and the professed motives never sincere.

Equipped with these supposedly new truths, which were at best only half-truths, many popular writers (historians, biographers, sociologists, novelists), with no adequate knowledge or understanding of either human history or human psychology, set about the agreeable task of debunking great men

and the traditional ideals which they represented. Among the heroes thus debunked was the Father of his Country. A multitude of readers, whose knowledge of history was acquired from school or college textbooks and from what they could pick up in the newspapers and the news reels, now for the first time learned the devastating fact that George Washington was no stiff image of perfection but a passionate human fellow who sometimes indulged in profanity, liked hard liquor, and was by no means indifferent to attractive women. All this had, of course, long been known to those who took the trouble to learn something about the early history of the United States; but to the uninformed it came as a revelation, entertaining or shocking as the case might be.

Among the traditional ideals subjected to the debunking process were the liberties hitherto associated with, and supposed to be guaranteed by, democratic institutions. It appeared that democracy was not all that it professed to be. Whatever was sordid and corrupt and hypocritical in private and public life (and there was plenty of it) was set forth without qualification and in distorted perspective. In the light of this unlovely picture, it was obvious that all men were in fact not equal, either in possessions or in opportunities or in their treatment by the police or in the courts of law, and that liberty was in fact the prerogative of the few but scarcely more than a sour joke for the many.

Liberty! Something in the Constitution—a word to be enclosed in quotes if one wished not to be thought naïve. Democracy as a going concern was exhibited, and judged, not in the light of the age-long struggle of men against ignorance and oppression, or in comparison with any practicable alternative, but in the light of those ideal aims which men have always cherished but which were now judged to be no more than disingenuous professions because not fully attained.

From this point of view, it seemed that what had been called liberal democracy could be properly understood only as “capitalist democracy.” So far from being a permanent conquest of the human spirit, democracy, like all other political

forms, was a temporary phenomenon which in the dialectic of history would be inevitably transcended, which indeed had already seen its best days and was now "at the cross roads," or "in retreat." Disillusioned by the results of the war, the odoriferous Harding era, and the great depression, many intellectuals saw in communism the most notable of the new forms which the dialectic of history was bringing to birth; and many former liberals—editors, college professors, writers of books—cast a hopeful eye at the great Russian "experiment," which, at a distance, seemed to hold out the promise of something better in the long run than capitalist democracy as they observed it at close quarters. A good word might even be said for Mussolini, who ran the trains on time and was by all accounts an engaging fellow personally.

All this—the disillusionment, the braggadocio, the advertised and cultivated emancipation from the ideas and conventions of the nineteenth century, the half-hearted hankering after strange foreign gods—was an indication that the spokesmen for the people of the United States were losing some of the old instinctive confidence in themselves, were no longer altogether sure of the high significance of the nation's history, of the superiority of its institutions, or of the essential rightness of what the nation had done, was doing, or would in the future be doing.

Of this uncertainty there was no clearer indication than the prevailing attitude towards the last war. The Great War was, as one may say, like a black back-drop on the stage of history, shutting out the past and throwing an ominous shadow on things present and to come. With every effort to forget the war, it was ever present in the fringes of consciousness, disconcerting the thought and confusing the purposes of many people. The Great War, which had been sustained with so much emotional idealism, could now neither be idealized as a splendid victory nor accepted as a decisive defeat. It could be thought of only as a kind of enigma—an inexplicable mistake or misadventure, in which the country had become involved through its own blundering or through the clever manipula-

tion of foreign governments in the promotion of their own interests.

One thing at least seemed certain. It was an illusion to have supposed that the war was different from other European wars, that it was a war to end wars or to make the world safe for democracy. So far from having made the world safe for democracy, it had only made it convenient for dictators. So far from having ended all wars, it had created the conditions that might easily lead to another war. Reliable historians, both European and American, exploring recently published documents from the archives of Germany, France, and Great Britain, reached the conclusion that Germany was not, after all, solely responsible for beginning the war—not more so than France, even less so than Austria or Russia. Thorough and admirable as many of these studies were, they were mostly too narrowly concerned with the immediate and superficial causes of the war—placed too much emphasis on the importance of specific decisions by high officials registered in communications sent, at one o'clock A.M., July 28, or whatever the precise hour may have been, from the Ballplatz, the Quai d'Orsay, or 10 Downing Street. The explanation of a world conflagration was thus reduced to the level of a diplomatic intrigue, and the heavy responsibility for shaping the course of history was too easily attributed to the fallible judgment of particular governments or individuals. It almost seemed that the war might have been prevented if Bethmann-Hollweg had been more courageous, or Poincaré less ambitious, or poor Edward Grey less befuddled or more familiar with the German language.

All this was, in its way, a debunking of history, the interpretation of great events in terms of what Charles Beard has called the "devil theory" of history, an attempt to find out what governments had deliberately "conspired," what individuals were to be pronounced "guilty." No historian seemed capable of presenting the war in its broad historical setting, as the result of impersonal forces generated by the complex industrial and technological society of modern times. No Ameri-

can historian, at all events, succeeded in making the entrance of the United States into the war an entirely credible event, the necessary result of extremely complex historical, political, economic, and psychological influences, the result less of the guilt of individuals or the conspiracy of governments than of the limited knowledge, the fallible judgments, and the instinctive emotional responses of leaders and people.

Professional historians were, for the most part, too antiquarian in their interests and too departmentalized in their knowledge to undertake such a task, and in any case too drily academic and unimaginative in their habit of writing to reach a wide public and so have much influence in molding public opinion. It was, therefore, left to popular writers, whose knowledge of history was neither extensive nor profound, to interpret the war to the reading public. So interpreted, the war appeared to be no more than a sinister conflict between European powers for territorial and commercial advantage; and this view was confirmed by the fact that the Allied powers, having with the aid of the United States won a complete victory, proceeded according to plans agreed upon in secret treaties to destroy the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, partition the Turkish empire, and take over the German colonies. Was it not, then, a mistake to have supposed that without the aid of the United States France and Great Britain would have been decisively defeated? Would not the war in that case have ended as a stalemate, in a "negotiated" instead of a "dictated" peace, the "peace without victory" which Wilson had himself said was desirable? So it was made to appear, and so it was widely accepted. And this view of the war contributed much to the creation of a general feeling of resentment, a deep-seated suspicion that the people of the United States had been inveigled into a senseless European war without knowing what the pay-off was.

Oddly enough, no writers were more adept in presenting this view of the war than those who subscribed to the Marxian philosophy. Although, in general, believing that great his-

torical events are determined by impersonal economic forces, they even more than others managed to put their finger on the particular governments or individuals that were guilty of having conspired to bring this particular great event to pass. In the light of this provincial and unhistorical view of the war, it was widely believed that the entrance of the United States into the war had been a mistake, and a costly one. Some writers regarded it as a case of bad judgment, and let it go at that. Others looked for an alibi—blamed Woodrow Wilson for bamboozling us with his fantastic idea of a war to end war, or else said that we were maneuvered into the war by the sinister, under-cover activities of the international bankers and makers of munitions, or made out that we were a nation of starry-eyed idealists easily taken in by the skilful propaganda of the French and the British. And whether all of this was true, or only debatable, or merely preposterous, it was at once both the result and a contributory cause of the deep malaise of the Hard-Boiled Age—its disillusionment about the past, its uncertainty about the present, its apprehension about the future.

In this state of uncertainty and apprehension, the people of the United States watched the rise of Hitler and the approach of another European war. Having been fooled once, we were determined not to be fooled again. Hitler seemed to us just another Mussolini, only more theatrical and conceited. We might not like the Nazi philosophy or the Nazi form of government, but that was something for the Germans to take and like if they wanted to. Hitler was pretty hard on the Jews, but, well, the Jews—maybe after all! If Hitler wanted the Rhineland, well, why not? And if he wanted a strong army, that was no more than any country was entitled to; and if he wanted all Germans united under a German government, that was in accord with the Wilsonian principle of national self-determination. If Hitler wanted more than that, let Britain and France stop him. It was no affair of ours. We thanked whatever Gods there be that we did not belong to the League

of Nations, and were determined that this time we would be wise guys, and put America first, and not again go on a crusade to set the world right.

This attitude on our part had some excuse perhaps, since it was not essentially different or more short-sighted than that of the people of France and Great Britain, who were nearer the seat of trouble. They, too, were obsessed with the idea of safety first, and their fear of becoming involved in another war blinded them, as it blinded us, to the real purposes of Hitler and the real nature of the Nazi philosophy. For years both Mussolini and Hitler had been explaining, clearly if blatantly, that fascism and Nazism were systematic organizations of force and fraud, and for years both had exhibited the system in action. The ruthless suppression of all political, intellectual, and religious freedoms, the systematic liquidation of the Jews, the official glorification of hate and brutality—it was all there, explained in books and recorded in deeds, for the whole world to look at. A few people, even a few in high position, such as Ambassador Dodd and Winston Churchill, saw what they looked at and told what they saw. But most of the people and the responsible leaders of Great Britain, France, and the United States were unable or unwilling to see or believe anything that would disturb their half-hearted conviction that the way to play it safe was not to take any risks. Realists of the Hard-Boiled Age, we were then, who could believe, as late as 1937, that Hitler did not mean what he said in "Mein Kampf," and yet with incredible mental agility could believe, as late as 1939, that he did mean what he said at Berchtesgaden and Munich!

And so the great democratic countries stood aside, as from something that did not concern them, while Hitler prepared for war. Fearful of becoming involved in a war in defense of institutions of the value of which they seemed none too sure, they looked the other way while Germany built the most powerful army in Europe, supported Mussolini in the brutal and senseless conquest of Ethiopia, aided Franco to destroy democratic institutions in Spain, and then proceeded to the

conquest of Austria and the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. As a result of this timid refusal to risk anything to prevent a war which by prompt, united, and decisive action could have been prevented, each country, one after the other, as circumstances dictated, became involved in the most desperate and disastrous war in all its history.

No country followed this futile policy more blindly than the United States. In September, 1939, President Roosevelt officially proclaimed a state of neutrality, and in a nation-wide broadcast told the people that he believed that we could keep out of the war, and that in any case he would do all that was possible to keep us out. It was the only thing he could then say which the overwhelming majority of the people would tolerate. If there was, in his solemn address, an overtone of doubt, that also expressed the general feeling. We were determined to keep out of the war, but we were less sure than we had been in 1914 that it would be possible to do so. Proclaiming neutrality was all very well, but proclaiming neutrality might not save us. Neutrality involves certain rights as well as certain obligations—the right of sailing on the high seas, of trading with neutral countries, and with belligerent countries in articles not contraband. If we exercised these rights there might be “incidents,” like the sinking of the *Lusitania* in the previous war; and if Hitler ignored our protests, as he would very likely do, then we might, in defense of our rights, become involved in the war in spite of all our good intentions.

This being the situation, we did a very strange thing. We refused to exercise our neutral rights for fear that we might have to defend them. To the belligerent powers we said in effect: “Define for us the danger zones, and we will keep our ships and our people out of them. It is true that we have certain neutral rights which, if exercised, would take our ships and our people into these zones, and hitherto we have always exercised and defended these neutral rights. But now we will abandon them because otherwise we might find ourselves in a position where it would be necessary to back down or fight.”

It was certainly the tamest surrender of neutral rights, even before they were violated, ever staged by a great country.

Meanwhile, Poland was quickly conquered and ruthlessly looted and oppressed, but for eight months there was virtually no fighting on the western front. We congratulated ourselves. It was, after all, a "phony war." And then suddenly Hitler struck. Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium were conquered, French resistance collapsed, and after Dunkirk it seemed that Great Britain would suffer the same fate. All this was a great shock to us. We discovered suddenly that the preservation of the British empire and the British fleet was a matter of vital importance to the United States. We, therefore, changed our policy. Instead of "cash and carry" the slogan became "all aid short of war." All aid short of war was better than cash and carry, but it revealed a state of mind scarcely less muddled. All aid short of war evidently meant, if it meant anything, that the preservation of British power and the defeat of Germany were of vital importance to us, but we were still unwilling to face the fact frankly. By shouting "all aid" we could convince ourselves that we were doing our utmost; but by whispering "short of war" we could convince ourselves that the boys would not have to be sent overseas. We could give all aid except the essential aid, and slip into the war without being in a "shooting war."

In this muddled state of mind we remained until Japan came to our aid by clarifying the issue. The attack on Pearl Harbor forced us at last to take note of the fact that something incredibly base and brutal was loose in the world, that the suppression of it was really our affair, and that nothing short of a shooting war would serve our purpose.

Edmund Burke said that he did not know how to draw an indictment against a whole nation. It would be equally vain and mistaken to draw an indictment against the achievements of an entire age or period in human history; and equally so to direct the indictment against any generation within that age or period. In the period between the two world wars, not all the sad and disillusioned men were young, nor were all the

young men sad or disillusioned. The achievements of the time, as well as its failures, were many, and were shared in by old and young alike. That the achievements in science and technology and engineering, in medicine and the conquest of disease, and in co-operative humane enterprises were outstanding is not to be denied. Nor can it be denied that the achievements in educational experimentation, in specialized research in history and the social studies, in art and literature, and in psychology and philosophy were, if not outstanding, at least very considerable. I have no desire to disparage any of these achievements. But every age has its limitations and failures, and it is the limitations and failures of the Hard-Boiled Age, especially in the realm of social and political thought and policy, that need now to be noted because they contributed so much to bring about the desperate situation in which we are now involved.

The limitations and failures of any age, like its successes, are in no small part conditioned by what we have been taught to call its "climate of opinion"—those underlying assumptions or presuppositions, for the most part uncritically accepted, which so largely shape the thought and conduct of men. In this respect, we live in one of those periods in which men can neither accept without qualification nor reject without distress the traditional foundations of belief. In the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century, all the traditional assumptions about the nature of the universe and what can and cannot happen in it, and about the nature of man and what is essential to the good life—assumptions which had sustained and given confidence to the nineteenth century—were brought out into the open, examined, and found more or less invalid. The general result was a pervasive sense of doubt and insecurity, a sense of having lost the way, of having been misdirected by the preceding generation, and of finding no reliable sign posts marking the road to the future. It is not without significance that the two most ambitious and notable historical works—those of Spengler and Arnold Toynbee—were attempts to find a reliable plan or pattern in the multi-

farious events of human history; or that the principal work of a distinguished American poet was entitled "The Waste Land"; or that the work of the most eminent American philosopher was in part summed up in a book, published in 1929, entitled "The Quest for Certainty."

Lack of certainty, lack of conviction—this may be taken as an essential, pervasive quality of the moral and political thinking of the Hard-Boiled Age, and the chief source of its confused purposes and frustrated endeavors. What is truth? Is justice the right of the stronger? Is morality no more than the custom of the time, and religion no more than the opiate of the people? These questions, endlessly argued by philosophers in all ages, now became real enigmas troubling the thought and influencing the conduct of many people unacquainted with philosophy. Lacking certainty and conviction, men sought compensation in diverse ways—in blind submission to the authority of church or state, or in disillusionment and indifference, or in a cheap sophistication, or in a conscious and cultivated cynicism nourished by the half-hearted conviction that since the world is meaningless and man corrupt one may as well get what one can while the getting is good.

The dominant tone or temper of an age, like the essential character of a nation, is more easily felt than defined. But in the speech and writing of any age, one can often detect a persistent overtone, a kind of impersonal collective voice, which conveys some prevailing attitude of that time. At least one of the voices which speaks for the Hard-Boiled Age seems to be saying: "Since the universe is devoid of purpose and the world a tough place and the life of man precarious and unpredictable, our best bet is to be hard and play the game close to our chests. We will endeavor at all events not to be taken in by anything 'unrealistic'—by the pretense that men or things are other or better than their observed behavior makes them out to be. We will not be taken in by the profession of 'principles' that are not applied in practice, or the profession of 'ideals' that are not lived up to. We will not be taken in by the

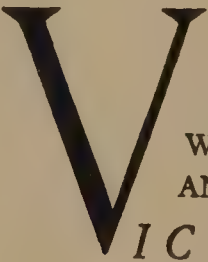
ingenious, under-cover activities of the subconscious in persuading men that they are acting from purely unselfish motives even when they are obviously achieving something highly beneficial to themselves. We will not be taken in by emotionally sustained convictions as to the substance of things not seen—the notion that ordinary men may care more for liberty than for life, more for equality than for the material possessions that enable them to keep up with the Joneses; or that some politicians would really rather be right than be president; or that business tycoons ever place service above self or prefer the public welfare to corporate profits. We will not be taken in by the notion that national honor and international justice are ever anything more than phrases in the mouths of statesmen uttered to conceal the fact that they are pursuing purely selfish national interests. Above all, we (we Americans) will not be taken in by the notion that it can be to our national interest to pull Europe out of a mess or go on another crusade to make the world safe for democracy.”

No, we would not be taken in. But we were taken in, and on a grand scale. We were taken in by our fear of being taken in. We were taken in by our provincialism—our ignorance of the past history and present state of the world, and of our own history and our present position and interests in that world. We were taken in by the naïve belief that in a world that had been and was being rapidly and profoundly transformed by science and technology we could return to normalcy and live in isolation. We were taken in by our failure to appreciate the substantial merits, and our disposition to exaggerate the superficial defects, of our democratic institutions. We were taken in by our failure to understand that Nazism, in theory and practice, is a “revolution of nihilism”—a profound transvaluation of all the accepted values of Western civilization which, if successful, would destroy the institutions and freedoms that are essential not only to the democratic way of life but to any way of life that can rightly be called civilized. And the final ironic result of all this failure in understanding was that we were forced, against our will, at a late hour when we were still

unprepared, to become involved in a second world war far more costly and desperate than the first—a war which we are now fighting, as every day with blithe complacency we assure the warring and conquered nations, for the sole purpose of ending all wars and making the world safe for democracy.

Whether the war will have that result I do not know. But I should think it unlikely unless we can learn, from the experience of the last thirty years, a good many things. We might learn, for example, that it's not smart to be provincial, that sophistication is not a substitute for knowledge, and that a hard-boiled realism which fails to penetrate to the essential realities is the worst species of romanticism any people can indulge in. We might learn that at a time when men can fly in bombing planes from New York to Hongkong in less time than it took Ben Franklin to travel from Philadelphia to New York we cannot return to normalcy or live to any good purpose in economic and political isolation from other nations. We might learn that if we cherish our way of life and wish to have the world made safe for it, a refusal to run any risk in the hope that George will do it for us is not a realistic policy.

At the very least, the experience of the last five years should enable us to appreciate the truth of Somerset Maugham's saying in connection with the fall of France. "If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

FOR  BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
ICTORY

THE CONSTITUTION VS. THE PEACE

By HENRY HAZLITT

THE exalted view that is now commonly held of the American Constitution was not shared by its framers. The document represented a long series of compromises; and each of the leading spirits of the constitutional convention, when he compared the final draft with his vision of what it might have been if his own ideas had been adopted, must have felt some disappointment. As with the other compromise provisions, so it was with that regarding the negotiation and approval of treaties. That provision has worked badly, and could work disastrously. But the knowledge we have of the debates and motives in the convention indicates that the treaty clauses might have been either a good deal better or a good deal worse than they actually turned out to be.

It is clear today that it would be a more satisfactory arrangement in every respect if treaties were made subject to the approval of a majority of both the House and Senate, instead of two-thirds of the Senate alone. There were in the constitutional convention, indeed, men who were clearly aware of this. James Wilson of Pennsylvania thought the two-thirds provision wholly objectionable. It would, he pointed out, place it "in the power of a minority to control the will of a majority." If two-thirds were required to make treaties, he declared, "the minority may perpetuate war against the sense of the majority." He urged that a simple majority be required, but that the House of Representatives also join in the power of approval, because "as treaties are to have the operation of laws, they ought to have the sanction of laws also."

Why, in the face of these sound arguments, was the present provision adopted? The main reason lay in the concept that

the framers had of the Senate for which they provided. With the thirteen original States, the Senate would have consisted at most of twenty-six men—a small body that could, the framers thought, act as a privy council. Replying to Wilson, Roger Sherman of Connecticut contended that only the Senate could safely be trusted with the power of approval, because the necessity of preserving secrecy in the consideration of treaties would forbid referring them to the whole membership of Congress. This reasoning prevailed, and Wilson's proposal was defeated.

In favor of requiring approval of two-thirds of the Senate, there were two arguments. Hugh Williamson of North Carolina remarked that "treaties are to be made in the branch of the government where there may be a majority of the States without a majority of the people; eight men may be a majority of a quorum, and should not have the power to decide the conditions of peace." Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts enlarged on the "danger of putting the essential rights of the Union in the hands of so small a number as a majority of the Senate, representing perhaps not one-fifth of the people."

In addition to these avowed reasons, there were less frankly disclosed reasons in the minds of some of the delegates. Those from Virginia, North Carolina, and the West feared that the Northern and Eastern States might be willing to relinquish the right that this country had long upheld against Spain to the free navigation of the Mississippi River. It was because of this immediate concern that they insisted upon the two-thirds majority for approval, while a few of them even talked of requiring a majority of three-fourths.

The constitutional provision finally adopted provides that the President shall have power to make treaties "by and with the advice and consent" of the Senate. Washington, as the first President, took the provision regarding "advice" quite literally. The journal of William Maclay, a Senator from Pennsylvania, supplies a graphic account of what happened. Washington entered the Senate Chamber and took the Vice President's chair. "He rose and told us bluntly that he had called

on us for our advice and consent to some propositions respecting the treaty to be held with the Southern Indians. Said he had brought General Knox [the Secretary of War] with him, who was well acquainted with the business." General Knox presented a paper, which was hurriedly read by the Vice President. But, continues the diarist, "carriages were driving past, and such a noise, I could tell it was something about Indians, but was not master of one sentence of it." Signs were made to the doorkeeper to shut down the sashes, and the paper was read again.

The Vice President "put the question: Do you advise and consent, etc? There was a dead pause. . . . I rose reluctantly. . . . It appeared to me that if I did not no other one would, and we should have these advices and consents ravished, in a degree, from us." Senator Morris moved to refer the papers to a committee of five. Senator Butler "made a lengthy speech against commitment; said we were acting as a council. No council ever committed anything. Committees were an improper mode of doing business; it threw business out of the hands of the many into the hands of the few, etc. I rose and supported the mode of doing business by committees; that committees were used in all public deliberative bodies, etc. . . . As I sat down the President of the United States started up in a violent fret. '*This defeats every purpose of my coming here,*' were the first words that he said. He then went on that he had brought his Secretary of War with him to give every necessary information; that the Secretary knew all about the business, and yet he was delayed and could not go on with the matter. He cooled, however, by degrees. Said he had no objection to putting off this matter until Monday, but declared he did not understand the matter of commitment. . . . A pause for some time ensued. We waited for him to withdraw. He did so with a discontented air." The diarist concludes: "I can not now be mistaken. The President wishes to tread on the necks of the Senate."

That experience ended the effort of Washington, and, with one or two unimportant exceptions, of every other President,

to take literally the constitutional requirement to seek the "advice" as well as the consent of the Senate to treaties. The design of using the Senate as a privy council had completely failed.

Except on the premise of isolationism, except on the theory that treaties are likely to be vicious anyway and that co-operation with other countries is necessarily "entangling," our constitutional method of treaty-making has more and more revealed its inherent weaknesses and dangers. It is not an accident that, though it was accepted with little question through most of our history, it should have met with mounting doubt in recent decades. It is precisely as technological advances have narrowed the oceans strategically and increased our economic ties that a policy of isolationism has ceased to be tenable. As a positive foreign policy has become more necessary, the obstructive power that our treaty-making system gives to a minority has become less tolerable.

The outbursts of John Hay against the system have now become almost classic. "The irreparable mistake of our Constitution," he wrote in a letter in 1899, when he was Secretary of State, "puts it into the power of one-third plus one of the Senate to meet with a categorical veto any treaty negotiated by the President, even though it may have the approval of nine-tenths of the people of the nation." "A treaty entering the Senate," he remarked at another time, "is like a bull going into the arena; no man can say just how or when the final blow will fall, but one thing is certain—it will never leave the arena alive."

Judged from a cold statistical standpoint this last statement is, of course, gross exaggeration. In 1935 the Department of State published a list of all the treaties (except those with Indian tribes) submitted to the Senate from the beginning of the first Congress in 1789 to the close of the seventy-third Congress in June of 1934. The study showed the fate of each treaty and presented a summary table. The latter revealed that out of a total of 969 treaties submitted to the Senate, 682 were accepted by that body, 173 amended by it, seven

were transmitted to it for information only, and twenty-one were withdrawn. On seventy-one treaties the Senate took no final action, and it rejected outright only fifteen.

At first glance these figures look like an impressive refutation of the charge that our treaty ratification system is a bad one, or that the Senate has acted either obstructively or irresponsibly. But a closer scrutiny shows that Secretary Hay's metaphor comes nearer to the real truth of the situation than these bare statistics. That only fifteen out of 969 treaties were rejected by the Senate sounds extremely impressive until we recall that among the fifteen was the Treaty of Versailles. The rejection of this single treaty meant our refusal to enter a League of Nations to preserve the peace of the world. A similar observation must be made with regard to the seventy-one treaties on which the Senate took no final action. For these included the treaty by which we would have adhered to the World Court. Treaties go by importance, not by number. And it is, in general, only the important treaties that are politically worth opposing; for here the opposition can be dramatized; the "national peril" of making the treaty can more easily be made to seem real.

The State Department's classification of treaties in accordance with their fate in the Senate serves to remind us, also, of the many ways that body has of defeating a treaty. Outright rejection is, in fact, the method most seldom employed. Mere failure of the Senate to act is much more frequent. And one of the most effective of all ways that the Senate has of defeating a treaty is to "accept" it subject to amendments, reservations, or explicit understandings or interpretations that are either not acceptable to the other parties to the treaty or that nullify its purpose. The early treatment by the Senate of the Treaty of Versailles and of the League of Nations Covenant written into it is the best-known illustration of this. But an especially illuminating example occurred with regard to a series of general arbitration conventions negotiated by Secretary Hay.

These came before the Senate in 1905. They provided for the arbitration of "differences of a legal nature" which did

not affect "the vital interests, the independence or the honor of the two contracting States and did not concern the interests of third parties." In each individual case, before appealing to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, established under the Hague Convention of 1899, the high contracting parties were required to "conclude a *special agreement* defining clearly the matter in dispute." The amendment which the Senate imposed upon each of these treaties, as explained by G. H. Haynes in "The Senate of the United States," was "the slightest possible in form: — it simply substituted the word 'treaty' for 'agreement' in the above phrase. But its effect was momentous: it would require that a special treaty secure a two-thirds vote in the Senate before each individual case could be sent to the court."

President Theodore Roosevelt, who had submitted the treaties for ratification to the Senate, refused to submit them to the other powers as thus amended. He wrote to Senator Lodge: "I think that this amendment makes the treaties sham, and my impression is that we had better abandon the whole business rather than give the impression of trickiness and insincerity which would be produced by solemnly promulgating a sham."

The system of treaty approval that has proved so bad historically is also bad inherently. The main argument against it has already been cited. It gives a minority power to defeat the will of the majority. Because of the peculiar nature of Senate representation (under which the two Senators from New York, for example, represent one hundred and twenty-five times as many people as the two Senators from Nevada) this minority with obstructive power could conceivably be a very small one.

The mischievous possibilities of this system are increased by the bad internal organization of the Senate. There is no good reason to suppose that the division of sentiment regarding a treaty in the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee will accurately reflect the division of sentiment in the Senate as a whole. The extremely powerful chairman of this committee,

moreover, attains his office not through the choice of the full Senate, or even of his colleagues on the committee, but through the blind principle of seniority. Under such a principle it is perfectly possible for a chairman to occupy this position even though his views on foreign policy, or on a crucial treaty, are the precise opposite of those of the Senate majority. Through the blindly automatic operation of this system, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee is not responsible to the Senate membership as a whole, and he is certainly not responsible to the American people. He can be removed only by the voters of his own State, whose opinions on foreign affairs may be dictated by purely sectional considerations, and may not at all correspond with those of the nation as a whole.

All these elements combine to form what has been called the pre-natal effect of our constitutional system on treaties. The mere knowledge that "a little group of wilful men" can kill or emasculate even the wisest or most necessary treaty may stop the President from ever negotiating it. Or the treaty may be bad in the first place because there are omissions from it or clauses in it designed to propitiate imagined opposition in advance. Moreover, even if the President, in spite of the known risks, himself decides to go boldly ahead, foreign nations may hesitate or refuse to negotiate with him because they fear that their concessions will be in vain, that their motives will merely be held up to public suspicion, and that every treaty they make with us will have to go through a second set of bargainers determined to show the American people that they can make a better deal for them than the first. The State Department's statistical record does not show the number of unborn treaties. Nor does it show the number of treaties that were originally drawn in a less satisfactory form than they might have assumed without the Senate minority in mind. The statistics throw no light on the quality or wisdom of the treaties.

It is obvious that a system under which treaties were approved by a simple majority of both the House and Senate would be immensely better than the present one. It would be,

to begin with, incomparably more logical. Obviously, the same majorities that have the power to declare war should have the power to make peace. The abrogation of the two-thirds requirement in the Senate would take the power of indefinite obstruction from the hands of the minority. To admit the House to a part in the treaty-making powers, moreover, would accomplish more than one important result. It would assure an expression of national opinion on the basis of population. Treaties, as some of the constitutional framers were aware, have the force of laws, or require laws for their enforcement. It is, therefore, logical that they should have the same sanction as other laws. Finally, appropriations, which originate in the House, are often necessary in order to put a treaty into effect. Such appropriations are more likely to be assured if the House is consulted on the treaty in the first place.

But while this constitutional change, if it could be secured, would put our treaty-making process on a considerably less unsound basis, the fundamental defect in that process lies much deeper. It lies in our multiple-agency system itself, in our basic principle of separation of powers. For even if treaties were hereafter to be ratified by a mere majority of the Senate and House, the approval of treaties would depend upon the concurrence of three equal and co-ordinate bodies—President, House, and Senate. There is no assurance that these three American participants would agree. The President and Congress might be of opposite political parties; the Senate might be of a different political complexion from the House; party desertions on the issue might turn a majority in one body into a minority in the other.

As long as we retain our present governmental system, this defect could not be cured by any special arrangement with regard to treaties. The suggestion has frequently been made that we get around the dilemmas of the Constitution in the future by entering not into treaties but into “executive agreements” which would not require Senate approval. Such a course would be a mere evasion of the Constitution’s plain intent. It would

be an obvious resort to the ancient device of calling a spade by another name. Disregarding the broader evils to which such an evasion would ultimately lead, it is probably the worst of all solutions of our treaty problem. It would place in the hands of the President in the field of our foreign relations unchecked and arbitrary powers that we do not dream of allowing him in domestic affairs. It would permit the President to throw the great weight and influence of the United States to this side or that, to make questionable alliances, or to engage in other dangerous foreign adventures. In the foreign, as in the domestic, field the President should be able to act only to the extent that he has the support of public opinion. It is only by submission of his proposals to Congress that the arguments for and against them can be properly presented and public opinion fairly tested.

But our constitutional process provides no solution for those cases in which Congress is of a different political complexion or opinion from the President in foreign affairs. The Senate can reject the particular treaty he proposes; but it cannot secure another. It cannot force the removal of the President and the choice of some one else to negotiate the kind of treaty it wants. If the President and the Senate disagree regarding the treaty, the nation must be left without any treaty at all.

In the field of foreign relations, indeed, the weaknesses of our constitutional system are most glaring. It is not only its separation of powers that creates embarrassments but its inflexible adherence to the calendar. Suppose that the war in Europe should end this year at such a time that the peace treaty had to be negotiated in the very midst of the presidential campaign? The President would in any case have difficulty enough, in view of the fate of the Treaty of Versailles, in convincing our allies that the treaty he negotiated would be accepted by the Senate. But suppose that the presidential race were a close one. Would our former allies and enemies at the peace conference follow the fluctuations of the Gallup poll, to determine whether it would be wise for them to continue negotiations with the President or to take them up with the

Republican candidate? It is difficult to imagine a system less calculated than ours to allow America to speak with a united and decisive voice at the peace table, and to have that voice attended to.

Our British allies are confronted with no such problem. There the executive and the legislature, the treaty negotiator and the treaty ratifier, are fused. The British Prime Minister can always speak with the full authority of Parliament. It is not merely that he was originally the choice of Parliament. The mere fact that Parliament can at any moment force his resignation means that he must be satisfactorily reflecting its views as long as it has not removed him. It is sometimes objected that the British conduct of foreign affairs is not democratic. The Ministry, it is said, may negotiate a treaty and put it into effect without so much as submitting it to Parliament. This is true. But if the British Ministry made or attempted to make a treaty that was genuinely unpopular in Britain, it would soon hear unmistakably from the country and from Parliament, as the fate of the Hoare-Laval agreement so clearly showed.

Moreover, the British people and Parliament have a far better weapon against an unpopular treaty than mere rejection. They can immediately force the resignation of the Ministry itself, and choose a new Ministry to make the kind of treaty they want. The British Prime Minister always speaks with authority on foreign affairs, because the moment he fails to do so he can be replaced by someone who will. We have no comparable system here.

There does not seem to be even a remote possibility that the United States will adopt a system of responsible cabinet government within any period that we can now foresee. American opinion is still wholly unprepared for such a change. As a general rule, it does not even occur to us to look for the source of our political difficulties in the defects of our governmental system itself. We blame the President; we condemn Congress; we denounce the Senate, or this or that individual, for obstructionism. But we never stop to examine the manner in

which our system itself systematically provides both the means and the encouragement for obstructionism.

Public opinion, it is true, has been awakened, since 1920, to the dangerous obstructive power that the requirement of approval of treaties by a two-thirds vote puts into the hands of a minority in the Senate. In a recent Gallup poll, 54 per cent of the voters questioned expressed themselves in favor of a system by which treaties should be ratified by a simple majority of both the Senate and the House. Only 25 per cent of those questioned expressed themselves in favor of retaining the present system. But it is extremely doubtful that even this preponderance of public opinion, assuming the Gallup survey to be accurate, can force an actual change in the Constitution. "The process of amending the [American] Constitution," wrote Bryce more than half a century ago, "is so troublesome that even a change that involves no party issues may remain unadopted long after the best opinion has become unanimous in its favor."

The difficulties of amendment are at their highest exactly in a case like the present one, in which the power of obstruction could be taken from a minority of the Senate only with its own consent and, indeed, only by its own initiative. As a practical matter, an amendment to the Constitution can be submitted to the State Legislatures or to the people only by a two-thirds majority of both the House and Senate. This two-thirds majority would hardly be achieved in the Senate unless the amendment actually originated in that body itself, and, in fact, unless it actually originated in the minority party of that body. Such a self-denying act is almost unprecedented in democratic government. The last thing of which it is possible to convince a man or a group is that conditions would be better if he or it had less power of influencing them. So while, if an amendment to place the power of ratifying treaties in a majority of the House and Senate would probably be passed with unprecedented speed and unanimity once it were submitted, the real difficulty lies precisely in getting the consent of two-thirds of the Senate to submit it.

The one argument that is likely to be effective with all but the most public-spirited Senators is that failure of the Senate minority to take such a self-denying step would provoke or encourage the President, perhaps with public approval, to bypass the Senate altogether by calling his future treaties "mere executive agreements" or by some similar device. Public opinion is far more likely to resent any such evasion of constitutional requirements if it feels that only a clear majority can block a treaty.

It is true, of course, that some improvements in our treaty-making process could be achieved even without constitutional change. These would mainly involve an alteration in the congressional committee system and in the method by which the chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee is chosen. But the obstacles even to such changes are formidable. They involve the vested interests of the whole congressional hierarchy. The need of reform in our treaty-making process is urgent. But the prospect of achieving it will remain dark unless a clear and determined public opinion shows the way.

THE VISITOR

By DAVID SCHUBERT

HE came from the mountains into this
Garden. Welcome, sir, all that I have is yours.

He came from the mountains, he spied
The kind shade. He sate with me under the oak tree.

What have you done in the mountains, sir,
Beside hunting the white deer all day?

In the mountains I hunted and I plotted
Your garden's destruction and ruin.

In the mountains I hunted a similitude
To obtain your trusting mood.

Therefore I slay you as
You dream of the friendship I bear.

Said the man from the mountains the mountains
Who came to visit me here.

But I shall, as I look only upward
My star being set in the mountains,

Said the man, the man from the mountains,
See only the fair garden that I murdered here

Said the man the man from the mountains.

BEHIND THE JAPANESE LINES IN BURMA

By BERNARD FERGUSSON*

THE decision had now been taken to return to India. Our principal objects had been achieved: we had blown the railway (Mike Calvert had done so in something like seventy places), gained a great mass of valuable intelligence, and got the Japs marching and countermarching furiously in all directions. But the blow about returning to India was the necessity of abandoning the bulk of our mules and equipment. They had served their purpose, and would now be a hindrance rather than a help; but it was a wrench all the same, and poor Bill Smyly went about with a long face at the thought of leaving the faithful animals whom he had nursed all the way from India. Yet it had its advantages in that our rate of movement was much greater than it could possibly have been had they all been coming with us. Our hand would have been forced anyhow, because they had started anthrax and were going down like flies. I intended in accordance with orders from above to retain only an essential half dozen to carry wireless, some medical stores, and, at least as far as the Irrawaddy, some of my hard-hitting weapons.

* Major Fergusson, a Scottish officer in the Black Watch, commanded one of the five Columns in Brigadier General Wingate's famous force which made its way from India early last spring deep into Burma, destroying military installations, railroads, and bridges within the Japanese lines and making many surprise attacks on enemy positions. With the aid of supplies and directions occasionally dropped from airplanes, the Column fended for itself during the ten weeks' campaign. When it started out, at the River Chindwin, it consisted of about fifty Karens (Burma Riflemen) and a few Gurkha muleteers but mainly of English soldiers trained for such commando warfare, several of whom are mentioned by name in this narrative of their adventures. At the point where the story begins, Major Fergusson and his men have completed their tactical assignments, and have before them the problem of getting back to India, past Japanese troops hot on their trail, over the rivers and through the jungles.—THE EDITORS.

Next morning at moonrise we started for the Irrawaddy, having reason to hope that we might slip across at a certain spot. Unfortunately we were followed up and our tail fired on; and it became my task to lay a false trail and lead the enemy off on a tangent to the northeast. It was unfortunate that we had no time to distribute a mule which we had just killed for meat, but we all had a little food with us, having killed our two remaining pack bullocks the previous day, and still having something left of our rations—perhaps two or three biscuits each and a tin of cheese. We had some twenty-five or thirty miles to go to the spot in the jungle where columns were to meet each other in the event of being scattered, and twenty-eight hours in which to get there. All my officers knew it on the map, and I impressed on them that if we in turn had to break up we must keep well away from the route being followed by the main body, and continue to draw the enemy off to the northeast.

We waited until the main body was clear, and until two platoons which I had sent off to clear our tail rejoined; they had failed to make contact with the Japs. Then we started off down a dry river bed, making our tracks as obvious as possible. It was rather fun, after all these weeks of track concealment, to make ourselves and our footprints as conspicuous as possible—not unlike a small boy being encouraged after years of repression by a governess to put his elbows on the table and talk with his mouth full.

I should like to be able to record that all this time we had a feeling that we were being watched: that we felt the eyes of the jungle upon us, and that we could hear the thump-thump of the tomtoms all around. But I can't—we had no such feeling, merely an impression that we were putting up an exhibition which nobody would look at. An hour before dark I halted, and having had the whole afternoon to consider what we should do and communicate it to my key officers on the move, we were able without delay to put our plan into operation. In a word, it was to make a dummy bivouac in hopes that the scouts who had fired on us would whistle up their main

forces, find and follow our disgraceful trail in the belief that it was that of the main body, and then attack the bivouac while the brigade carried on with its journey.

We laid out the bivouac over a wide area, made an egregious number of fires, and heated up and ate the last of our beef. We then tethered four or five mules to trees some way from each other in the hope that they would feel lonely and bray, and abandoned various articles of tempting equipment with booby traps attached. We only had about two pounds of explosives left, but eked them out with grenades from which we removed the pins. Having completed our arrangements, we tiptoed craftily away to a genuine bivouac half a mile downstream, where we slept the sleep of the just until moonrise.

From the genuine bivouac I intended to push on down the stream with the bulk of the column, while I myself with two platoons entered a near-by village—the first for twenty miles—to hit with grenades and tommy guns any Japs who might be there. This village was on a track running east and west, and from it another ran to the south; it was therefore a likely place for the enemy to hold. I had no intention of taking the column through it if I could possibly by-pass it. Unfortunately the river bed narrowed almost at once to a mere streak of sand and was blocked by that infernal prickly bamboo; so I started up the track towards the village, hoping to find a path through the jungle by which to send my main body. Not only was there no path; everywhere the track I was on ran through prickly bamboo, and although I halted three or four times to find a way through into the friendly jungle beyond, I could find none. The moon was still low and giving little light as yet through the trees, and I had five-and-twenty miles to do before six o'clock that night. This combination of troubles and an inaccurate map, which showed the village at least half a mile farther away from the stream than it really was, resulted in my stumbling on it unexpectedly. I was a few hundred yards ahead of the column, with two Burma Riflemen accompanying me in case an interpreter was needed; and as soon as I saw the roofs of the houses reflecting the moonlight I halted

the column, told the two leading platoons (the bombers-designate) to be ready for squalls, and went forward gingerly into the village. The track we were on ended in a T-shape where it hit the main east and west road, and we reached the junction without being challenged, so that I began to think there couldn't be any Japs after all. But fifty yards along the track to the left, close to a biggish house, I saw a fire; and towards it I made my way.

Sitting around the fire, as it might be around a bridge table, were four men talking, who looked up incuriously as I approached. I addressed them in one of my rare Burmese sentences, "What is the name of this village?" (to which I knew the answer, but I was just making conversation). They didn't respond, and the truth flashed on me at the same moment as Jameson beside me gasped "Japs!" Not only were they more surprised than I was, they were petrified and unable to move; and they gazed fascinated at me as I struggled with the pin of the grenade which I had been carrying in my right hand for the last twenty-four hours. They still sat on while there followed a neat lob (though I say it myself) into the middle of the fire, and a most entrancing bang; and then they all fell over outwards onto their backs with perfect symmetry.

One of the rifle platoons went in with the bayonet to clear out the houses beyond the fire and did some damage, but light machine guns opened up and caused a few casualties; it got a bit hot for them and I ordered them back. The fight which followed was sharp but scrappy, with the Japs trying to get at us from different angles through little tracks in the undergrowth which they knew (and perhaps had made) and we didn't; but it wasn't hard to anticipate which way they were coming, and they never got in among us. My chief concern was not to employ so many troops that there would be danger of our fighting each other—not an easy thing to avoid when fighting in a congested area by moonlight. I was also anxious not to be caught on the tracks by daylight, and as the eastern sky got paler I was anxious to be off. Somebody reported that a track on the left (which cut across to the western end of the

village, and up which I had sent a platoon) had been cleared of Japs, and I told Alec Macdonald to have a look up it to see if we could get the animals through that way. Unfortunately the Japs had reinforced it, and Alec was killed, and Jim Harman wounded in the arm and head trying to get through.

Peter had done good work with grenades on the right-hand track from the T-junction, breaking up an attack almost single-handed; he had sent back the men with him, all but two, because he said they got in his way! I don't know how many he killed, but I could count eight bodies lying on the track, and there were almost certainly more in the shadows. In the first rush they threw a number of grenades, one of which burst among some of my wounded who were sitting behind a house putting on dressings, and one small splinter struck me on the hip and lodged against the bone just above the joint. I found to my relief that I was able to walk all right. Duncan was also throwing grenades, and being rewarded by a male chorus of groans from a shadowy flank where he had heard movement. Jameson had been hit in the shoulder; and Abdul, who had somehow wandered up into the fighting complete with Duncan's horse, also had a bullet through the shoulder and was weeping pitifully, not so much at his own pain but because the horse had been shot and he thought Duncan would be angry. Altogether our known casualties amounted to only one officer and two or three men killed, three officers and six or seven men wounded, whereas even dividing everybody's claims by two, the Japs must have had about twenty-five or thirty killed. We had no reason to be dissatisfied with the action: we had possibly drawn attention from our main body; we had killed some Japs. But the fact remained that I couldn't get the column through.

A decision had to be made, and there was no leisure to "pause and consuder." I was helped by the discovery, through a fringe of prickly bamboo, of a small paddy area, beyond which the jungle stretched friendly and free from obstacles away to the north. I had already sent Denny Sharp back to the stream with the animals, and told him to try afresh to find a

way down it now that we had the advantage of daylight. Soon after he had gone and the congestion on the track, which I had so dreaded would be apparent with daylight, had been eased, this paddy area and good jungle were disclosed; so I decided to give the signal to break up into dispersal groups and make for the rendezvous. Brookes the Bugler raised his bugle, and for the first time during the campaign the drill which we had so often practised against such an eventuality as this was carried out, and faultlessly. Where a minute before there had been three hundred bearded soldiers, all that was visible was the tails of little orderly disciplined groups disappearing confidently into the kindly jungle.

With me were Column Headquarters and two platoons, less some elements and plus some others; for when the dispersal sounded various people were absent on missions. Pepper, my faithful runner, so called because he never got out of a walk, and worst of all my splendid Stranraer sergeant-major, were both away on jobs at the time. Pepper joined me next day; Cairns, the sergeant-major, after many adventures, fetched up in China with fifteen of my men nine weeks later. But there was no time at this stage for a count of heads; we slipped into the jungle, crossed the road obviously, laid a prominent trail to the northeast, and then, by diligent use of the Trade Secret, slipped away elsewhere. Behind us we heard one short burst of fire, lasting perhaps a minute; the rest was silence. It was one of the groups which joined me on the morrow that had the delight of seeing the Japs attack our dummy bivouac, which they had presumably marked down the night before, and heard the beautiful bangs of our booby traps going off.

A mile or two from the village we halted and took stock. Duncan and John were with me, and Peter put a first dressing onto my wound. It was a very little one and will barely serve to forecast the weather with in my retirement; but it was uncomfortable to walk with and in an awkward place so far as keeping dressings on was concerned. After a few minutes we thrust on; for it was now half-past six or seven, and we had

over twenty miles to do in twelve hours. We ate a biscuit each, and later in the day had an hour's halt for a cup of tea; and thanks to Duncan and his map-reading by instinct—for the map was appallingly inaccurate—we made the rendezvous with the last of the light. Here we found Lieutenant-Colonel Wheeler and the Headquarters of the Burma Rifles, a sub-unit which normally travelled with H.Q., but which had on this occasion been engaged like us in laying false trails. Both they and we sent out contact patrols, but failed to find anyone else in the course of the next twenty hours.

Next morning we heard the sound of shooting from the direction of the Irrawaddy, and marched towards it. I lay up at about nine o'clock on the fringes of the jungle looking west across the river, and Colonel Wheeler was a mile or so inside. Our patrols were still combing the jungle. At noon Denny Sharp arrived with a strong party. He had had a brush in getting away from the village, having failed to find a way down the stream, and having to retrace his steps past the phony bivouac. By an unlucky chance he had lost several of the most valuable mule loads, and walking through some elephant grass in the dark had also lost the tail of his party, including the M.O., the sergeant-major (who had characteristically gone back to help extricate a mule from the mud, a thing which wasn't his job but which he was always doing), and all the Karens except one Maung Kyan. This was a real stroke of bad luck, and not in any way his fault. His feat in getting out of a *cul-de-sac* and marching a distance about eight miles more than I had done through worse country was not lessened in any respect by this incident. He had, moreover, boldly walked into a large village on the very banks of the Irrawaddy, given his party an enormous blow-out, and brought on enough rice for another meal.

Duncan, who had a flair for languages—in addition to English and Gaelic he was a great Latin and Greek scholar and had learnt some Arabic and Urdu—now astonished me by producing enough Burmese to extract some information, and enough rice for our original party to get one meal from, out

of a small hovel close to our hide-out. We were desperately hungry, and had I been the Pope I should have canonized him on the spot. In the afternoon Macpherson returned to Wheeler, and Fraser to me, with the news that they had seen the Brigadier, that the crossing had been opposed, and that we were all breaking up into small parties and making for India independently. Supplies were being dropped the following day for those who wanted them. Wheeler decided that he didn't, and would avail himself of the permission to move straight away, crossing the Shweli River to the north. I decided to have a shot at finding H.Q. and getting some rations. John Fraser had brought the welcome news that all my missing officers except David Whitehead had joined up with one column or another, and this presumably included all missing men. So I no longer felt bound to go on lingering in this thoroughly unpleasant, hot, under-watered and over-Japped area waiting for them.

I accepted a note from Wheeler for the Brigadier, gave him some two or three hundred rupees as he was short of money, and arranged to dine with him in Calcutta on the first possible occasion. His last words to me were, "I prefer sherry to cocktails, remember," and then he and his cheerful century of mixed Karens, Kachins, and Chins, with their three British officers, went off towards the Shweli while I set out to seek H.Q.

Night fell before we reached their bivouac, and when we found it, at half-past five next morning, they had gone. I couldn't face spending the rest of my life chasing them, and so made the big decision that we, too, would exercise our option and make for India. I had an idea that most people would try for the shortest route across the Irrawaddy River; so I resolved to follow Wheeler across the Shweli and then strike out on my own. Nine out of my seventeen officers were with me and about a third of my men. All of us were in poor physical shape, and I realized that not all would finish the trip. When I last saw the Brigadier I had said, to illustrate my dislike of leaving our equipment behind, that it felt like scuttling one's

destroyer and going home by P.&O. liner. He had answered drily that, whatever else the trip home was like, it wouldn't be like a trip in a P.&O. As the New Zealanders say, "Too right."

My party consisted of Column Headquarters, the bulk of three platoons, and a few of the Support Group. John and Duncan were there, Tommy Roberts and Jim Harman, Denny Sharp, the R.A.F. officer, Thomas Blow and Gerry Roberts, and Bill Edge, the cipher officer. Jim, Bill, and I were wounded, and so were several of the men, including Abdul. He and Jim, though able to walk, were in considerable pain, and I doubted if either would get out. I addressed the men and told them that we had every chance of pulling it off, but that we had no wireless and could get no help or supplies from the air. The one essential was the strictest discipline; and they would find my discipline the strictest they had ever known. The equal sharing of food was all-important, and as soon as the present rations were exhausted (some had been more provident than others and had spun theirs out longer) every morsel would be pooled. Any "helping oneself" in a village or elsewhere was an offense against the community: I would shoot anyone who did it, or who stole food from a comrade, or who pilfered from natives. I also said that anybody who lost his rifle or equipment without good and sufficient reason would be kicked out of the party, as I had no intention of arriving in India with a lot of unarmed stragglers. I said we would avoid fighting if we could, since—echoing words of the Brigadier—it was essential to get as many men out as possible with their valuable experience; but if we met Japs we must fly at their throats.

The first village on the Shweli was a washout. There were no boats, and only surly inhabitants. The second looked even less promising. It was that which Wheeler had said he was intending to try, and we learned that he had passed through it at two that morning. The only men in the village were two thoroughly unpleasant young ones, and a really sinister old one with a revolting goitre. They declared they had no boats

and no rice; we searched the village and found one boat hidden under a house, and any amount of rice. Across the river we saw another village eight hundred yards over the water, with half a dozen boats lying under the bank. Very unwillingly the two young men agreed to go across and fetch them, and we watched them go. Arrived on the other side, they disappeared into a house and emerged with fifteen or twenty Jap troops, who came out and stared at us through glasses. As we returned their stare (I had hidden most of my men, and they would not see more than a dozen), two lorries drove up on the far bank and disgorged another twenty or thirty soldiers. It looked as if the net were being drawn fairly tight. We helped ourselves to rice, and paid for it, though it went against the grain; and left the village, taking Goitre with us in case he let his tongue wag. As we left, two more men came in, and we took them for the same reason.

Having failed twice on the north bend of the Shweli, I resolved to march east, cross there, and make for the hills beyond. That would mean we were out of the circle made by the Shweli and Irrawaddy rivers, and would regain the initiative. So eastward we marched; but the jungle was devilish thick, and it took us eight hours' marching to do as many miles. At last, twenty-two hours after leaving Goitre's village, I judged us to be within a mile of the river, and sent out two patrols to locate it. They came back in due course, and one brought two Burmese who had been gathering vegetables in the jungle.

Of one thing we were certain: the sooner we were across the Shweli the better. The two new additions to our local Burmese did not inspire great trust; in fairness to them it must be remembered that the Japs were thick on the ground round there, and we were emaciated, haggard, hungry, lousy, and generally not at our most impressive. But eventually they admitted that they owned two small boats, which would carry four men each, and agreed that one would go and collect the boats just before dark, while we retained the other as a hostage. They said there were no Japs in their village, and that they would put us across midway between two villages on the

other side. There were Japs in both of these; but our crossing place would be a mile from either. It wasn't a very attractive proposition, and two small boats not much of an armada; but I was fed up with false starts, and my mood was such that when I gave out my orders I quoted Montrose:

He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all.

I suspect that my officers were hardly in the mood for quotations, but anyway the die was cast.

Waiting was always the most unpleasant feature of the campaign, and I think that that wait, from two o'clock, when I gave out my orders, to seven o'clock, when preceded by the hostage we moved off, was the worst of all. We were to wade across to an island, walk up it to the head, and there meet the boats, which would then put us across to the opposite bank. I could hardly believe that the boats would be there, and had a nasty suspicion of treachery. But there they were, only instead of taking four men they would barely take two with their packs. I sent Tommy Roberts across first, while I organized the defense of my tail, in case we were followed; and after some ten men had joined him, Denny and I went across. Working out the turn-round of the boats, I reckoned we should finish about 2 A.M., and I left John and Duncan on the near bank to make sure that not a minute was wasted in embarkation. But when Denny and I disembarked, a shock awaited us. We found Tommy Roberts, who said that far from being on the far bank we were on a sand bank in the middle of the river, and although he had been right along it trying at all points to wade across, it was everywhere out of his depth.

Now I was sure of treachery. They were intending to maroon us on a bank in the middle of the river. I sent a message back for John to come and interpret, and when he arrived, told him the position. He cross-examined one of the boatmen, who swore there was a way across and agreed to give

us a lead. Denny and I, with Peter and three others, were the first to go, and I must admit it was one of the most unpleasant things I have ever done.

First, it was pitch dark, and the roaring of the river unnerving. The depth was four to five feet and the current about four knots. There was a sandy bottom, but in patches it was quicksand. The strength of the current was such that you couldn't keep your footing, and for every step you took you were swept two downstream. To swim was impossible unless we sacrificed packs, which I certainly wasn't prepared to do. The only way was to lean forward against the stream and let your feet touch bottom when they could, while you bounced yourself—there is no other word—towards the bank. The crossing was about 80 yards wide, but you finished fully 100 below the point opposite which you started. The bank was almost sheer, and you then had to force your way upstream in about three feet six inches of water to the one place where you could clamber out. It was utterly hateful; and to weak and weary men who had had many setbacks during the previous few days, a particularly cruel obstacle. To wait till the boats had finished the first crossing was out of the question, since dawn would break long before the second could be completed; so the men must wade it. Denny Sharp went back across—a thing I couldn't have managed—to explain to the men how to do it, and how it wasn't too bad if done the right way. In a few minutes, a long line of men was coming across at an angle of forty-five degrees to the bank, as the stream urged them off their true course. Abdul, painful arm and all, was one of the first across.

As soon as I had enough men I put out stops on the motor road which ran along the bank. Tommy Roberts commanded the downstream one, and had a scare early on, when the headlights of three motor vehicles were seen approaching. His men actually had the pins out of their grenades, when, for some reason which we shall never know, the lorries stopped; and incredulously we watched the beams of their headlights going forward and back, and always at a more oblique angle, until they had turned round and driven away again.

I had no knowledge of what was going on on the far bank, and it was not till afterwards that I heard how, when a few men still remained, one of the boats had capsized and gone away downstream, owing to one of the men in it losing his nerve and shifting his weight. It was with great difficulty that John persuaded the other boat to wait; and as soon as the last man was on the sand bank it disappeared. And now comes a tragic story. Two or three of those wading the stream had been swept away and drowned; the miracle was that there were no more; but a few of the men left on the sand bank could not face it. Two officers went back to give them a lead, and each succeeded in enticing some across. John Fraser finally induced the last few to start with him; but he himself, being much weakened, lost his footing and went swirling away into the darkness. With much difficulty he was rescued, but it was the last straw for the faint hearts, and they went back to the false security of the sand bank. I gave them half an hour to join me, and told them which way I was going; and at the end of that time, it wanting only an hour to dawn, I resisted the appeals of two officers to be allowed to wait for them, and with a heavy heart I marched the column away. I count this the most grievous duty that has come my way in all my life, but it would not have been justifiable in any way to have risked the valuable lives of the many who had trusted themselves, and not in vain, to Providence, in a dubious endeavor to save those who had not the will to save themselves. All the wounded had crossed successfully, and what they could do the whole could easily have done. Even after we left, two screwed their courage to the sticking point, and later caught me up.

I don't know what other people had in the way of food, but I suspect nothing. Duncan and I had shared our last three biscuits and a slab of chocolate while waiting to cross the Shweli, and now boasted one tin of cheese (4 oz.) and a packet of dates between us. On this morning, the first of April, we split and ate the packet of dates. Everybody still had ample supplies of tea and sugar, or our losses from under-

nourishment would have been very much greater. So far I had lost only one man from this cause.

We marched due east into the hills, where I hoped to find food and sanctuary. We found no village that night, but we did find traces of a Japanese patrol, in the shape of elephant droppings and distinctive footprints. That night I bivouacked two miles short of a village where I hoped to get food early next morning. Soon after dark a voice shouted to us in Burmese, "Who are you?" and we made Maung Kyan, the one Karen still with us, reply, and sent him out to try and find our questioner; but he stayed not on the order of his going. I was feeling very low that night; apart from weariness, hunger, and a fair mental strain, my leg was giving me gyp; and I shall never forget Duncan's tenderness as he insisted on my looking after myself, and having a bath in the river near our camp site. (Possibly the latter attention was not entirely disinterested.) But seriously, he made me rouse up and take an interest when I was feeling despondent, and he repeated again how he wouldn't have missed even this part of the show. In view of what happened a couple of days later, this conversation was a great comfort. To cheer me up, he suggested eating our cheese, and I am ashamed to say that I agreed. I am perfectly certain that it was for my benefit, and that had he been by himself he would have kept it another day, such was his strength of mind.

At first light we moved on towards the village, John and Maung Kyan leading. For some reason we suspected no evil. The column was ten minutes behind John, moving cautiously, when suddenly we met him head-on with Maung Kyan, moving fast. Maung Kyan had walked into a Jap sentry leaning up against the corner of a house with his rifle beside him. We had no means of knowing their strength, and I was tempted to attack, but was dissuaded and that quite easily. This may be thought a cowardly decision, but we had hopes that the enemy would remain in ignorance of our presence in the area and the route we were taking if we could avoid an encounter. We swung round the village and went off in another direction,

making for the next village shown on the map, some thirty miles away. We drank tea three times that day, and I smoked my last two cigarets.

Next morning, the third of April, before we had marched an hour, we stumbled on signs of a village. I made certain dispositions outside it, and then walked in with John and one platoon. The inhabitants welcomed us effusively, but warned us that two hundred Japs had been there the previous evening, were camped in the neighborhood, and were expected back for food that morning. My strength was seventy-odd, and I feared we were no match for Japs in our then state. We had just bought the equivalent of two meals of rice per man, and a little pork, when two natives and one of my men came running to say that the Japs were coming in. We had got our food, and I hoped that nobody knew we were within miles; these villagers belonged to a tribe that certainly wouldn't give us away, and so I withdrew hastily—not running, but only just not. Half a mile from the village—not perhaps quite far enough for safety—we sat down and made tea, cooked rice and pork, and had our first meal for several days.

But that village, unmarked on any map, which had seemed to bring us luck, was a village with an evil star. In the afternoon I sent Duncan, with Maung Kyan and two British ranks of his own choosing, to carry out a reconnaissance and see if the Japs had left. I remember saying "Good luck" to him, and his saying, "If I get into trouble I'll fire my rifle." He left at one o'clock, and at two we were dismayed to hear first three and then two shots in quick succession. At five Maung Kyan and one of the British got back; they had been wandering round lost. They told us how they had got to the outskirts of the village and met one of the villagers, who warned them the Japs were still there. As they were withdrawing a Burmese appeared—in other words, not a villager—who at once shouted; upon which they took to their heels and made for the jungle. When they reached the edge of the trees, Duncan told them to cut on back to the bivouac, while he and the other man—Alec's old servant—made sure they were not fol-

lowed; and as they ran they heard the shots behind them. I waited till five next morning, and then marched miserably northwards.

I never expected to hear of Duncan again, but two months later in Assam I heard the sequel from Peter Buchanan, Adjutant of the Burma Rifles. The following day Colonel Wheeler's party, which had crossed the Shweli a day after us, also stumbled on this village; and finding it comparatively lightly held they attacked and took it, inflicting a good number of casualties. In the middle of the village they found Duncan and the other man dressed in Japanese clothes, with their heads and beards shaven, tied hand and foot. The lance corporal was dead and Duncan dying. In spite of his great pain he told them all he could about the enemy and about my party. Forty Japs had been in the village overnight, and the remainder were not far off. The Japs had not treated them badly, but as soon as the Burma Rifles' attack came in they had shot them. Before Peter left him Duncan died. His courage, said Peter, was amazing, and he never complained, but only handed over his watch to be sent home if Peter and Colonel Wheeler got through. Ten minutes later Wheeler himself was killed by a stray bullet, the only casualty the Burma Rifles sustained in the whole action.

So died in this remote and unknown village two of the best men in the force. For the rest of our hazardous journey back to the Chindwin I was sore at heart.

I did not march far that morning, but we must have gone some way or we would have heard the sound of the Burma Rifles' battle. We located a certain track by which I wanted to travel, and found it to be a motor road showing evidence of use; so we lay by it till nightfall, when I judged there would be little movement. The gossip in the village had been all of strong Jap garrisons in the hill villages east of us, and I had therefore changed my plan the previous morning. Instead of going east I had now resolved on going north, to cross the Irrawaddy so near one of the biggest Jap garrisons that they would not suspect it. Impudence had paid on the outward

crossing; perhaps it might pay on this. The only food we had left—for we had eaten the second of the two meagre meals of rice—was two malted milk tablets per man. I issued one of these before starting to march, and personally found it beneficial. We marched all night except for a two-hour halt, and at dawn got off the track to avoid a village which we believed to be held. I had my eye on a remote village still another ten miles to the north, which seemed to be on the way to nowhere, according to the map, and should therefore be safe. Much of our marching this day was through grass six or eight feet high, hot and dusty, and affording no protection whatever from the sun. Frequent halts were necessary. During the day we had tried to eke out our tea with a round turnip-like fruit which Maung Kyan warned us was inedible. We boiled it, but found it tasted like a tennis ball, and hungry as we were we couldn't eat it. We also tried grass, choosing thick succulent stalks which looked like asparagus, and boiling them.

At dusk we approached the village which was our quarry. We put a cordon round it, Gerry Roberts to the left, Jim Harman to the right, John and myself in the centre. Not all the Japs in Asia should keep us out this time. At a given moment we advanced—into a village which showed no signs of having been lived in for thirty years. Even the abandoned plantations failed to yield so much as a potato.

We slept, and next morning I issued the last remaining tablet of malted milk, and we plodded on. At nine o'clock, when we had marched about two hours, John and I had an argument about which track to take. I wanted to go right, he to go left. As we went, I became more and more certain that he was right, but obstinacy refused to allow me to admit it. I was in a lousy temper. But my pigheadedness must have been divinely inspired, for it had two results for which I can take no credit. One was that we missed a Jap patrol, which we learned next day was using the same track we had been on, in the opposite direction; we must have bumped it otherwise. The second was that we suddenly espied three water-buffaloes grazing by a stream. All of us held our breaths while Tommy

and Peter, the two best shots in the column, stalked them; and all three fell.

The work of skinning them in the hot sun with blunt kukris and dahs was very arduous, and the skinners had to be frequently relieved. Few of us could resist the temptation to eat our first meal raw—I am not sure that anybody did resist it. For the rest of that day until just before dark we hacked off gobbets of meat and roasted them on wooden spits. The wisest boiled it, and drank the rich gravy which resulted; but although Peter gave me boiled meat and gravy I grumbled until he substituted brown roast hunks which I could crunch. The rest of that day we spent roasting and eating, roasting and eating, dozing a bit, then bathing in the stream, then roasting and eating again. During the day all the men stripped and had a wash, and I was shocked to see how much their physical condition had deteriorated. Chest, arm, and leg muscles had disappeared, stringy tendons being all that one could see in their place; stomachs had fallen in completely, and below the ribs there was a horrible cavity, such as one sees in the more harrowing Continental types of crucifix—all this on bodies which when last seen had been those of strong, lusty, hearty men. One curious effect I noted in this extreme condition of hunger, both in myself and in others, was inability to articulate and inability to grasp what was being said. John, reproaching me for being impatient with those to whom I was giving orders, accounted for it by ascribing it to lack of sugar. At this I felt a trifle ashamed of myself, pulled myself together, and tried to curb my impatience and regain the mastery of my always irascible temper.

By nightfall we were most of us suffering from diarrhoea, and glad to be so. Our teeth and gums also ached intolerably as a result of unaccustomed chewing. We marched a few miles and then halted, ate some of the cooked meat with which we had stuffed our pockets, and slept for the first time in weeks the sleep of those with full stomachs. However unwise this excess may have been, I lost only one man from it, who dropped off the line of march in a state of collapse next morn-

ing. He was the last man I lost, other than by enemy action, before reaching Assam.

Next day, after two hours' marching, we hit a long line of marsh, across which we dismally failed to find a path. We had crossed an important motor road which showed signs of frequent use, and I wanted to make good time before some patrol behind us stumbled on our track and sent lorries after us. Here again the luck that attended us was providential; indeed, our luck turned from the moment we found those buffaloes. We hit off a party of boys on a fishing expedition, who gave us the cheering news that there were no Japs about, and led us across the marshes by a path, which we could never have found unaided, to a large and prosperous village wherein were no Japs. Here I left the column hidden outside, and with John and two men for escort entered the village. At first to all our requests for food they returned that dismal answer *Mashibu*—"None"; the most miserable expression in any language, unless the context happens to be *Japanlu mashibu*—"There are no Japs about." But under John's persuasive handling they soon produced not only enough rice for seven days at three good meals a day, but also two kerosene tins of *chantaga*, a kind of native fudge. There was enough for two slabs per man of about the size of a slab of chocolate each; and the immediate reaction on everybody was fantastic.

Here, to crown everything, they gave us a guide to the river, who, they said, would fix up boats. We had feared all along that the Japs would have done here what they had done elsewhere—removed all the boats to the far side; and although I had chosen this area because I thought it unlikely that they would expect a crossing here, I still had the ever-present fear that their taking up of boats would have extended here also. However, this guide seemed a confident young man, and himself inspired confidence; for not only did he wear a smart line in topees, but he also wore a Boy Scout belt with "Be Prepared" on the badge in front. It really looked as if he were out to do a good turn. If I were to record them all—the ups and downs, the swings of the pendulum—the sus-

pense of the next two days would be as trying to you as it was to us. Hopes flared to white heat, then died away again; guides made us promises and then deserted us; we emerged on the river bank, and scuttled away again. The Irrawaddy was the greatest obstacle. Once across it we were four-fifths safe. But what an obstacle! The enemy knew we were bound to cross it, and must be watching it everywhere; and we were within ten miles of one of their strongest garrisons in Upper Burma. The Boy Scout was the first to let us down: he spent the night with us, then led us to within a mile of the river, and at seven in the morning left us to arrange the boats, saying that he would be back by nine. We waited all the forenoon, all the afternoon, and at five, certain that he wouldn't come back and fearing treachery, I shifted bivouac two miles away in the direction from which we had come.

Next morning John went back to the village where we had engaged Boy Scout. His reception this time was much less friendly; the Japs were inquiring for us, and the villagers gave John the disturbing news that the boy was a stranger to the village who happened to be passing through when we arrived; they knew no more of him than we did. The situation was desperate, and called for desperate remedies.

I now despaired of getting enough boats for our large party at one and the same time. Two days before, some of my officers had come to me and requested that I should break up into smaller parties and let them take their chance. I had shrunk from doing so partly because the responsibility for getting the men out safely was mine, and could not be shuffled on to the shoulders of junior officers; partly because John Fraser was the only interpreter and indivisible; and partly because our force of seventy-one all ranks was more formidable than the normal Japanese routine patrol. But the idea of small parties had definite attractions. It was harder for the enemy to intercept three parties than one; and twenty-five men can forage where seventy will starve. So on the morning of the ninth of April I took the decision, and divided into three.

As my own party, I selected Column Headquarters and the

demolition experts. Column Headquarters had served me well and faithfully throughout the campaign, and I felt we should see it through together. I was touched to find that the feeling was reciprocated. I retained with me John Fraser, as my surviving staff officer, and also as the one interpreter; Thomas Blow, who had taken over first Alec's job and then Duncan's as well; and Jim Harman as the Demolition King. His wounds were still painful, but in general health he was improving.

The second party was under Tommy Roberts, with Bill Edge, my cipher officer, as second in command. Bill had had a bullet under his shoulder blade since the sixth of March, but except for inability to carry a pack he was pretty well fit. He and Tommy had served together for two years, and were anxious to go in double harness. Most of the men in this party were Tommy's own, but he had also two Gurkhas. The third party was under Denny Sharp, who had with him Gerry Roberts and two good sergeants.

We pooled all money and divided it equally: it came to 600 rupees (about £40) each. We had a complete set of maps for everybody, except that we were one copy short of the last thirty miles to the River Chindwin; we of the first party accepted that deficiency, seeing that we had the one interpreter.

My orders were simple. Each party had a free hand. I advised them to make for a certain line of latitude which would carry them along the best terrain, through the friendliest country, and farthest from such enemy dispositions as I knew of. I reminded them that the policy was to avoid scraps if possible; to avoid doing anything which would stir up trouble for the others; but to fly at the throats of the Japs if they met them.

Denny decided to share my luck as far as the river, and if we found no boats when we got there to strike off downstream while I went up. Tommy preferred to break away at once. In our wanderings of the last few days we had seen several boats on an inland mere about two miles from the Irrawaddy, and

near them an abandoned bullock cart; and he proposed to put the boats on the cart and drag them to the river. So I shook hands with him, and we parted; he was cheerful and confident of success, but he has never arrived in India.

Denny's party and mine moved off together, and we struck luck immediately. We met a small boy who said he knew exactly where there were boats; he had seen them only yesterday, and he led us straight to the spot. The owners were willing but apprehensive, and rushed us straight into some thick bamboo. They were willing to take us across after dark; but a Japanese policeman had been along on a bicycle yesterday (we had seen his tire marks) warning the villagers to have food ready for a large patrol arriving today or tomorrow from the west. However, they would take us provided we put ourselves entirely in their hands, and promised not to make a fire or move or do anything that might draw attention to us.

There ensued another miserable afternoon of waiting, and apparently our new friends didn't like it any better than we did, because in the course of it they got cold feet and disappeared. But among those of their party in the know there were two lads of sixteen or seventeen of stouter stuff than they, and they took on the task from which the others had flinched. We offered them handsome pay—300 rupees; and they promised to produce two boats which would take us all across in four flights.

The afternoon dragged on. One hardly dared hope. I was busy reading my only surviving book—Trollope's "Ayala's Angel," 650 pages—the third time through, and trying to use Jonathan Stubbs and Thomas Tringle to absorb my thoughts. John and I calculated that every river crossing took three years off our lives, and that our expectation of life was already reduced by twelve years. I also wondered what Scottish Equitable, with whom my life was insured, would think if they could see me then. At last the sun set, and at last the light died out of the sky; and at last we were moving down to the bank.

There were the boats, close under the bank, and they

proved to be capable of holding six or eight men each. But there was not more than three or four inches of freeboard, and they had evidently been lying some time in the sun and had not "taken up," as seamen say—in other words, water poured in through all the seams. It was far more precarious boating, as boating, than even our previous crossing of the Irrawaddy. We bailed our way across with hats and mess tins, and when at last we reached the other side had to haul out the boat and empty her before sending her back. But by nine o'clock all my party was across; I had told Denny that I wasn't waiting for him, since from the point of view of foraging I wanted to remain separate; and as soon as my party was complete I marched across a mile of sand to the bank, avoiding a large fire on the edge of the jungle in case it belonged to Japs or spies.

The jungle was thick, and it took a long time in the pitch dark to edge our way even four hundred yards into it; but having done so, we had a gala meal to celebrate. Next morning, before we had gone two miles, we picked up a man marching all by himself who proved to be one of Tommy's party. He had inadvertently dropped off half an hour after we parted, and finding himself lost had marched straight to the river. The luck of fools and drunken men is proverbial. He had fallen in with a fisherman, who for five rupees gave him more supper than he could eat, ten days' rations of dried fish, rice and sugar, tobacco in abundance, a cooking-pot, and a passage over the river. Once on this side he had seen the fire which I had been at such pains to avoid, and had marched straight to it. There he found another fisherman, who gave him another meal, a drink of local hooch, a bed for the night, and a blanket. This man was one of the two who were the last to leave the sand bank on the Shweli, and caught me up afterwards. He made India all right as one of my party, and was obviously born to be hanged. When we bumped him he was marching along whistling, and with luck like his I don't wonder.

The next few days involved hellish marching through some of the thickest jungle I have seen. Having plenty of rations we were avoiding villages, which in any case were scarce in that area and inhabited by people not likely to be friendly. We met one fisherman, who gave us good information; otherwise we saw nobody for days, until we knew we were in friendly country. Once there, life became an absolute picnic, and I would dearly love to record details of all the friendliness and loyal help which came our way, but it is difficult to do so without divulging the area, and I might even betray those villagers who did so much for us. A long list of people and villages who risked everything to help and entertain us is in the appropriate hands, and the day will come when they will have their reward, inadequate as it will be.

A few examples can do no harm. In one village we were buying food when a man ran in to say that a Jap patrol was approaching, and was half a mile away. In thirty seconds every villager was armed with a sword or a rifle, and asked if we would fight or hide. We easily outnumbered the patrol, and I was in no doubt that we could wipe it out, but I was anxious not to involve the village in reprisals or to stir up mud for those who were following. They were perfectly satisfied with this, and hustled us into the bamboos just outside, where we cooked a meal, receiving bulletins every ten minutes of what the Japs were saying and doing. "Now they have asked for rice." "Now they are eating." "They have told us that some British or American troops may be coming this way, and we are to tell them if we hear anything about them." (This was a huge joke.) "Now they have asked for guides to 'Ping-pong.' "

"Hell," I said, "we came from there this morning; they'll see our tracks."

"No, they won't; we have sent men with bare feet to cover them up."

Once they were clear of the village I proposed to move on, but was persuaded to stay there all day and was promised

guides at night. Before we left, the guides who had taken the Japs to "Pingpong" returned, and gleefully retailed all the lies that had been told them.

During that day Bill Edge suddenly appeared with two Gurkhas and two British from Tommy's party. Tommy had found two dugouts, in which he had despatched this party across the river. The two Gurkhas, like all their kind hopeless in water, had immediately lost their paddles and shot eight miles downstream out of control, grounded on the west bank, and set out for India. Bill's had sunk a hundred yards short of the west side, and he, too, had set out for India, with a compass but no map. The Gurkhas had caught him up entirely by chance, and villagers who knew of our presence had led him to us. The arrival of his party increased our strength to thirty all ranks.

We found another village where everyone was drunk. Luckily they had finished all their liquor, and so we did not have to participate beyond swallowing the last few drops; but we had the devil's own job trying to get away. They flung their arms round our necks and told us exactly what they thought of the Japs, and begged us to stay for the night, or for a week, or forever, or to arm them and lead them against the enemy, and they and we together would drive them out of the country. When we insisted that we must really be getting on, the whole village tried to come with us. With some difficulty we reduced the contingent to two of the more sober, and at the first halt they mercifully fell asleep, while we tiptoed away.

Another time our guides thought that the track junctions were being watched by spies. They considered that to move surreptitiously and quietly would arouse suspicion; so they led us for an hour and a half singing at the tops of their voices, to show that they had nothing on their conscience. At yet another village, in which we had not intended to stop, we found an enormous meal laid on for us although we had not warned them of our coming; and after we had virtually eaten ourselves to a sitstill we were issued with more haversack ra-

tions of *Htamin* (rice ready-cooked), neatly packed in green leaves, that we could stow into our packs.

We came at last to the outskirts of that friendly country, and our guides bade us farewell, telling us gloomy, and I am glad to say exaggerated, tales of the dangers that still confronted us. From now on it became a matter of trying to find out where the Jap patrols were and dodging them. We had many scares, but our luck was holding—holding so well that I couldn't believe it would last, and became fearful lest somehow, through carelessness or overconfidence, we should throw away all that we had gained. Jap patrols were moving all over the country in considerable strength, with the object of intercepting us and people like us, and preventing us from reaching the Chindwin. I had expected difficulty on certain definite north and south lines, and easy going between them; but they had changed their habits since our inward march ten weeks before, and we had to keep on the *qui vive* all the time.

But as I say our luck still held; and in each area which we came to we were told that the Japs had left a day or two before and had gone somewhere else. We should, however, find them somewhere, half a day's march on. The crisis always seemed to recede.

There is nothing of interest to record in those last ten days. The nervous strain was in some ways greater, and rain and mosquitoes added to our discomfort. We fed well, and always managed to keep our rice stocks at five days, so that in case of trouble we could lie in the jungle without having to emerge for foraging. We were fully accustomed to rice by now, and could do very well on it. Sugar was our greatest lack, and the craving for it almost intolerable. We had ample tobacco, but were short of paper with which to roll cigarets: "Ayala's Angel" was minus flyleaves, title-page, and all those pages at the end headed "Uniform with this edition." Most of us were reduced to using bamboo pipes.

Health was good, although a few men were causing me anxiety. For these we managed to procure eggs and chickens,

which they could absorb better than rice. But our greatest trouble was in trying to get sleep. We were all horribly lousy; none of us had had a change of clothes for over a month; and what with mosquitoes keeping one awake by night, and flies by day, and lice and ticks all the time, one could do no more than doze in fits and starts. Boots were falling to pieces, and one corporal marched the last forty or fifty miles in Elastoplast. All of us were in rags. But not a man except the two Gurkhas, who had lost theirs in the Shweli, was without his rifle and equipment; although for four sick or wounded men I had coolies to carry their packs for the last few marches.

On the night of the twenty-third we bivouacked twenty miles from the Chindwin, a couple of miles west of the last big north-and-south track which we believed to be regularly patrolled. Everyone was in great form, although I still had that uncomfortable feeling that the last hurdle might be the worst. Being quite uncertain when we should reach our own lines, I continued to buy rice on the twenty-fourth so as to keep up our stock, and the last day's march was much the same as any other, except that in our anxiety to reach the river we cut short the midday halt and resumed the march while the sun was still at its hottest. For some two days we had been without a map, but during this morning we came, as we expected, across our track of ten weeks before, and stopped to make tea where we had once had a midday halt. I hadn't warned the men of this, and there were cries of delighted recognition and reminiscence. "There was where I sat. That was where you got ticked off for throwing away a cigaret packet," and so forth. From then on we marched with a light step.

Nearing the river we heard of Japs on the bank five or six miles to the southward, and were advised to make for a small village farther north where there were boats. We took a couple of men as guides. One was a voluble and noisy talker and got on my nerves until I shut him up with such vigor that he didn't say a word for five miles. Then, at a short halt a mile from the river, he timidly ventured the information that

there were British troops on the other side, with heaps and heaps of rations brought by coolies from Assam. John interpreted this with more animation than he had shown for many a long day.

"Why the hell couldn't he say so before?" I shouted. "Column, fall in!"

From there we went to the river at light infantry pace, and found that seven British troops had crossed only a quarter of an hour before us: they were a patrol from the other side. Until their boat came back there was no means of crossing. With new guides we walked down the river bank to a point opposite where the British camp was said to be and found a small boat and an even smaller boy-boatman. I sent across Thomas Blow, Maung Kyan, and two British other ranks with a message to the *Thakin Gyi*, or Big Cheese, giving my name, strength, and the rough composition of my party. Two boats arrived, and by 5 P.M. we were crossing in flights of eight at a time. At six o'clock on Easter Eve, the twenty-fourth of April, Peter and I, who had not been separated by more than 100 yards during the whole campaign, stepped into the last boat, just the two of us, and were pulled across the River Chindwin together. Our campaign was over.

USING OUR MARINE RESOURCES

By DANIEL MERRIMAN

THE water is more productive than the earth," said Izaak Walton in 1653. What was known to this English biographer and fisherman was repeated by an American Secretary of the Interior nearly three hundred years later. "Our fisheries," said Mr. Ickes in 1943, "can produce more food a man-hour and a dollar of invested capital than any other element in the food business." Modern research tends to confirm both these general statements; but we still lack the practical information which we need to implement them—information which would be of the highest importance especially in these days of food shortage.

Despite the fact that the water is more productive than the earth, the science of agriculture has progressed much faster than fishery biology. While there is relatively full and complete knowledge about the production, maintenance, and harvesting of optimal crops on land, there is pitifully inadequate comprehension of what constitutes the rational use of marine resources. This paucity of information is, in part, due to the fact that terrestrial phenomena lend themselves to careful study and detailed analyses more easily than their aquatic counterparts. The problems in the different branches of oceanography are slower of solution, and because there are greater difficulties fewer individuals have had the opportunity or ambition to attempt research in this field. Another reason why the attempt has not been made on a large scale is that the public has not understood the practical value of such research and so has not backed it. The result is that the study of the sea in all its manifold ramifications is a comparatively immature science.

A century ago Edward Forbes, a professor of natural his-

tory at Edinburgh and an eminent figure in early marine biology, came to the conclusion (later shown to be wrong) that life in the ocean existed only down to the three-hundred-fathom line, and that the region below was azoic. It was not until 1872 that H.M.S. *Challenger* sailed from Plymouth under the direction of Wyville Thomson on the three-and-a-half-year expedition that laid the foundation for oceanography as it exists today. The *Challenger* carried on board a full complement of qualified scientists, and she also had efficient gear with which to collect the data which later appeared in some fifty magnificent quarto volumes published by the British government. She circumnavigated the world, covering over 69,000 miles, and her ship's company made observations in all the major branches of oceanography. The findings of the *Challenger* expedition showed the presence of living matter in the oceans even at the greatest depths. It has been said that "never did an expedition cost so little and produce such momentous results for human knowledge." The statement is, indeed, difficult to debate, especially when one considers the return to the British government from a single aftermath of the expedition. One of the young naturalists on board the *Challenger* was John Murray, whose work on oceanic bottom deposits is still classic, and who controlled the *Challenger* collections and the editing of the resultant reports after the death of Wyville Thomson. Interested in geology, he accumulated specimens from all over the world, one of which was a sample of rock from a phosphate deposit on Christmas Island in the Indian Ocean. Realizing its economic value, Murray eventually persuaded the British government to annex this volcanic island and to grant a concession to a company which he formed. It is said to be true that before Murray died in 1914 he was able to show that the British Treasury had already received more than the entire cost of the *Challenger* expedition in royalties and taxes from this island.

As this story will suggest, the young science of oceanography is a broad, inclusive, and composite science. No single

phase of it, be it geological, physical, chemical, or biological stands alone; all its divisions are interrelated. The magnitude of the areas to be studied and the fact that the pursuit of knowledge in this field cannot often be so obviously profitable, either financially or scientifically, as in the case of the *Challenger* expedition have been added deterrents to rapid progress. The oceans cover nearly three-quarters of the earth's surface, and, as one author puts it, "it demands the labors of many to gather information of any kind about the ocean in appreciable amounts."

Fishery biology has been no exception to the rule of comparatively slow advance in all branches of oceanography. But the extenuating circumstances are less obvious here. The fishing grounds are in general confined to definitely limited areas; hence the size factor is not so great. As commercial fleets are now almost constantly engaged in work, there is today no absolute necessity for special oceanographic expeditions. Nor is there any great problem in observing the conditions of fisheries and in gathering pertinent data. Even if the collection of information at sea presents certain difficulties, the catches of fish are landed at key points, and the routine analysis of this material can be made to yield extremely valuable facts that help us to obtain an over-all picture.

We are now paying a high price for our lack of accomplishment in this field, for at a time when our marine resources should be helping to fill the gap caused by critical food shortages and easing the housewife's struggle with ration points we are ill-prepared to make recommendations. Early in 1943 the Secretary of Agriculture stated that a minimum output of seven billion pounds of sea-food products was needed to supply the armed forces, our allies, and our civilian needs. In 1941 the commercial fisheries of the United States and Alaska produced approximately five billion pounds—the greatest total catch in our history. Owing in part to war-time conditions, the 1942 catch dropped to roughly three-and-a-half billion pounds. Accurate figures on the total production in 1943 are not yet available, but preliminary estimates place it

at a level only slightly above that of 1942—roughly three billion pounds below the required amount.

It must be remarked at this point that we in this country are not fish-eating people, at least by comparison with northern European populations. In 1942 we ate an average amount of about fifteen pounds of fish per person for the entire country. By contrast, a pre-war estimate in England placed the figure at thirty-five pounds a year per person, and in Sweden a similar reckoning was fifty-two pounds. The reasons for our comparatively small per-capita fish consumption are varied, involving problems of marketing and cooking which cannot be considered here. It should at least be mentioned, however, that there is still much room for improvement in the form in which most of our fish are marketed. It may also be said that the demand was insufficient in the pre-war years to provide an incentive to test the possibilities for full expansion of our fisheries. It is true, too, that the potential output of the various fisheries was for a while affected seriously by decreased manpower and equipment due to the exigencies of war. But these are poor palliatives in an emergency.

The need for fish foodstuffs is great now, and almost certainly will it be greater the day peace is made. An adequate diet for all, in both volume and kind, is essential if we wish to maintain the peace. But the rehabilitation of ravaged lands will take time. Even though crops may return to normal levels in a relatively short period, the loss of livestock in enemy-occupied and Allied countries cannot be quickly made up. It is of such proportions that it constitutes a serious menace to post-war food supplies. Over a year ago, the British Technical Advisory Committee on Agriculture estimated this decline to run to eleven million cattle, three million horses, twelve million pigs, and eleven million sheep. Milk production had gone down by more than a third, meat production by nearly a half. Of course, the recovery from such a disaster will take many years. In these circumstances, fisheries' products will naturally be important in alleviating prevailing shortages, for our marine resources are available for immediate

harvesting and unquestionably can be exploited to excellent advantage in the post-war period.

Indeed, in certain areas the stocks of fishes will probably be larger, and hence capable of supporting more intensive fishing, because they have been neglected owing to the conditions of war. There are also other possibilities for the quick expansion of sea-food production. As many scientists and fishermen know, not only are there abundant sources of food in the sea which are little if at all harvested but in some localities a high proportion of the edible catch is discarded either because prejudice or lack of familiarity has prevented an established market for it or because adequate attempts to solve the technical and economic problems of saving it have not been made. Sometimes well over three-quarters of the fish taken by commercial vessels are thrown back as "trash," much of it dead by the time it is returned to the sea. Yet many of these unmarketed species are not only fit for human consumption but are just as good as those which are normally marketed—if not better. In fact, it is common practice among fishermen to keep and eat certain kinds of fish in preference to those they ship to market. During the past year in this country, there has been an increased tendency towards fuller utilization of this material. But the waste, from the standpoint of both diet and economics, is still appalling, and it is perfectly obvious that by saving the "trash," the productivity of our fisheries can be greatly expanded without corresponding increase in fishing operations. Much easily available and potentially valuable sea food remains to be used, not only in our own waters but to a varying extent all over the world.

The possibilities for the increased use of marine resources existed before the war. But they had been insufficiently studied and were inadequately known by fishery biologists to make possible immediate and efficient production. It is certainly unfortunate that there should be such a multiplicity of unsolved problems in this field just now. For example, although it is common knowledge that the wastage through the discarding of edible fish is of great magnitude, figures on the seasonal

composition of the total catch in many different fisheries are not even available. The lack of information on "trash" fish is further evidenced by the fact that in some areas there is no unanimity of opinion as to which of these species should be used.

The possibilities for increased use of marine resources for the present and the post-war period exist now. How fully will we avail ourselves of them? This question is hard to answer, and it is even difficult to predict the degree of success we shall attain. Certainly the fisheries will be more fully exploited immediately after the war. But the question of how intelligently they will be worked or how closely we shall approach the optimal use which the circumstances warrant will depend, in large part, on the fishery biologists and what recommendations the state of their knowledge permits them to make.

There are, of course, many difficulties involved in answering the questions as to the most efficient expansion of the different fisheries. In many of the species of fish which are relatively abundant, and therefore easily available in large quantities, the numbers of individuals fluctuate over wide ranges in succeeding years. Sometimes the size of the current crop is related to the intensity of the fishery in preceding years, and it is thus theoretically possible to determine the quantity to be taken each year in order to maintain the stock at adequate levels to guarantee maximal production.

Often, however, the environment of the eggs and larvae during critical stages of growth apparently has more influence on the quantities of fish than do the depredations of man. In many commercially important species individual fish produce fabulous numbers of eggs—occasionally over a million a year, as in the cod, haddock, and halibut. In broad terms, the number of eggs in different species is inversely proportional to the amount of parental care involved. Thus, a gaff-topsail catfish generally lays less than fifty eggs; but after fertilization the male carries the developing embryos in his mouth until they have hatched and are better fitted to fend for themselves. On the other hand, a fifty-pound cod may yield more than eight

million eggs in one spawning season; those that are fertilized receive no care, and only a small percentage (yet a large number) of the young cod lives to become available to man or to reproduce their own kind. Obviously, in such cases as the cod, the vicissitudes of the environment are among the determining factors in the survival of the brood.

The successful production of exceptional numbers of young in any one year unquestionably depends on the interaction of a variety of these environmental elements. The magnitude which such dominant year-classes can attain is illustrated by the Norwegian herring; so many individuals were produced in 1904 that they formed the preponderant element in the catch of the North Sea commercial fishery for more than a decade. The transplantation of the striped bass from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast waters also illustrates how successful reproduction can be under the best of conditions. This species, indigenous to the Atlantic, is extraordinarily prolific, a five-pound female producing upwards of 250,000 eggs. In 1879 and 1881 yearling bass were caught with seines in New Jersey, transported across the continent by train, and planted in San Francisco Bay. A total of only 435 individuals survived the rigors of the trip. Yet by 1889 striped bass were caught along the west coast in gill nets and offered for sale, and in 1899 the commercial net-catch alone was 1,234,000 pounds. There are countless other examples, but these are sufficient for present purposes.

The fact remains that relatively little is known of the exact causes of production of varying sizes of broods in different years. Since the causes are unknown, their prediction and control are obviously difficult if not impossible. A conundrum of major proportions for fishery biologists in this connection is the fact that there is much evidence in some species that dominant year-classes occur when the adult stock involved is depleted to exceptionally low levels; if this be true as a generalization, it might pay to increase the fishing intensity to stimulate exceptionally successful production.

If we lack today knowledge enough to predict the exact

times and frequency of the production of dominant year-classes, it is at least possible in some instances to measure the approximate quantities of young produced and to predict the addition to the commercial stock in succeeding years. Such estimates permit planned and efficient use to be made of the facilities for fishing, processing, and storing.

The whole future of fishery biology lies in this field of work, which involves the rational use of fish populations, including the estimate of what should be taken from year to year as well as the ultimate analysis of the causes of fluctuations in abundance. Earlier investigators were content to learn something of the spawning habits of the fish so that the species could be protected during its period of reproduction. Modern students believe that there may be justification in some cases for the protection of the nursery grounds on which the young develop. But it is their general feeling that in species which do not congregate in such fashion as to become more easily available during spawning, it makes little difference whether the adult fish are taken in or out of the breeding period. This is so because their capture in either situation results in the destruction of the same number of potential offspring. Specialists today are inclined to hold the opinion that it is possible to provide information on what represents the best possible catch from every point of view—the conservation of the supply, the consequent production of maximal quantities, and the industry. The chief factors in obtaining sufficient knowledge upon which to base such recommendations, beyond and above a full knowledge of the life history of the species concerned, are the rate of removal of the fish by natural and fishing mortalities, the rate of replacement from below by spawning individuals, and full awareness of the significance of fish population pressures.

The collection of the pertinent data for the solution of such problems is quite obviously a vast undertaking. No two species of fish are alike, and each one presents individual difficulties. It therefore takes the combined efforts of many people to produce results in this field. The “pure” and the “applied” biolo-

gist, the statistician, the field man, the individual who knows the fishing industry—the work of all these is essential. The information which is now needed so badly can be gained only through the co-operative efforts of the different research agencies—state and federal, industrial and educational.

Among the agencies now working to this end is the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory, established at Yale in 1928 “for the purpose of oceanographic research.” The early researches emanating from the laboratory dealt mainly with detailed reports of collections of marine invertebrates and vertebrates. By 1933 the laboratory had been enlarged, and while descriptive marine biology still occupied a prominent place in its activities, a dominating interest was shown in the dynamic aspects of oceanography. The laboratory expanded its work into the broader implications of the biological, physical, and chemical phases of the science for which it was founded. The main emphasis was on pure research, although it was readily apparent that much of the work was almost certain to have eventual utility.

Recently it seemed obvious that the laboratory could contribute most to the national effort by turning its energies more directly to the solution of problems of practical application. The field on which attention is being centered comes under the broad heading of the use of marine resources—a line of endeavor which needs little justification in times when our food resources demand the most critical appraisal. In a relatively short period, the program has been broadened to include a variety of investigations. The solution of some of these problems is of immediate importance; the answer to others should be of significance from a long-range point of view.

One of the short-term investigations is the study of the feasibility of utilizing starfish, which are taken in enormous quantities as a by-product of the oyster fishery. Because they are severe pests, destroying an estimated several hundred thousand bushels of oysters in Long Island Sound waters each year, they are the object of intensive dredging operations, and almost the entire catch is discarded. It seemed possible that a

use for starfish might be found, especially in periods of shortages. Although starfish have been used to a limited extent as a fertilizer for many years, detailed information as to their composition was not available. Preliminary study disclosed that their protein content is unexpectedly high, and that they contain other ingredients which indicate that they may possibly have a use as a supplemental ration in stock feed. At the present time, more inclusive chemical analyses are being undertaken. A meal made from the starfish, after they have been dried and ground, has been sent to a number of agricultural stations where feeding experiments are now being carried on. The first tests have produced excellent growth in young chicks when starfish meal is used as a supplement to the basal mash. Detailed information is also being collected as to seasonal availability, fluctuations in abundance, technological methods, and the economics of this fishery.

The study of the fish known as the "ocean pout" also has immediate practical application as well as long-term ramifications. Up to 1943 this abundant fish was called an "eel pout" or "congo eel." The name alone was sufficient to put it under a handicap on the market, for most people have a distinct aversion to anything that is eel-like or which bears any resemblance, no matter how superficial, to a reptilian counterpart. But if the name was bad, the appearance of the fish itself is worse. Lying on display in the market with its large head, tapering body, nondescript color, sensuous lips, vicious teeth, cold eyes, it was not an attractive sight. No self-respecting housewife would buy it. The demand was nil. From 1939 to 1942, the annual landings by all Connecticut boats averaged roughly 1,000 pounds. But the fishermen and their friends in various coastal communities who had eaten it knew that the flesh of this species was excellent, and they as well as other people were also fully aware that it was abundant and easily available at certain seasons. Therefore efforts were made to put the fish on the market in a more attractive form. Its name was changed to ocean pout, and instead of being sold "round," the fillets were offered for sale. Under these conditions, the

fish met with immediate favor. The increased demand resulted in a sudden, intensive fishery, and the Connecticut fleet alone landed 120,000 pounds in March and April of 1943. The total catch for the past year exceeded 3,500,000 pounds—a notable addition to our food supply in the emergency.

In these circumstances, full information on the life history of the ocean pout (about which our knowledge is exceedingly meagre) is essential as a basis for recommendations as to how intensive a fishery the stock can stand from the point of view of both its present yield and its ultimate conservation. The fact that work on this species was undertaken as soon as the fish became a definite element in the commercial landings is of considerable significance in itself, since most fishery investigations in the past have been undertaken only when the stock was so depleted as to cause alarm.

There is also an added factor in the study of the ocean pout that is of immediate importance. Like most fish, this species carries a variety of parasites. Usually fish parasites are not of any great consequence in the industry. Sometimes, however, they may present certain difficulties, which can frequently be circumvented by one means or another. The ocean pout harbors a protozoan parasite (*Ichthyosporidium*) which, when present, makes the flesh unsuitable for sale, not only because of its appearance but also because there is some possibility of mild toxic effects from its consumption. Investigations into practical methods of detecting such flesh indicate that the infections can be discarded at the filleting plants, thus ensuring a wholesome and clean product for the market. Assistance is also being rendered to this new fishery by the collection of data on the incidence of infection in fish of different size and age categories on a year-round basis and in the various localities where the species is taken. It may be noted in this connection that the rosefish of the Atlantic coast, which was discarded as "trash" until the middle of the last decade and which now yields a commercial catch of approximately seventy-five million pounds a year, at first presented similar

difficulties; but methods of excluding undesirable pieces of flesh were shortly developed.

There are other problems whose solution has immediate application to our food supply. The puffer fish, which has attained limited market status and which has been recommended by certain agencies, needs investigation before it can be given a clean bill of health for human consumption because there is evidence that toxic substances may be found in the gonads. Along a somewhat different line, the livers of various species of fish taken in the commercial fisheries are being subjected to analysis for oil content, vitamin A potency, and other qualities—a matter of primary importance, especially at this time.

The long-term phases of such laboratory work have application either indirectly or in the more distant future. Thus, fundamental research on plankton, the microscopic floating life on which the larger animals ultimately depend, is in progress and various aspects of this broad field, nutritional and otherwise, are under consideration. The fisheries in the Gulf of Mexico afford an interesting illustration of some of the basic factors that are involved in this line of approach. The Mississippi River carries into the Gulf enormous volumes of nutrient salts—its daily contribution in the form of phosphorus alone being more than fifty tons. As a result, there is a rich growth of minute plants in the area influenced by the river, and this growth is in turn indirectly responsible for the valuable fisheries of that region. Thus, in the final analysis, it can be stated that the fisheries there are based on the fertilizing materials contributed by the soils of the Valley States.

Investigations on a variety of fishes have also been undertaken with the ultimate aim of providing fresh information as to their rational utilization. This work is concerned with those which are already part of our food supply as well as those which are not at the present marketed but which are available for exploitation.

This line of research involves the study, too often neg-

lected, of total hauls as samples of the catch of the commercial vessels, at frequent intervals over long periods and without break in continuity. Such samples are brought back to the laboratory in their entirety. The catch is sorted by species, and each individual is subjected to detailed analysis. To illustrate: the otoliths, or "ear bones," and the scales of the fish yield information about its age and rate of growth; the vertebral counts provide clues to racial studies in different species, since it is known that the number of vertebrae vary with the temperature of the water during development, the lower counts being produced in warmer waters and the higher counts in fish that develop under colder, more northern, conditions. Out of such work comes knowledge which could be used now if it were available. The composition of the fish catch on a seasonal basis, the proportion of fish that are kept compared to those that are discarded, and the life histories of the species concerned are all parts of the picture.

There is also another aspect of the study of samples of the total fish population that is important. Too often in the past, attention has been focused on a single species. From a knowledge of the life history of a fish and statistics on its catch over long periods, conclusions have been drawn as to fluctuations in abundance due to a variety of factors previously mentioned, among them population pressure. This term refers to the concept that the number of individuals in any area is in part dependent on what the food supply can accommodate. This means that while too few fish do not use the available food to best advantage, too many fish compete among themselves for the food, each individual getting less, and growth rates being correspondingly slow and natural mortality high. Somewhere between these two extremes lies an optimal quantity of fish for the area in question. Conclusions drawn from the study of a single species, without consideration of the total populations, are obviously faulty since different kinds of fish often compete for the same food. The fundamental answers will only be forthcoming from the analysis of *all* the components of the population.

"The search for truth is in one way hard, and in another easy, for it is evident that no one can master it fully, nor miss it fully. But each adds a little to our knowledge of nature, and from all the facts assembled there arises grandeur." So runs the Aristotelian inscription on the façade of the National Academy of Sciences building in Washington. It is a statement which, in many respects, applies to the future of fishery biology. "Facts" can be "assembled" efficiently only from research in all phases of this and the related sciences. Herein lies a fundamental weakness of the past study of this subject. The educational institutions and their associated laboratories have too often felt that the work belonged in the hands of the federal and state agencies. The governmental services, on the other hand, under the handicap of being asked to produce immediate results where long-time research is needed, and of being required frequently to jump from one investigation to others before the completion of the first, have been unable to cope with the situation adequately. The combined efforts of academic biologists and governmental specialists are essential, for each type of worker supplements the other. The innumerable problems range from the "pure" to the "applied." But there are no longer hard-and-fast lines between the sciences, and there is no fundamental dichotomy between work undertaken with a practical end in view and that which aims only at adding to the sum total of human knowledge. In fishery biology, as well as all other branches of scientific endeavor, the success we seek cannot be attained without full realization of the complete interdependence of all the associated lines of investigation.

THE NEW ORDER IN OCCUPIED CHINA

By E. H. CLAYTON

JAPANESE propaganda speaks incessantly of the virtues of the "new order" which Japanese conquest is bringing to the world. I was privileged to live for five years in China under this new order and have seen the blessings it has brought. Within four months of the occupation of the city where I lived, the Japanese military had set up a puppet government, to which they gave (they said) complete control over the city and province. The puppet government was ostensibly a sovereign government. Through their propaganda agencies the Japanese announced to the Chinese population that they had driven out the communist Chiang Kai-shek and were now restoring liberty to the people. They announced their intention to free the Philippines from American slavery, the Malay States from British militarism, and the East Indies from the domination of the Dutch oppressors.

This has now been accomplished, and it is possible for anyone, living as I have done in an area occupied since 1937, to get a fair picture of the liberty which Japan visualizes as suitable for her conquered peoples. The place in which I lived was a provincial capital of about a million inhabitants, surrounded by an agricultural region which supplied its food. In peace times I had been engaged for many years there in educational work for an American mission, and during the occupation I continued to live in the large mission compound, carrying on relief and refugee work.

The liberty which has been restored to the people of the occupied areas does not include control of the wealth of the country, for one of the first steps of the Japanese was the confiscation of the natural resources of our area including mines and forests, the public utilities, all transportation facilities, all

public buildings including schools and, in some cases, churches. The aggregate value of all this was tremendous but, nevertheless, was not so important as the use to which it was put—that is, forcing upon the people a new type of printing-press money issued without any backing whatever.

When one wanted to buy a bus or train ticket or to pay his water or light bill it was necessary for him to take his Chinese money—good because it was backed by bullion in New York and London—to a Japanese bank and exchange it for this new military yen. At first eighty-eight cents Chinese would buy a whole dollar. But later the rate was raised by edict to two to one, five to one, then nine and eleven to one. In June, 1942, an edict was published requiring that all Chinese national government money be changed into puppet government money which was based upon the military yen. The exchange was at the same ruinous rate of eleven to one yen. The penalty for hiding, loaning, keeping, or in any other way disposing of one's good Chinese money was death. It was practical confiscation of the money wealth of the whole area.

The liberty granted the Chinese puppet government did not include the control of business, for the Japanese military retained a monopoly over all production and distribution. If one produced any of the five staple crops of the region—silk, cotton, rice, tea, or bamboo paper—he was required to sell it to the Japanese authorities, for military money, of course. If one manufactured anything, the product had to be turned over to them until finally all industry was taken over by the Japanese. This agricultural and industrial produce was then resold to Japanese and Chinese middlemen—for good Chinese money, of course, as long as any remained. A Chinese could secure the privilege of dealing in these products only if he were allied with a Japanese firm or paid high enough for it.

The result was inevitable. Inflation proceeded at a terrific pace. Rice, which was six dollars Chinese a bag two weeks after the occupation, soon went to \$100 and then by leaps and bounds until it held at \$960, one hundred sixty times its former price. The mass of the population was reduced to a

diet of home-grown cabbage and Manchurian yellow corn, which sold for \$300 a bag.

When it was finally announced that Americans were to be deported, it was necessary for me to get a new suit of clothes. I paid \$2,500 for the suit. It takes a Chinese carpenter or other skilled workman about two years to earn \$2,500. (If an American carpenter paid two years' wages for a suit of clothes it would cost him about \$6,000.) But some time before this I had wrapped up a few American bank notes and carried them on my person for a long time. The Japanese would not allow us to take any money home with us; so when the time to return came I took it to the exchange market and was fortunate enough to hit the top rate of exchange and received eighty dollars Chinese for one American. The black market rate today is 120, sixty times the normal exchange of two for one, but the Chinese have no American money to exchange.

The people who had had money were ruined. Those who had never had any, along with the newly poor, became slaves of the Japanese. The only positions held by Chinese were as clerks and coolies under the Japanese. The few puppets who held higher positions had no authority. Wages were paid in the military money and in face value were fairly liberal—for it was as easy for the Japanese to print a one-hundred-dollar bill as to print a one-dollar note. The people who could not or would not work under the Japanese devoured the last cat and dog in the city and then starved.

All business was licensed, but not by the Chinese puppet government. One could not sell a peanut, *a* peanut, without having first paid toll to the Japanese. But not everyone could get a license. In order to do so it was first necessary to get the proper application blank. These blanks were in the hands of a low-grade Japanese official who looked the applicant over, decided how much his business would stand, and exacted that much. Acquiring the application form was no assurance that one would secure the license. He still had to run the gantlet of the issuing office.

I had two thousand refugees living on my place. One can

freeze to death in winter in that climate as well as starve. These people, mainly children, had only one thin suit of summer clothes, most of them ragged and all totally inadequate for winter wear. I found some native spinning and weaving machinery, bought two thousand dollars' worth of raw cotton, and planned to have them make their own clothing. But when I asked for the application form for a permit to transport the cotton across the city, it was denied. I did not offer to pay for it; so I was not allowed to help these two thousand children save their own lives.

The Chinese continually violated these restrictive regulations. There were so many regulations that they affected every phase of life and activity. One could not live and keep the laws as they were promulgated. Smuggling became the chief business of a large share of the population of the city. I was told by one of the leading citizens that half of the adult population was engaged in this very lucrative business, for once goods arrived in the city it was easy to get them across the lines into Free China, where fabulous prices were paid for many things otherwise unprocurable. The business became so widespread that the Japanese military police, whose responsibility it was to suppress the traffic, being practical men, decided to profit as much as possible from what they could not control and connived with the Chinese smugglers for a price.

At the railway station at Shanghai it was impossible to get a porter to assist with baggage although redcaps were everywhere. Each porter had his string of smugglers for whom he worked and waited. When a smuggler appeared, the porter took his money, led him to the proper Japanese military policeman, who received his share, and the goods were passed through. There was no time for such small fry as travellers, whose munificent two-dollar tip was scorned when smuggling was to be done.

Inspectors at every turn took their share of the booty in the form of "gifts," and hotel guests were searched each night and made to pay for immunity whether smuggling or not. A four-ounce bottle of quinine when safely smuggled into the

city was the equivalent of four-months' living expenses, and scores of women came through the station daily with expensive drugs safely tucked away in their bodies. Upon protest of the Chinese city officials, women inspectors were substituted for the Japanese soldier searchers, but the results were no different. The women inspectors were as venial as the men, and the Chinese women smugglers simply shared the profits with them.

Along with the smuggling went a breakdown of all economic morality. There was no longer any question of right or wrong. The question was only as to what you could get away with, or whether the gain would warrant the penalty. A representative of the former Chamber of Commerce of the city told me that there was not a single decent or honest man left there. That was an exaggeration, for I knew some who were both decent and honest, but the point was not so much overstated as one might suppose.

Children developed an expert technique in getting a living. Thousands were on the streets from daylight till dark sweeping up even single grains of corn that fell from the carts and trucks that passed along to the granaries. It was but natural that someone should propose a method of making this supply larger. A gang of a hundred urchins would surround a convoy of hand trucks, each guarded by from two to five men with clubs, and tantalize the men until they had drawn them all to one side of the cart. Then from the opposite side of the street a youngster with a knife would rush out, slash all the bags he could reach before the cart guards got to him, and dash back down an alley where pursuit was dangerous. Leaving the trucks for a moment meant the loss of all they contained. The truck men hurried on while the street behind them was swept and swept again and every grain was retrieved. When it was all over, the youngsters went down the alley and shared their booty with the courageous wielder of the knife. His share was the biggest. Of course, it was quite possible that the cart guards had not been particularly hard-

boiled in their protective activities. Their own children were probably in the mob too.

A breakdown of social morals followed as well. In the mission hospital the doctors reported that venereal disease was mounting at a tremendous rate. Women from perfectly respectable families were coming in for treatment. Chinese people always care for their elders at no matter what cost to the younger members of the clan. These young women were selling themselves to the Japanese. "*M'yu fah-dzi*" ("There is no other way out") was always their explanation. Families had to be fed, parents had to be cared for, and to the loyal child no sacrifice was too great. There *was* no other way out.

Racketeering grew by leaps and bounds. The only Japanese whom I know to have been arrested and tried in court during these years was a man whom the military police charged with being the head of a racket. He accepted initiation fees, it was charged, from twenty thousand people at twenty dollars each. The sole prerogative of membership in his group was immunity from prosecution for blackmail. The racketeer would write a letter to his victim stating that he had "information" that the victim had been seen in company of a guerrilla, had harbored a spy from Free China, or perhaps had kept some of the Chinese money which he was supposed to have exchanged. This "information" could be bought. The letter was presented to the victim, and he at once bought the "information"—at whatever price was asked. He knew better than to demur. If he did not buy it, he was reported to the Gestapo, who "examined" him. A knowledge of their practice during examinations was sufficient to pry a man loose from all he had. It was a common report that this Japanese racketeer was arrested because he was competing with the military police in their most lucrative business. They wanted no competition.

Schools have become centres of racketeering, for the children themselves have learned how it is done and are adept at practising what they have learned. The least attempt at discipline and the teacher is reported for being anti-Japanese,

perhaps for having stated in a geography lesson that Korea and Manchuria used to be a part of China. This, of course, would require an examination by the Gestapo. The result was that teachers have rapidly forsaken the schools, and they have left on their staffs only those who are there as spies, the children of puppet officials, or some who are on the verge of starvation and will do anything to earn a living.

Our city used to have a fine department of public health headed by a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School with post-graduate training at Harvard. There were hospitalization facilities for those normally in need of hospital care in a population of a million. When I left, I knew of only two forty-bed hospitals still operating. But it did not matter, for all drugs had been cornered by racketeers and were held at a price far beyond any but the very rich. A bottle of vaseline cost a day's wages of a skilled workman, or the equivalent of \$10 to an American carpenter. Ten grains of aspirin cost the equivalent of \$15, and if you were so unfortunate as to have a case of tropical malaria the cost of the quinine alone necessary for a cure would amount to nearly two years' wages. People didn't take medicine; they suffered and died.

The opium habit, however, grew by leaps and bounds. For twenty years previously, I had seen no sign of the open sale or use of the drug, but within a few weeks of the occupation of the city it was purchasable on almost any important street, within easy access of every individual, in houses whose signs announced them as "Centres for the Eradication of the Opium Habit." The Chinese were unanimous in their characterization of these places as nothing but "opium dens."

All Protestant congregations were driven from their buildings. The Catholic church under the neutral French was not disturbed. Preachers were being intimidated and forced to cooperate with a group of Japanese who had taken one of the largest churches of the city, that of a wholly Chinese organization. A movement was under way to organize the whole Protestant Christian community into one Japanese-sponsored

church. The Protestant Christian church was dominated by three men, one a Japanese representative of the Japanese bishop, who had been appointed by the Japanese government—a man who was known in the city as a notorious spy and a perfect example of moral depravity—another the head of the Chinese Gestapo, and the third the head of the Japanese military police. Christianity in our city was in the catacombs.

The dominating emotion in the whole area was fear: fear of starvation, fear of torture, fear of blackmail, fear of slavery, fear of confiscation of property, fear of life itself.

The Japanese were a law unto themselves—civilians as well as military. The sovereign Chinese government had no control whatever over its alien population. If a Japanese wanted a house, as he did when he came to the city, he simply walked in and took it. The Chinese owner moved out without protest. Protest, he had learned, was both futile and dangerous. If the house happened to be occupied by a foreigner, the technique was different, but the ultimate result was the same. The servants were persecuted until the foreigner gave up and moved.

There was no security of person or right before the law for the Chinese. There was continual impressment for coolie service with the Japanese army. This did not mean that only coolies were impressed. Anyone who could be caught was impressed regardless of whether he was accustomed to carrying loads on a carrying pole, although it is almost a physical impossibility to anyone who is not accustomed and inured to it. I once visited a block of houses from which one hundred forty-five men had been impressed for a journey of a hundred miles. Many of them had never carried before, and it was impossible for them to struggle along more than a very short distance. Only forty-five of them returned. They reported that the other hundred had been bayoneted along the road when they fell under their loads.

Formerly in the early morning, the city gates were crowded with farmers bringing their produce to market. But they soon found that they met with difficulties. They were beaten,

robbed, refused admittance to the city although their papers were all in good order. Their produce was spoiled or stolen. But no explanation was given. They decided to try to send their children. They were not abused, but they had to return. Then the Chinese tried their women and found that none of these difficulties was presented. All they had to do was to put their produce down outside the guard-houses, go inside and pay toll, and they were allowed to proceed. I asked one farmer how the men regarded this sort of thing and he replied, "After five years of it you get used to anything."

The brutality with which an infraction of law is punished is a part of the same sordid picture. A sneak thief who had not yet had time to steal anything was caught in a courtyard adjoining some Japanese residences. He was thrown into a nest of barbed wire and tied to a telephone pole with the wire until he died fourteen hours later.

The Chinese were humiliated in every possible way. While brutality and inhumanity were common everywhere, of course it was the minority of the people who suffered directly from them. But humiliation could be and was heaped upon everyone. The Chinese are a proud people. They have never felt inferior to anyone, especially the Japanese; so it was particularly galling to them to be forced to take off their hats and bow to every Japanese sentry whom they passed.

They attempted to require this of foreigners also as it seems to be the custom among their own people, but it could not be enforced. After Pearl Harbor, however, we were in the same position as the Chinese and anticipated the same difficulty. I had prepared against this eventuality, however, and was able to stave off the indignity.

One day as I was passing through the city gate, a sentry strode out of a sentry-box and placing himself across my path shouted at me in Japanese. Although I had an idea what he wanted I was not sure and so replied in Chinese and English, "*O buh dong*," "I don't understand." But again he barked out the command and again I replied, "*O buh dong*," "I don't understand." Again he repeated the command and I again

the reply until it became a little silly. Neither of us was getting anywhere. Just then a Chinese soldier, probably a Manchurian who had been impressed into the Japanese army, stuck his head out of the guard-house door and called, "What's the matter, Mr. Foreigner, are you having trouble? Can I help you any?"

"Yes, tell me what this fellow wants," I said.

Smilingly the Chinese told me that all I had to do was to take off my hat. "Come over here and translate for me," I said. "You understand Japanese; so listen well and tell him exactly what I say. Tell him that I am a polite man and shall be glad to take off my hat to him if he really wants me to after he understands what it means for me to do so, for customs differ in various countries and I am an American. It would not be the same, therefore, for me to take my hat off as it would for a Japanese or a Chinese. When I do it, it would be according to our American custom. Now in America we take off our hats when we pass a woman or a corpse. You tell him that and if he still wants me to take my hat off I shall be glad to do it."

With a twinkle in his eye the Chinese began to translate, and I could see by his enthusiasm that he was enjoying the situation as much as I was. When the translation was completed, the sentry turned in my direction and instead of demanding that I take my hat off, as I should have had to do had he again commanded it, he made me a deep bow and stepped back into his box. But the Chinese cannot escape this indignity.

For the first two years of the war, there was little evidence of any bitter hatred of the Japanese among the Chinese. There was a deep-seated determination to recover their lost territory and to win back every last vestige of lost sovereign rights, and in this determination they were almost, as they say, 120 per cent behind Generalissimo Chiang. Even in a group of puppet officials the Generalissimo might be roundly cursed, but the same men alone with a friend would aver that that was only their public attitude. Exigencies of necessary and economi-

cally advantageous trade relations, the desire to be good neighbors, a positive predilection for peace rather than the Christian convictions of their national leaders led to the fairly general attitude expressed very often by public speakers as well as private citizens, "We must kill the Japanese now, but we must remember that when the war is over we must be friendly with them again."

But the utter failure of the Japanese authorities to take advantage of their many opportunities to win the respect of the Chinese and their determined and long-continued inhuman oppression have won for them what now appears to be a deep and vindictive hatred which will make exceedingly difficult the realization of the hopes of such high-minded leaders as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who is trying to combat this development of hatred at home as well as abroad. The Japanese in all their relationships with the Chinese have sown the wind. They can hardly avoid reaping the whirlwind.

KERN'S GARDEN

By MARIAN MARSCHAK

THIS is an incident that happened to a Jewish school-girl in the Germany of 1910.—

I must have been eight years old. After school one day I saw Betty Kern walking by herself on the other side of the street. As we had always walked home together, I ran across the street to her. She said we could not be friends any more. One of my ancestors had nailed Lord Jesus to the cross. Only she did not say ancestors, she said "grandfathers." I thought of the one of my grandfathers who was still alive and who always brushed his velvety black hat with the end of his sleeve when he left us after his Sunday morning visit. He presided over a one-room office facing a court yard and called it "Centre of Berlin Salesmen Inc." I thought of the other grandfather who was dead and whose photograph hung in a bulky frame next to his wife's above my father's desk. He looked sad and lonely with his big dark eyes. His bristly beard covered half his face. He had been a baker in a small town in West Prussia.

Neither of my grandfathers could be guilty of such a deed. "Not my grandfathers," I said, "you can take my word for it." Betty Kern tried to walk slower or faster than I, but after a while she was at my side again. We passed the entrance to the market hall where coolness streamed out in summer, and shouting and many odors all the year round.

"Maybe you are not one of the *real* ones," said Betty. So there still was a way out. "You see, the real Jews don't have a dent between forehead and nose. Let's see." We were standing in front of a shop. In the window, I remember, was a pillow cut in half to show its contents. There were also two geese mounted on stands, yellow and dusty. I tried to see my profile in the glass while Betty Kern examined it. "One cannot tell yet," she said.

After that, whenever nobody was watching me, I pressed my finger against my forehead where the nose begins, causing a thin pain which left a slight headache.

At home, my mother was scraping burnt edges from a cake she had just taken out of the oven. She wore a starched white apron, and there were spots of flour on her round arms. "How was school? Go and wash your hands." I washed my face as well. I poured the water very slowly. In the water, my right hand clasped my left in a secret pact not to tell anyone about Betty Kern.

When lunch was nearly over and my mother was cutting the cake she had made for Lena's birthday, a terrific noise came from the adjoining room, the parlor. (Lena had come from England to help my mother in the house and was paid with a little pocket money and the German language. My mother also listened to her "problems" and corrected them linguistically, in the evening when they were darning our socks.) As a birthday surprise for her, my father had brought an organ grinder up from the street and hidden him behind the velvet curtain. He was fond of surprises, such as tying cherries to a cherry tree one winter morning or dropping pennies on a path where my sister Emily and I were to walk—cheerful, pleasant surprises. But the organ music in our parlor was frightening. Or was it the man, whom I had classed with drunkards and thieves, hidden behind our green velvet curtain? At a certain tune he burst out singing. I had heard before the story of the lonely maiden who longed for her parents' grave, but this time it stirred all my feelings. I looked at my father. He was smiling triumphantly, his surprise had worked. My mother looked at him, questioning, irritated. Even if I had not vowed silence, this was not the right moment to talk about Betty Kern. I could tell Lena. She would not understand, and I would not exactly betray myself. Her lips were half open, not tightly pressed together as usual. But her face was yellowish, even on her birthday. I always felt cold in her presence. She wore a lace blouse with a high lace collar boned up to her chin.

The organ grinder was given a piece of cake and a cup of

coffee in the kitchen. My sister inspected his organ which leant against the wall in the corridor. I felt an impulse to turn the handle just once, halfway round. But I stood still. My mother came and said there was still time enough to go over to Betty Kern's and play. The Kerns lived on the grounds of a school of which her father was the principal. I felt my heart beat. "She does not want me any more." "Why, what has happened?" "She says my grandfather nailed Lord Jesus to the cross."

Here the organ grinder came out into the corridor. He still had crumbs in his beard and was wiping his mouth with an enormous cloth, smiling all over. "Now, I guess I'll be going," he said. "And whenever you want me again, m'am, I'm always around Skalitzer and Lausitzer streets at this time of the day." He lifted the leather straps of his organ up to his shoulders and shrank some inches down. It was hard for him to pass through the front door, but he twisted himself and managed it.

Father had started his visiting hour. "Let's tell Father," said my mother. She knocked at his office door, and Father opened it halfway. He wore a white apron which stretched tightly across his full waist. "Come out for a moment and close the door," said my mother. I told my story about Betty Kern. "Don't let her go there. Let's think it over tonight." He bent down to me and said "My little lamb"—words he could say with his harsh voice in the most tender way. "Let me see—I shall be over there tomorrow, for school vaccination." He took my head in his hands and gave me one of his prickly kisses, so that his beard made my face hot.

For that Sunday morning my father made an appointment with Rector Kern. When I think of Rector Kern, I see him in his wide black cape. It was made of "Loden," a gray-black silky wool, and it had a hood. A large group of the population was swathed in "Loden" in those days, mostly mountain climbers, Haeckelists, and gymnastic teachers. Rector Kern's cape had a second layer around his shoulders which fell in dignified pleats when he walked.

The Kerns' house watched over the school yard. The steps were of gray stone and sounded hollow. On the first floor lived

Matke, the school superintendent. Through Matke, Betty knew about the grown-ups' world of divorces and crimes. Matke's left eyelid drooped down half over his eye. He yelled when we stamped through his heap of dry leaves. But he brought us butter to remove tar spots from hands and knees. The school yard was always full of tar that stuck between the pebbles and melted in the sun.

The Rector's wife was silent and pale and had fainting spells. Their rooms were bare—no carpets, but slippery linoleum everywhere. They had a high desk-bookcase with all the classical writers in the same brown binding and a globe on the top shelf. The dining-room table had a heavy plush cover with tassels and a crystal bowl in the middle. The rooms were silent, and all doors were closed whenever I came.

The Kerns owned a cabin in Woltersdorf with an orchard and a rabbit house. I had never been there, but I named a picture in my Girl's Annual "Kern's Garden." It was full of sunny flowering bushes and had a shady path around a pond, a fountain and a grotto. In one corner I added the rabbit house in pencil, in another myself and Betty, hand in hand.

It is sometimes hard to know what fascinates a child, what causes his dreams and desires. The oily smell of the linoleum, the silent rooms, even Matke's drooping eyelid attracted me. But most of all I was charmed by Betty's tiny braids which stuck out stiffly at the sides of her head, her square bony chin, and her hard fingers which had inkspots, like mine.

On week days in the summer Betty played with us in the school yard. We pulled ourselves up to the high bars or turned over and hung down, gripping the bar with our knees. Each of us fell down once on the stony ground; after that the bars seemed hostile and wicked. We played "rotten egg," chasing each other inside the outline of an enormous egg drawn on the ground. We gave each other marks for swinging on the rings. The marks were not just numbers as in school but beautiful ideas like Grade A, Rose-pink, Sky-blue Silk.

Betty was my first friend, and I clung to her without restraint. She was my friend for life.

That Sunday morning when my father had the appointment with Rector Kern I watched from our dining-room window. From there one could see right into the Reichenberger Street where he was calling on the Rector at the schoolhouse. The cigar store at the corner displayed the name of the firm in big letters: Loeser & Wolff, the first words I had learned to read. On the opposite corner was "our" pharmacy, where my father and his patients had their prescriptions made up. We dropped in whenever we wanted to and sometimes got a sample package of cough drops. Inside stood an enormous cardboard fisherman who was pulling a still larger fish from the water and saying "Take Cod Liver Oil!" It provided an outdoor touch of sea air and sun for the dark, cool pharmacy and for the reddish and bluish bottles and flasks out of which came a dangerous smell.

I read again the signs of the pharmacy and of the cigar store and the street name, all of which I knew so well. I went away from the window for a little while and hurried back and pressed nose and forehead against the pane. I knew the conversation they were having over in the schoolhouse. Rector Kern would say: "Your family, Herr Doctor? I did not believe for a moment that any one of you could have done such a thing. Don't you worry—" He would keep on repeating the last words. "Now, take this as a present." With his long arms Rector Kern would lift the globe high up from the desk. He would brush it with his sleeve, as Grandfather brushed his hat, and hand it to my father with a bow and a smile.

At last, my father came out of Reichenberger Street. He was not carrying the globe or even the crystal bowl. He walked in his slow, heavy way, dragging each foot along the pavement, supported by his cane with the silver handle. When he crossed our street I could not hold myself back. I ran down the stairs. He opened the house door. "What haste!" he said—nothing else. Upstairs Grandfather was brushing his hat. "What's the idea, Herr Director, you are not going, are you?" said my father. "We are having roast chicken for lunch," said Grandfather. But they sat down again in the parlor, and I listened from the dining room behind the curtain. They might have let

me come into the parlor, but I preferred to be told this way. My father said that Rector Kern was a liberal and that anti-Semitism was against his principles. I did not understand these words, but they seemed to have a good meaning. The one and only culprit was Matke, who was called a "dangerous element." Matke had also been in the Rector's study and had admitted his part. But then came the miracle: Rector Kern had invited all of us for that very afternoon to their garden in Woltersdorf to look at the cherry blossoms and have coffee.

All through that lunch there was an argument between my father and my mother. The cherry trees were in full bloom; besides, one friendly gesture deserved another, my father said. Not to go meant to reject the hand that had been reached out. My mother said that she had been dreaming for weeks of being left in peace on her divan that Sunday afternoon. She also said that "making conversation" with Mrs. Kern would be more than she could stand today, with her headache coming on. For me there was no question of how to decide. For my parents to be with Rector and Mrs. Kern at the same coffee table was more than I would ever wish. My father said that this was not just an invitation to coffee but a symbolic act. My mother drew her eyebrows up; her mouth was half open, as if in pain. The conversation drifted away from the Kerns' invitation to general statements and complaints. A smile, a sigh, a pause could still smooth out everything. But their words became hard and short.

Dessert was finished. The napkins were rolled to go into the rings. In another minute I would be standing at the corner of the table between Father and Mother, saying: "I thank Thee, Lord, for the food and drink which Thou hast given us. Amen. Bless Father, Mother, and Lena." While I went slowly around the table, Aunt Jennie burst into the room. She wore a wine-red taffeta coat with a lace fichu. Her figure was full, her fair hair billowed out of her huge pot hat, the spring style of 1910. "I have left the old man down in the *equipage*," she said, stopping for a breath to savor the elegant word. "I tell you he has become intolerable," Aunt Jennie went on. She bent over to my mother and whispered something in her ear.

Aunt Jennie had been the wife of my father's student friend, Uncle Karl, who had shot himself. Uncle Karl was sensitive and silent, a doctor, who wore a velvet jacket at home; he had fallen in love with his laundress' daughter Jennie. Even in later years when Aunt Jennie had married for the third time, she talked about her first husband in a tender way and always called him "my poor Karl." Uncle Karl was a Jew, but Aunt Jennie would be a perfect Aryan in present-day Germany. She was later received as such by the county society of B—— when she married the Major, Baron von B——. She may still be honored there.

Aunt Jennie was the only grown-up person whom I ever saw in tears. Even when she was cheerful her voice cracked as if it had absorbed too many tears. Her freckled hands were fidgeting in her pocketbook for a handkerchief. "I want to take all of you for a drive in the country," Aunt Jennie said, drying her eyes. "Emily too, and my baby." She still called me "baby."

By one of those miracles that only a child can see, the ill feeling between my father and mother vanished. And it was decided that we should all drive out with Aunt Jennie to Woltersdorf and drop in for coffee with the Kerns.

"Heigho, the tots are coming," Aunt Jennie's "old man" said, turning on us his large, staring eyes. We gave him our hands and curtsied. "My, what a pretty spring outfit!" His gold teeth made him look rich to us; he was wearing light spats, and had a daisy in his buttonhole. His "equipage" had two horses, and I was chosen to climb up onto the coachman's seat, which was covered with black oilcloth. A big rug was wrapped around me, the coachman cracked his whip, and off we went.

When we left the city streets and turned into the park, the old man exclaimed: "Nature, nature at last!" But when I looked back after a while, he sat there silent, bent forward; even his cigar hung heavily from his mouth. My mother and Aunt Jennie held up colorful silk parasols with fringes to keep off the sun. Emily was squeezed between them, hardly visible. After a time, the coachman had to climb down and unfold the top of the coach while I held the reins. The green of the trees

was still dainty and fresh. Families were wandering towards coffee gardens, with children in bright dresses. The coachman complained to me about horses and their bad manners. I told him about the Kerns' garden, as I imagined it, with some brooks flowing along under small bridges and sheep grazing on a meadow. The two horses moved their shiny backs up and down. The coachman said he wished he could have such a place as the Kerns' when he was old.

At last we stopped, at the waterfront of a river. The carriage drew up not far from some tables. There were swings and a shooting gallery. You could buy little paper windmills and balloons. There was a wonderful machine where you could print your name on a metal plate. But it did not detain us. Across the river, I knew, would be Betty in her Sunday dress.

The "old man" and Aunt Jennie went no further with us. "Don't stay too long," I heard Aunt Jennie whisper to my mother. "There may be a crisis between us here." I felt sorry for Aunt Jennie and the "old man."

We took the ferry. It was attached to a cable which the boatman grasped, hand over hand. His strong arms pulled us towards Woltersdorf.

Finally we reached Harmonia, a colony of week-end gardens and cabins. It was white and pink with blossoms, and there were white and pink spots on the ground. We walked on a narrow path of soft earth, with wooden gates and wire fences on both sides. Rector Kern came to his gate. He held out both his hands, the cape falling over his arms. The rectangular garden was not large. It had no winding paths or arbors or brooks. But in front of the cabin stood the coffee table, white-covered like the cherry trees. "Welcome to our house," said Rector Kern. I looked at the cabin. It was built of green horizontal boards with ivy climbing up the walls. Two boards crossed each other over the door and were carved into two horses' heads. They enclosed the sign: "Villa Concordia No. 33." The windows had fluffy flowered curtains gathered by pink ribbons. It was beautiful. On the roof stood a weathercock.

Betty did not talk; she seemed embarrassed. "What a pretty hair ribbon you have," I said. She took us to the rabbit house. I

held a rabbit in my hands. It nibbled with tiny quick movements at a bit of lettuce. I stroked its fur which was moving, alive. It had trustful red eyes. I stroked its silky ears. "This one is Toby," Betty said at last. "He can jump right over two cigar boxes. D'you want to see?" But Rector Kern came just then to take us all through the garden again. He named each tree and bush. My mother asked a question about the roses which were just budding. Mrs. Kern said she was wondering whether it would be the right thing to have coffee outside at this time of the spring.

A mother with two boys came—Betty's aunt and her twin cousins, who wore brown velvet suits and stiff white collars. They had square chins and lively brown eyes and looked like "good monkeys." (There were "bad" and "good" monkeys in the zoo.) At last we all sat down around the coffee table. The coffee smelled exciting in an enormous coffee pot which had a little rubber cushion to catch the drops. The Napf cake was bigger and tasted better than any Napf cake I had ever eaten. The twins made faces and squeaked like animals. Betty and Emily gossiped about a "horrible" teacher and about a trick one class had played on her. "But how could they?" Betty said. "If she had found out—"

"Last summer we met Rabbi Loewenthal from Gleiwitz on our mountain trip in the Harz," said Rector Kern to my father. "A fine man. He recited his own translations of Latin odes to us, and, mind you, while we were climbing." No doubt Rector Kern said this to show us his good feeling towards the Jews. The twins' mother had been tying napkins around them. Now she looked up. A watch and a pair of glasses were pinned to her blouse with golden bows and chains. She unhooked the glasses. "What was the name?" she asked. "Loewenthal," said Rector Kern. "Oh, a Jew." She let her glasses drop from the chain.

At this moment Aunt Jennie appeared in her huge pot hat, and came up to our coffee table. "Oh, a Jew," said Aunt Jennie mocking the twins' mother, almost in the same tone. The twins' mother looked up at Aunt Jennie. "I cannot remember being introduced," she said to Rector Kern. "This is our Aunt Jennie," said my father eagerly. "Jews are decent people," said

Aunt Jennie. "My poor Karl was proud to be a Jew." She stood there, massive, a challenge to everybody, supported by her parasol. I looked at the twins' mother. She said, "Pp-h—," letting her breath out noisily. Rector Kern said: "What a terrible misunderstanding!"—and would Aunt Jennie not like a cup of coffee. Aunt Jennie was still standing. She seemed to hesitate. The long point of her parasol ceased to poke the ground and was pulled back.

At that moment, from the direction of the twins' mother, came a word, muttered but clearly understood by everybody in the silence: "Jew-rabble" (*Judenbande*).

My mother took up her parasol. "Thank you, Mrs. Kern," she said. "The cake was delicious. Good-bye, Rector Kern. Good-bye, Betty." My mother was calm and energetic. I admired her, through all my bewilderment. Betty was fidgeting with her braids. We went. The ferry trip back seemed long and tiresome. Aunt Jennie stood at the far end of the ferry. "The 'old man' *did* have his crisis," my mother said to my father. She could already smile again.

On the other side of the river, we met the "old man." "It's about time," he said, in a low sulky voice, looking at nobody. On the long drive back I sat squeezed between Aunt Jennie and my mother. Emily sat high up on the coachman's seat. The coachman talked to her and to his horses. The park lay in twilight. A cool wind came up. Children were walking home swinging lighted colored lanterns on sticks. The "old man" slept. His head swayed from one side to the other and rested finally on my father's shoulder. Aunt Jennie gave my mother a recipe for a plum tart. They seemed to have forgotten everything.

When we reached our house, Emily gave Aunt Jennie and the "old man" her hand and said: "Thank you for the nice drive," as my mother had told us to do before. I looked down at the light spats and turned and ran up to our apartment. I went straight into Lena's room. She was reading on her bed. And though I never had liked her, I put my arms around her neck and stroked her oily hair passionately as if it were a rabbit's fur.

THINE IS THE POWER

BY GEORGE ABBE

IN the hot light of summer He is standing
Beside the Flowering Judas, under the chestnut flower.
His is the salmon brightness and the whiteness,
His the tenderness, and the poised power.

Men swinging the deep hay to the wagon
Swing lustier because they sense a presence there.
Their words go back and forth like a passed flagon
Of wine ripened and darkened in sweet air.

Their comradeship and the rich joy of flower and bush
Stem from the joy He stretches, hill to hill;
The calm that later comes with shadow and thrush
Is there because His heart is still,

And all men know it, without knowing,
Finding their hearts in His, not knowing why,
Remembering the good strength of their labor,
The chestnut flowers glowing,
Something tall and friendly between earth and sky.

PROMETHEUS AND THE AEOLIAN LYRE

By ALBERT GUERARD, JR.

HISTORY is obstinately ironical, incorrigibly bent on taking unexpected turns. It is surely one of the more grotesque ironies that our pragmatic and morally neutral age should have rediscovered, in the libraries, the deep powers of myth. The past was past: the task of the historian was to describe and not to judge. But what the literary historians of the Thirties coolly described were the still living half-beliefs of the Romantic Age. Distinguished scholars traced the myths of primitivism without feeling any serious obligation to condemn; literary critics sharply but impartially recorded the myths of eternal recurrence, the deep atavistic dedications, in the works of Joyce and Mann. They maintained their polite academic neutrality in the very act of discovering that man cannot long be neutral, but must draw on these half-beliefs for some of his richest commitments. Impartiality and evasion are the amiable vices of the academic mind, but they seemed more than usually absurd when confronted by the restless energy of myth. For myths are by definition moral as well as irrational; they schematize desires and solicit preferences. They draw on the nebulous faiths which operate so much more strongly, unless we are on guard, than do rational convictions. Perhaps scholars felt they had disarmed the myths by the writing of their treatises, as a psychiatrist lays a patient's ghost. One could even retain some affection for the errors of the past, the errors of a Hegel or Carlyle.

And yet—the past was not dead, but very much alive. It is in their failure to recognize the moral pertinence of myths “safely embedded in history” that our scientific historians have not been scientific enough. For ideas inhabit a restless grave, and the myths of one age become the preconceptions of

the next; deeply embedded in the collective unconscious perhaps, but dangerously close always to the threshold of waking life. Myths operate before they are ever codified and long after they seem safely dead. To what dark avenues could Kant's idealism or Schiller's infinite lead! So Hegel's dialectical conception of the state, of a divine Idea operating in history, is perilously close to Fichte's myth of a nation really independent of the interests of its citizens—a myth which at once demands self-immolation and permits a projection of one's individual ego onto an enormous screen existing eternally, a large reward indeed. One need hardly add that this myth is rather uncomfortably alive, no more weakened in its subsequent history by the cynical exploitations of an Alfred Rosenberg than by the passionate neuroses of a Nietzsche. And so for the eighteenth-century and early nineteenth-century myths of racial differences, of inexorable historical cycles, of beneficent natural laws. These also operate today, controlling our decisions, though the wild anarchic naturalism of the late eighteenth century has become the orthodox conservatism of today. We, too, have our Physiocrats. The half-reasoned myths of Godwin are the inalienable preconceptions of Hearst.

We owe much in the way of political and economic premises to the myths of the Romantic Age, but we owe still more for our conception of the nature of man. The myths of the early Wordsworth reach present-day readers through the pages of Saroyan's "The Human Comedy"—the myths of the natural goodness of man, of the superior intuitions of the child, of the moral value of eccentricity and whim. If we do not salute Saroyan as a kindred spirit, it is only because he argues so feverishly what we are all inclined to believe. For to look at the Romantics is to look at a preliminary distortion of ourselves; to examine their myths is to stumble on an early and still conscious stage of our collective unconscious. Only a few of the unhistorical, such as Saroyan, feel it necessary to proceed by arguments which we have long since taken for granted. On the other hand, to revalue the Romantic myths

should likewise involve revaluing ourselves—our most recent though not our deepest heritage. But to do this requires that we sacrifice one of the hardest of the Romantic preconceptions, namely, that it is unwise to examine too closely one's preconceptions. It also forces us to relate literature to life. For neither Carlyle's politics nor Shelley's are indifferent to 1944, and a false mythology is not made less dangerous by rich poetic beauty.

Romanticism had its central and its peripheral myths. If the peripheral myths, such as the private cosmos of Blake, seem truer to the concreteness of traditional projections, the central myths—shared by nearly all the Romantics—are those which we have inherited almost unchanged. These are (perhaps to oversimplify) the *myth of man's natural goodness*, the *myth of the Promethean individual*, and the *myth of a vital correspondence between man and nature*, a correspondence demanding a submersion of our rational coherent selves. Of the three, only the myth of man's natural goodness is a relatively fresh creation of the Romantic Age, but it is also the one to which Americans and Englishmen, at least, pay the deepest allegiance, perhaps because it has been historically confused with the idea of democracy and verbally confused with the Christian and classical idea of the dignity of the individual.

The concept of man's natural goodness, though eternally discredited by experience, has a delusive simplicity; in fact, it is the darkest of the Romantic myths, as original sin is the darkest of the Christian mysteries. Such an evasive doctrine cannot be assailed in a page or ten pages, unless we borrow the short-cuts of the theologian. The two others—the myth of the Promethean individual and the myth of a vital correspondence between man and nature—are more accessible because they are conclusions rather than premises, and are written in the ordinary language of poetic feeling. They were not new with the Romantic century, but together they present us with the most curious paradox of a wilfully paradoxical age. The paradox is simply that the two myths could co-exist,

not merely at the same moment in history but within a single individual: on the one hand, the Promethean individualism, the particled and discrete individuality, the monstrous projections of impulse and whim; on the other hand, the pervasive longing for loss of self in an animate whole larger than self, the impulse to leave behind one's burdensome solitude and cares, the impulse to self-immolation, to the drowning of consciousness; the impulse even to death. If this is no final paradox, it is only because both impulses offer means of escape from responsibility, from the coherent, close-knit waking self which has to make decisions.

But the appearance of paradox remains. No age has given us so many self-conscious individualists, proclaiming their devotion to the unique and the whimsical, as the Romantic Age; so many determined eccentrics advertising their inviolate egos in outlandish costumes as well as poetic manners, from Rousseau's Armenian costume to Théophile Gautier's red doublet. And yet—no age has given us so many immolations of will and consciousness, so many attempts to lose the sole self, whether in landscape or subconscious reverie, in winds or the sea, in opium or metaphysics, in the organic nation or in dreams of regenerated humanity, in sleep or death; or even, as some conjecture, in the dark warmth of the womb. These are the two great impulsions of Romantic naturalism, imaged, let us say, in the Prometheus of Shelley and Byron and in the mysterious Aeolian lyre. There is, on the one hand, Byron's Prometheus—

. . . his sad unallied existence:
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—and equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory.

And, on the other hand, there is the Aeolian lyre—that mysterious instrument which became the chief romantic symbol

for the inspired poet—a box with strings on which the wind will play tunes, if you put it in your southernly window on a blustering September day. Listening to it, we can listen to Shelley's dulcet prose or Coleridge's earliest distinguished lines: "Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven, like the alternations of an ever-changing wind over an Aeolian lyre, which move it by their motion to an ever-changing melody."

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely fram'd,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the soul of each, and God of all?

What trembles into thought is, of course, very different from the active, unifying power of Coleridge's later definitions. Romantic naturalism gives us at once the Promethean monster of will and the gently passive organic harp, in which is imaged the last extinction of consciousness, reason, and will.

Like every other aspect of Romanticism, the paradox transcends nationality and any particular art. The peculiar blend of Jacobin rationalism and Jacobin religiosity is no less startling than that the Byron of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and the Wordsworth of "Tintern Abbey" should talk the same language. The Romantic painting of Géricault and Delacroix is the triumph of Promethean individualism. The Romantic painting of Constable and Turner, on the other hand, takes us into shimmering and veiled landscapes, the human figure so minute and unimportant that it can scarcely be said even to disappear. Turner perhaps alone, in such paintings as "Venice at Sunrise" and "Arth from the Lake of Zug," attains that complete fusion of man and nature, that final submersion of human consciousness, for which Keats, Shelley, and the early Wordsworth so earnestly longed. Does the contrast between Delacroix and Turner merely prove that the French are riotous and flamboyant, the English bemused and restrained? The "Journal" tells us that Delacroix had, on occasion, to whip himself into his megalomanias and frenzies. The prince

of Anglophiles in his time, he plundered Byron far more systematically than Chateaubriand or Géricault. The day after reading "The Giaour," he wrote a memorandum for future excitation: "Rappelle, pour t'enflammer éternellement, certains passages de Byron." Delacroix's self-portrait of 1819 is unmistakably the portrait of a Childe Harold, a Byronic hero. The left side of the face, with the cruel turned-down mouth and the mariner's hypnotic eye, is proud and aloof; the rest of the face looms indistinctly out of Satanic darkness, as the cowed sinister faces of monks loom out of trapdoors and other apertures in the Gothic novels.

The paradox is more dramatic where the Promethean individualism and the longing for submersion of self appear in the same poet or the same poem. At times Byron seems to rationalize the paradox more successfully than the others, perhaps because he did not take his "Prelude" so soberly and dialectically as Wordsworth took his. Wordsworth's famous visions are few. What he generally sought, in arguing himself into an absorption by nature, was harmony and calm. But Byron frankly sought both a loss of the rational self and a final proof of his stoic superiority to the rest of mankind. The plain of ocean is a heaving plain, a tumultuous self-expression and release. So while he would *ride the waves*, he could at times ride them best by bathing in them. What he attained was not rest but violence:

And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle—and not in vain.
And thus I am absorbed, and this is life.

Emerson takes us to the heart of the paradox in his essay on "Nature," a reverie which could have been written only by one who wanted inscribed on the lintel of his doorway the word *whim*. Romantic transcendentalism was bankrupt from the start because it refused to define its terms, or defined them whimsically. Thus Emerson no more sacrificed his naturalism in working out his idealism than Fichte sacrificed his militant patriotism in working out his. To be sure, Emerson managed the impossible reconciliation only by verbal legerdemain,

legerdemain so startling and audacious it could even quote St. Paul: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." St. Paul's biology and logic may have been faulty, but his ethics was clear. The natural man dies as the spiritual man is born; the seed is left behind, as distinctly as the lower rungs of the Platonic ladder are left behind.

The double myth, or the double mood, is notoriously present in Whitman, nowhere so present as in his alternately tensed and relaxed rhythms. But Whitman had his Emersonian logic too, as all the Romantics did. "O to be self-balanced for contingencies," Whitman said in a line which Irving Babbitt must have read with delight, with the wild surmise of finding, amidst the carnage of Sardanapalus, a good humanist in a dark corner, exercising the "inner check." Far more characteristic, however, is the beautiful but scarcely wise "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking"—the child's identity revealed and then gently transfused through longing and love until it is lost at last in the conventional invocation to death. The sea whispers to him "death, death, death," and

. . . edging near as privately for me rustling at my feet,
Creeping thence steadily up to my ears and laving me softly all over,
Death, death, death, death, death.

These lines are a striking illustration of the fact that many poets say more through rhythms than through words. The data for the psychologist are not so much prose meanings as these rhythms—the luxuriating relaxation of Whitman, and his sporadic nervous tautness; the quiet significant pauses of Wordsworth; Shelley's breathless rush of sound. But if he is looking for more tangible instance of the paradox, the explicit schizophrenia, he will find it in the Romantic period, wherever he chooses to seek. It is the crucial fact of Wordsworth, in the "Prelude" as much as in the symbolic Lucy, by nature kindled and restrained. It confronts us in Diderot's "Neveu de Rameau," that first clinical novel; less obviously it offers us the last degree of unrestrained personality and the last surrender to the subconscious in the "Rêve de D'Alembert." It is found, as all things are, in Rousseau, the fountain-head of

Romantic paradox. In the "Confessions," the ego and the discrete partied personality are triumphant; in the "Reveries," they quietly melt away. In the "Discourse on Inequality," the natural man stands triumphant and free in the midst of anarchy; in the "Social Contract," even this uncorrupted natural man must submit to a rigid state religion, on pain of death; must sacrifice even the last minority right to an all-powerful "general will."

The first myth, then, was of the Promethean individualist, more than self-balanced for contingencies, the master of his fate and captain of his soul. But it was truly a myth: that is, an imaged conception scarcely ever realized in real life or even in the symbolic action of art. The conception was there, Faust dimly recalling the old Renaissance Faustus, but the reality was rather the cult of eccentricity: the hypertrophy of some one aspect of personality, rather than a harmonized well-rounded individualism. The reality was not an effective, independent will, but the illusion of power dissolved at last into shards and fragments, the buffetings of neurosis and whim. Thus the Romantic individualist differed in very nearly every respect from the man of *virtù*, the coherent versatile individual of the Renaissance. They differed even in their common love of fame. What was for Sidney both the last infirmity of a noble mind and the eternal testimony of a life well spent was for Delacroix a daily intoxication: "The sound of praise intoxicates with a real joy."

The kinds of Romantic individualism are legion, as different as Wordsworth poking his walking-stick at the leaves in search of sermons or rustics and Byron swimming the Hellespont, as different as the Robin Hoods of the *Sturm und Drang* and Vigny's Chatterton. There is the modest inviolate "buried life" of Keats and the public frenzy of Victor Hugo. Yet for all these differences, certain common traits recur. The first is what I have called the achievement of discrete partied individuality, the cultivation of particular and unique traits of personality, rather than of a coherent well-rounded character. In calling a world of trials and pains the "vale of

soul-making," Keats was very far from speaking the ordinary Romantic language; for most of his contemporaries, souls or at least personalities were thought of as already made, virgin births as it were. The causes for this quest of eccentricity vary, of course, with the individual and even with the time. Gautier's red doublet was excused by the radical versification of "Hernani," was, perhaps, its result (a symbol of collective revolt against the older generation); but Rousseau's Armenian costume was suggested to him not so much by the "Discourse on the Arts and Sciences" as by a temperamental timidity and malaise which he suffered whenever he moved in Paris society. Unable to conquer his boorishness, he flaunted it instead.

In similar fashion, one might explain away the eccentricities of Byron—explain them by the wild blood of "Mad Jack" Byron or by his mother's cruel taunts; by childhood poverty or the haunting visualized terrors of early New Testament readings; or by Mary Chaworth's overheard jibe at "that lame boy." What renders all such explanations a little suspect is the fact that the age produced so many Rousseaus and Byrons, monotonously and interchangeably unique, and so few Walter Scotts. But whatever the cause, the search for uniqueness remains, a uniqueness which raised its possessor above the level of ordinary humanity, and so emancipated him from ordinary humanity's conventions, restraints, and laws. In their most abject musings, such heroes as Goethe's Werther and René never doubt their superiority to the rest of humanity, a superiority deriving from their unique artistic sensibilities (though they produce no works of art). For the Romantic individualist has somehow transcended the ordinary coolness and apathy of human nature. "Oh for a life of sensations!" Keats said—one of many famous and rash statements which he lived to disown. Goethe, too, lived to disown "Feeling is all!"—but not before he had made the younger Faust perhaps the greatest projection of Promethean individualism. That luxuriance in expansive unrestrained emotion which

the eighteenth century called "enthusiasm" (and which is simply antinomianism felt and lived) becomes dominant in the 1750's and manages to survive Wordsworth's quiet and civilized recantations. It is Shelley's single mood—though it sometimes takes the form of intellectual speculation or political satire.

The Promethean individual might be a humanitarian, with Shelley buying crayfish in order to return them to their natural element. But he could be a Satanist instead or as well: an ordinary Satanist contemplating anatomical experiments out of his unique sadism, a Pétrus Borel, proud of his canine teeth; or a true Satanist, performing experiments on the soul. Surely the desire to transcend the bounds of personality in this fashion is as genuine a "romanticism" as the vegetarianism which runs from Rousseau to Shelley. The true Satanist might be a monster of intellect as well as a monster of sensibility: almost alone among the Romantics, Oswald in Wordsworth's profound "Borderers" attained that complete independence of will which enabled him to shape inferior souls to the pattern of his own. Wordsworth's is a ridiculous distortion of Godwin's philosophy, yet it remains one of the few satisfactory rejections of Romantic individualism. But in lesser Satanists we have only an illusion of independence; we have neurosis rather than will.

Individualism might mean not merely an escape from debts and moral obligations but even an escape from the sense of sin. The most interesting page of "René" is concerned with the wanderer's desire to leave behind "le vieil homme"—*the* Old Adam, the consciousness of original sin. Chateaubriand was one of the few Romantics to pay even lip-service to original sin, but his Catholicism was, as everyone knows, erotic. For here again we have the same impulse to escape, the same anxiety not to surmount but to throw off one's burdensome humanity, the pseudo-religious aspiration to anything "higher." But virtue is concerned with knowing the nature of this "higher" to which we aspire. And the last thing to which

the Romantics aspired was true freedom of will. So, in the end, our Promethean individualism does not give us triumphant will but rather the negation of will; not power but subservience to whim. We have only to take the testimony of the Romantics' lives. Too often whenever an ordinary restraint appears, say, a debt or a wife, some eccentricity of theory or personality emerges to argue or brush it aside.

The desire for submersion of consciousness and will appears most obviously in the Romantic theory of artistic creation, in the image of the Aeolian lyre played by the shifting winds. Shelley's "Defense of Poetry" is the classic defense of automatic writing, so classic a defense that it need not detain us here, other than to remark that it has entirely distorted the academic conception of how poetry is written. For Shelley as for Blake, the poet was a passive medium through whom the divine afflatus moved. Wordsworth anticipated Emerson's philological reveries in attributing not merely poetic inspiration but words themselves to the "more beautiful forms of nature." He explains in fourteen long books of blank verse how he derived, with a wise passiveness, his best qualities as a poet from physical nature—qualities which he unquestionably took *to* nature, rather than from her. "The Prelude" is one of the most startling *a posteriori* arguments in the history of philosophy; even such a mythological conception as the natural goodness of man Wordsworth professes to acquire from the boyhood experience of seeing a shepherd walking in the hills, his size magnified by the mists and his face later glorified by the setting sun. What Wordsworth got from his "return to nature" in 1797 and 1798 is hard to say; what he took to nature apart from his talents was a deep aversion to Godwinian rationalism, a yielding up of "moral questions in despair," a desire to submerge that sole self which had been so cruelly mangled in the five preceding years. The tortuous windings of Wordsworth's system need not concern us here: let us remember only that Wordsworth went to the hills and trees for excitation and peace, for visions and harmony; for the data of

poetic inspiration and for "nature's quiet equipoise." But it is not always observed that there are two kinds of calm or equipoise in Wordsworth, the calm of Lucy's final submersion in mute insensate things and the very different calm of "Elegiac Stanzas Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle" and "Laodamia"—a truly human calm held finely on the brink of darkness and mystery, a calm richly won in despite of "nature," the equipoise of understanding rather than the equipoise of submersion, sleep, and death.

There are, it must be avowed, a few genuine instances of fine poetic creation achieved through submersion of consciousness and will. "Kubla Khan" is an authentic miracle, and before such a miracle, meaningless miracle though it be, the critic temporarily suspends his theories of poetic composition and his theories of what poetry should be. For Coleridge, the Aeolian lyre was something more than an ordinary figure of speech: his best hours of composition were on nights of high winds. Yet it can be argued that submersion of consciousness is valuable only for the rare Coleridges. What Coleridge got from opium and high winds was not so much his rich imagery as a relaxation of his analytic, critical, self-suspecting intellect. The composition of simple, sensuous, and passionate poetry was necessarily impossible for a mind which in its waking hours could so turn in upon itself as to write three essays on Washington Allston which scarcely mention Allston's work. Did "Christabel" bog down in the intricacies of definition? Coleridge had in an extreme degree the tortuous, qualifying mind of the later Henry James. One can only speculate on what sort of "Kubla Khan" the later James would have written, had he been similarly liberated by opium and high south winds!

Was the prevailing impulse to submersion of consciousness due to sexual stresses and strains, as the Freudian must immediately suppose? Certainly the psychiatrist could ask for no better subject than Shelley, who was conscious of eyes staring at him from a woman's breasts, and whose rhetoric so often

evoked "spring's voluptuous pantings"; caves, lakes and streams. Shelley was perfectly aware of his own tendencies when he dismissed Wordsworth as a eunuch who never dared to lift nature's robe. His *Alastor* seeks the Blue Flower of German Romanticism amid bitumen lakes and pinnacles of ice, and it is no surprise to find him indulging in the familiar love swoon before two hundred lines are gone. It does not matter, of course, that the woman is visionary; what the seeker for the Blue Flower finds at last is himself. René told more than he meant to tell when he said that his soul-mate should have been drawn like Eve from his rib.

One does not have to go to the poet prophets of the philosophical poems to find Shelley's blend of Promethean individualism and self-submersion; the "Ode to the West Wind" tells us enough in its seventy lines. For this poem, still another invocation to flagging poetic inspiration, tenses and relaxes its rhythms with the regularity of a beating heart, the while it alternately asserts the poet's uncontrollable freedom and his longing for the helpless driven movement of a wave, a leaf, a cloud. The poem's peculiar effect proceeds from the fact that these forces are not balanced. The imagined drowning is conveyed in exquisitely relaxed lines, but the final submersion of self to the powers of the wind is also the moment of the poem's greatest tension. For in the very moment of extinction Shelley seems to become the extinguishing wind itself; he is the lyre, "even as the forest is," but he is also, in terms of symbolic action, playing the lyre. The tension, if not the prose meaning, and the final release tell us that this is as surely an apotheosis of the artist as is the last section of "Kubla Khan," where the waking Coleridge, trying to recover his dream, "becomes" for one last supreme moment both the drowned magician and the exorcizing magic.

The impulse to submersion in Keats is a more complete example of symbolic action than in Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron, for no man in his actual waking life more nobly atoned for his poetic trauancies. The cloudiness of "Endymion" and

"Sleep and Poetry" need not detain us in the face of greater poems. In the "Ode to a Nightingale" Keats virtually takes us to the heart of the mystery; he writes a poem about the actual submersion of consciousness, dramatizes the process itself. If the poem is a symbolic evasion of the actual world,

The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,

it was an hour of rest which the poet had richly earned.

In one sense this ode is a dramatized contrasting of the world of actuality and the world of the imagination, but the desire to attain this fretless imaginative world becomes at last a desire for reason's utter dissolution: a longing not for art but for free reverie of any kind. The form of the poem is that of progress by association, so that the movement of feeling is at the mercy of words evoked by chance, such words as *fade* and *forlorn*, the very word which like a bell tolls the dreamer back to his "sole self." This sole self from which Keats escapes at the beginning of the poem, and to which he returns at its close, is not merely the conscious intellect aware of life's weariness, fever, and fret, but truly the sole self: the self locked in drowsy numbness; the self conscious of its isolation, dismally alone as Childe Harold had wanted to be alone. The progression from consciousness to free reverie is fitful rather than steady, taking several false steps from which it has to withdraw, the momentary wrong turning, for instance, into a luxuriant and purely literary sentimentality:

Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.

Again Keats in his anxiety anticipates progressions which have not actually occurred, so that his purely rhetorical proclamation of unconsciousness—"Already with thee!"—does not carry conviction. The dull brain does not cease to perplex and retard until the following stanza, when the sensuous description of the dark thicket is actually working through the medium of a darkened consciousness. "Darkling I listen"—

and in the reflections on death the dialectical mind has once more returned. But then at a moment which is traversed *between* stanzas, in a missing fragment of time, the reverie is at last and triumphantly released:

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down.

And the entire and perfectly lucid stanza is a complete escape from the original mood; it is a product of the liberated buried life. The liberation exists in its perfection for ten lines and ends with the wakening realization that his other selves, and not the faery lands, are forlorn.

The ode, in other words, is a moderately coherent dramatization of a process and impulsion which produced "Kubla Khan," which was treated melodramatically by Byron, hysterically by Shelley, and with considerable classical restraint by Wordsworth—whether in the waking trance of "Tintern Abbey" or in the actual dissolution of the Danish Boy and the symbolic Lucy:

No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

The consciousness dissolved is the ordinary rational consciousness: the coherent self which is obliged to shape and pattern its attitudes, to make decisions and face facts, and even, it may be, to look for sermons in stones. Possibly the troubled spirit requires such satisfactions, and these are probably great poems. But it is well too, in our waking moments, to know what these impulsions are.

For they are neither the impulsions of the greatest poetry nor of the most satisfactory lives. It may be that we must have our myths, but it is well to remember that there will always be Harriet Westbrook unable to accept the myths of a Shelley, and that some myths, such as that of man's natural goodness, lead to disastrous practical egotisms. We can enjoy hours of release without pretending that physical nature has

vitalistic powers which are morally uplifting, and we should never forget the corruptions of Schiller's aspirations to infinitude in the hands of a Fichte. Life's waking dream, it may be, flourishes best when tied to our finite world. And so for the Romantic myths which under the illusion of developing a sound individualism betray at last the same escape from ourselves, the same longing for irresponsibility. On the one hand, there is the myth of the Promethean individual, releasing the merest fragments of "self"; on the other, the surrender of the true self burdened by problems and attitudes, the moral self. The two myths seem to blend with the specious charm of paradox, but they are, at the last, the same.

BRITAIN'S NEW COLONIAL POLICY

By RONALD STUART KAIN

IT is now over two years since the fall of Singapore. The breath-taking pace and expanding scope of the world's greatest war long ago diverted American attention to other crucial battlegrounds. But the reverberations of that stunning defeat are still agitating British officialdom. Not since the triumph of the American Revolution has British pride received such a cruel military blow or the prestige of British arms been so shaken. And it is altogether likely that nothing since Yorktown will prove so revolutionary in its effect upon the British empire as the capitulation of the great Far Eastern naval base and key defense bastion on February 15, 1942, after less than a week's siege by the Japanese.

Winston Churchill has called the Singapore débâcle the "largest" military disaster in British history. But as time goes on, the episode becomes even more significant as a strong stimulus to the more rapid evolution of the British colonial empire towards self-government. When Margery Perham, in an illuminating dissection of British colonial policy in the London "Times," declared that Britain's survival as a great power might well depend on its capacity to learn the lessons of the Malaya collapse, she was reflecting sentiments expressed by numerous British officials, Members of Parliament, editors, and other influential figures. There is now ample evidence that Singapore has greatly accelerated the tempo at which the non-white colonies are advancing towards Dominion status.

This is of fundamental importance to America as well as to Britain. For if it be true—and the writer believes it is—that close Anglo-American co-operation during and after this war is essential to the development of a more peaceful, democratic, and prosperous world, it is also true that such collaboration is

in danger of being badly handicapped by American objections to British colonial rule. The issue has been a serious irritant to Anglo-American relations ever since the United States began to emerge from the imperialist phase of "manifest destiny" early in the present century. The developments of 1942 in British Malaya, Burma, and India intensified American antipathy to British colonialism. Isolationist, anti-British, and pro-Axis elements in this country have seized upon the issue as the most effective means of sabotaging Anglo-American co-operation. Not long ago Ambassador Winant warned the British people that "a careful survey of public opinion in the United States shows that there is a greater divergence of viewpoint on Britain's colonial policy than on any other issue that divides us."

The London "Times" acknowledged in October, 1942, "the need for a closer correspondence of British and American opinion on the facts and aims of colonial policy." But the reconciliation of Anglo-American standpoints will not be easy. It will require formidable effort—some of it on the American side. First of all, Britain must bring her colonial relations more rapidly into line with modern liberal thought and democratic principles. This she has already begun to do, but the task is not simple and its success by no means assured. Secondly, it will be necessary to bring American opinion as a whole up to date on the British empire. This may prove more difficult than it sounds. For it would be hard to discover another international issue of concern to us so beclouded with bias and misconception.

A British magazine was not entirely wrong in asserting recently that American critics of the empire "seem to be living in the mid-nineteenth century, and to be flogging the dead horse of an 'imperialism' we have long since forgotten." British imperialism, meaning the exploitation of colonial resources and peoples for the benefit of privileged interests or groups at home and in the colonies, is certainly not a "dead horse." But if we take a careful look at the British empire as it is today, we shall find that it bears little resemblance to the conception of it prevalent among many Americans. Moreover, we shall discover that our war association with Britain and the other United Nations

has brought us an exceptional opportunity to help shape the future development of all dependent peoples in accordance with American democratic ideals and material interests.

Including those territories now under temporary Japanese control, the British empire comprises roughly one-fourth of the land area and one-fourth of the population of the globe. Politically, it is divided into three main categories—the mother country and the Dominions, often referred to as the British Commonwealth of Nations; the crown colonies, protectorates, and mandated territories, known collectively as the colonial empire; and India and Burma, which have a special status intermediate between that of the Dominions and the colonies. India and Burma, with over 400,000,000 inhabitants, and the colonial empire, with about 66,000,000 (of whom two-thirds live in tropical Africa), have varying degrees of local autonomy in accordance with the stage of their political and economic development. But ultimate control of their affairs and destinies rests with the British House of Commons, which lays down general policies for execution by the British government, acting through the Secretaries of State for India and the Colonies.

This vast agglomeration of dependent territories is the product of a wholly unsystematic and partly unplanned accumulation, extending over more than three centuries. While the motive for these territorial acquisitions varied with place and time, in general it may be said that the British empire has passed through three fairly well-defined stages of development. The first stage of aggressive imperialism and more or less autocratic rule of both white and non-white colonies ended with the American Revolution. Loss of the bulk of the American colonies gradually induced the second phase of liberal imperialism. During this stage, self-governing institutions were permitted, as everyone knows, to develop in the present Dominions. British concepts of law, order, and individual rights were extended throughout great areas where tyranny, piracy, and internecine warfare had long been the rule. But colonial administrators of the period felt that their responsibilities

ended with the establishment of political order. British, foreign, and native capitalists and employers were encouraged to develop colonial markets and natural resources without much regard for the economic and social effects upon the native populations. The doctrine of *laissez faire*, with all of its abuses, reigned supreme.

With the achievement of full sovereignty by the Dominions at the Imperial Conference of 1926, the colonial empire emerged as a separate entity. Simultaneously, the British empire entered upon a third stage of development, sometimes referred to as the Third Empire, which may be said to have terminated with the fall of Singapore. The policy of gradually extending self-government to the white colonies had amply justified itself by the support they gave Britain in the First World War. With that intuitive adaptability that is the secret of her power, Britain now began to guide non-white colonies of alien races along the same path. The policy was applied hesitantly, and usually under pressure, against the strong opposition of reactionary elements and vested interests both at home and in the colonies. But when faced with colonial demands for greater autonomy, Parliament responded by conceding a progressively greater measure of constitutional freedom and more democratic political institutions.

The years between 1926 and 1941 saw important constitutional reforms initiated or completed in India, Burma, Ceylon, British Guiana, Jamaica, and Trinidad. The mandate over Iraq was terminated. In several other colonies, steps were taken to provide or to increase native representation on the legislative councils appointed or elected to advise the Governors. More posts in the colonial civil service were opened to educated natives. The development of capacity for self-rule was accepted more and more as an objective of imperial administration.

Trusteeship or guardianship over the colonial peoples thus became a policy of the Third Empire. Trusteeship meant not only more rapid evolution towards constitutional freedom but also the progressive abandonment of *laissez faire* in the economic field, and an accompanying emphasis upon health, edu-

cation, and the general social and economic welfare of the native populations. Development of secondary manufacturing industries was encouraged to a limited extent through protective tariffs or by granting preference within empire markets for exportable surpluses. Extreme forms of commercial exploitation were curbed. Legislation for the protection of native industrial labor was introduced in line with suggestions of the International Labor Organization. The basic social welfare policies of the League of Nations' Mandates Commission were applied to most of the British colonies.

Another long step forward was the decision of the British Parliament, embodied in the Colonial Development and Welfare Act of 1940, to spend up to £5,000,000 from the British Exchequer annually for ten years for economic and social development in colonies too poor to finance projects of their own. The Act also cancelled loans aggregating £10,000,000 which the British government had advanced to the poorer colonies. As of March, 1943, schemes involving total expenditures of £2,144,000 had been approved by the directors of the Colonial Development and Welfare Fund. In reverse of the customary relationship between an imperialist power and its colonies, the British people are now taxing themselves, in war time, to finance the development of colonial resources and welfare services, primarily for the benefit of the native populations.

Nevertheless, developments accompanying the fall of Singapore demonstrated that the progress made had not been sufficient to maintain the loyalty of many among the dependent peoples in a supreme emergency. Substantial groups of natives in British Malaya and Burma proved either indifferent or openly hostile to British rule during the critical days of the Japanese invasions. Important elements in India and Ceylon seized the opportunity to press for immediate independence. The British West Indies and some of the African colonies stirred with political unrest.

These disturbing portents led the British Parliament and nation to undertake a searching re-examination of their colonial system. The ensuing intensive debates revealed general

agreement as to its principal defects, which are summarized below. It is well to remember that this British self-criticism can apply with equal, or greater, force to other colonial empires, including some of the insular possessions of the United States.

1. Probably the basic weakness of the pre-Singapore colonial system was the slowness, reluctance, and indecision with which the mother country moved in the direction of colonial self-government. Britain's liberal institutions and democratic traditions had fostered a growing spirit of self-confidence and independence among the colonial peoples. Yet each step towards self-rule was usually the result of long native agitation rather than the product of British initiative and guidance. More rapid political advance was feasible in some of the colonies. But as "The Crown Colonist," a London monthly, pointed out, the urgency of governmental reform was not sufficiently realized in Britain and "the tempo of progress was by no means equal to the need."

2. According to the almost unanimous opinion of both Houses of Parliament, not nearly enough had been done to develop the economic resources of the colonies and to raise the economic and social standards of the populations.

3. In some African colonies, the influx of relatively large groups of white settlers had raised formidable political and economic barriers to native development. A small minority of white colonists controls the bulk of the choice farming and grazing lands, leaving the natives with an agricultural base insufficient for their proper sustenance. The worst example of this condition is in Southern Rhodesia, where the blacks, comprising 95 per cent of the total population, are restricted to less than 30 per cent of the poorest land. Efforts of the Colonial Office in London to preserve native control of their remaining land and to curb exploitation of native labor have caused tension between the colonists and the London government over a period of years. To grant "self-government" to these colonies under present circumstances means turning them over to the unrestricted rule of white minorities, with the probable col-

lapse of existing safeguards against exploitation of the non-white populations.

The problem is further complicated by the political situation in the Union of South Africa, where a substantial minority of Afrikanders wishes to secede from the British Commonwealth, partly because the British connection obstructs the complete political and economic subjection of the blacks. These Afrikanders and some British elements in South Africa are thus aligned with the predominantly British white minorities of the Rhodesias, Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika in upholding white supremacy against the more democratic policies of the "imperialist" government in London.

This thorny racial issue is reflected in the vigorous protests made by native chiefs and councils in the British protectorates of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland against the proposed transfer of these territories to the Union of South Africa. The same issue underlies the present controversy over the proposed amalgamation of Southern Rhodesia with Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Amalgamation would give the white minority in Southern Rhodesia control over the entire area and its native tribes.

In those colonies with comparatively large white settler populations, racial discrimination has led to the separate or "parallel" development of the privileged white and underprivileged non-white communities, with few points of economic, political, and social contact. This situation led Miss Perham to question "whether British rule does develop that solidarity which society needs for health in peace as well as for strength in war." "To imagine Kenya in the throes of desperate war," she wrote, "is to set us wondering whether it is wisdom to encourage separate communities to develop on 'their own lines,' upon parallels that will never meet."

4. In other colonies where the racial issue is not so acute, the color bar, nevertheless, remains a formidable obstacle to the development of a working partnership between the mother country and the colonial peoples. Not a few representatives of the colored races of the empire have won commissions in the

R.A.F., but in many of the colonies they are still barred from commissions in local defense forces and from higher posts in the colonial civil service.

5. The British policy of indirect rule is acknowledged by many colonial authorities to be the best form of colonial government to meet local tribal needs. Yet it is objectionable to a growing number of educated natives, who feel that it serves to perpetuate primitive institutions and preserve the autocratic powers of the chiefs, thus retarding progress towards modern civilization. The policy of respecting and preserving native traditions and institutions likewise tends to perpetuate various forms of feudalism and retrogression. In India relatively little has been done to protect the great mass of peasants against exploitation by princes, landowners, and money-lenders. Nomadic cattle-owning tribes in Africa have been permitted to continue their traditional way of life, even though it is recognized that compulsory settlement, mixed farming, and curtailment of herds offer the only hope of checking widespread erosion of ranges and a steadily declining standard of living.

This brief summary of some outstanding obstacles to colonial reform indicates the magnitude of the task assumed by the British government in undertaking to build a new imperial structure free from most, if not all, of the existing defects. Yet such an undertaking is now under way. It has as its guiding principle the administration of the colonies primarily for the benefit of their own peoples, with Dominion status as the goal. It is to be based increasingly on freedom and partnership rather than on power and trusteeship. It aims at the free development and equality of status of all white and non-white peoples of the empire.

By no means all elements of British society approve of this program at present. Some capitalist interests envisage the resumption of their former privileged position in British Malaya and Burma. A faction of Conservative bitter-enders demands the continuance of things as they were. The Prime Minister himself seems lukewarm about colonial reform, although his statement that "Britain means to hold her own" does not neces-

sarily imply opposition to colonial self-government within the framework of the empire.

Nevertheless, the new colonial program has the overwhelming support of Parliament and the British people. Conservative leaders such as Lord Hailey, Lord Moyne, Lord Cranborne, Colonial Secretary Oliver Stanley, and Harold Macmillan, former Colonial Under-Secretary, are mainly responsible for formulating the new objectives. They have strong support within the Conservative and Liberal parties. As for the Labor party and the British churches, they favor even more radical changes in colonial relations. Delegates to the Labor party's annual convention last June voted unanimously a resolution demanding that "all forms of political and economic imperialism shall be rapidly liquidated."

How is this new structure being begun, and what is its practical significance? First of all, the British government has undertaken to prepare the colonies for self-rule within the empire at a greatly increased tempo. In the more politically advanced colonies, franchises are being extended, constitutions liberalized, local governments strengthened, natives educated and trained to participate to an increasing extent in the working and improvement of existing governmental institutions. The constitution offered to Jamaica early in 1943 illustrates this process. It provides for universal adult suffrage and an entirely elective lower house of the legislature. The Colonial Secretary has promised a further advance towards self-rule at the end of five years if in the meantime the Jamaicans measure up to their new responsibilities. Similar concrete steps towards self-government are slated for heroic Malta, for Cyprus, Ceylon, Burma and probably British Malaya soon after the war.

With respect to more backward colonies—some in Africa are considered "four or five centuries behind" the advanced states—the plan is to "hustle them across this great interval of time as rapidly as possible." Efforts are being made to associate the growing number of educated natives with the administration of tribal affairs with a view to the more rapid adaptation.

of tribal institutions to the needs of modern civilization. In September, 1942, the Colonial Secretary instructed the various colonial governments to increase the employment of natives in the governmental services. He stipulated that "there should be no discrimination on the ground of color in filling appointments in the Government Service in West Africa." Out of some 250,000 public positions throughout the colonial empire, less than 6,000 are filled by recruits from Great Britain and the Dominions.

In outlining his plans for further colonial reforms before the House of Commons on July 13, 1943, the Colonial Secretary emphasized that educational progress and economic development were "the twin pillars upon which any sound scheme of political responsibility must be based." He described measures being taken for an educational advance upon a broad front, including a drive to eliminate mass illiteracy. With respect to economic policy, he said Britain's objective was to enable the colonies "to support an adequate and sound economic basis which will meet the needs of government and peoples and which will give a reasonable standard of life." "There cannot be any real self-government," he added, "if you are financially dependent."

During the coming decade, the major burden of improving social services and laying the economic and educational foundations for self-government will be borne by the British Exchequer, operating through the Colonial Development Fund. But in the long run, funds for such purposes must come primarily from an increase in colonial production. Only rising colonial living standards can provide the added revenues needed to make the colonies financially self-supporting and thus basically equipped for self-rule. Recognition of this fact has produced a rather revolutionary change in British colonial economic policy. The new attitude was set forth with typical restraint in an editorial in "The Times Weekly Edition," which insisted that in administering the colonies for their own benefit, economic development "cannot be left to uncontrolled private en-

terprise. . . . A broader outlook demands that in a conflict between the need of the market for more raw materials and the need of the colonial peoples to grow more food for themselves, the need of the colonial peoples must come first. The most elementary requirement is probably a much greater diversity in colonial production. . . . And it is vital for the future that more and more opportunities should be found for the native inhabitants to develop their aptitudes, both in business and in politics; and to acquire the habit of responsibility. All this involves a freer spending of money, money which cannot be found by the colonies themselves, and from which the British taxpayer cannot hope for any immediate return in the shape of dividends or interest." Shades of Adam Smith and the Manchester school!

"We shall in future," writes Lord Moyne, "not merely have to deal with social problems . . . but also have to replan colonial economics in production and marketing." This program is already well under way in the British West Indies. There a staff of expert advisers under Sir Frank Stockdale, appointed in 1940 as Comptroller for Development and Welfare, is supervising the investment of Colonial Development Fund allotments in projects designed to provide a basis for long-range social and economic development. The war has delayed plans for introducing similar development programs in other parts of the colonial empire, although there the Colonial Development Fund is financing many small short-term projects. On the other hand, the war has forced the introduction of production and price control systems in many colonies which will probably be adapted to the permanent needs of colonial producers and consumers after the conflict.

Meanwhile a Colonial Research Committee, established in 1942 with Lord Hailey as chairman, is planning the more comprehensive application of science, technology, and administrative skill to the problems of expanding and diversifying colonial production and improving government, education, health, and nutrition. After surveying the field of colonial re-

search, the committee early in 1943 established a Products Research Council under Lord Hankey to promote utilization of colonial raw materials. Colonel Stanley has served notice on Parliament that at the end of the war he will ask for greatly enlarged appropriations for the Colonial Development Fund. It is then that the present intensified research program will begin to bear fruit.

In reorganizing colonial economies upon a social welfare basis, the Colonial Office, in the words of Mr. Macmillan, relies upon "public investment for public needs . . . accompanied by private investment publicly guided." Supervision of private investments will apply mainly to new capital, but there is a growing demand for reform of some existing investment set-ups, under which a multiplicity of British and foreign companies and boards of directors absorb too large a share of profits at the expense of colonial labor. Captain L. D. Gammans, Conservative M.P., has proposed reorganization and consolidation of the British Malaya rubber industry to reduce the unduly large proportion of earnings taken by pre-war capital and management. He also suggested experimentation with the public utility corporation in place of the traditional stock company as a means of curbing one-sided exploitation of the people and resources of colonial territories. Both proposals were favorably received in parliamentary circles.

The Colonial Office is supplementing these measures and proposals for economic reform by sending out experienced British trade unionists and experts from the Ministry of Labor to assist the various colonies in developing sound trade union organizations. Official Labor Advisory Boards are being established in most of the colonies to assist their governments in dealing with labor problems along progressive lines.

Rounding out the reform program are various measures—some still in the discussion stage—for reorganizing the colonial service, establishing better liaison between Parliament and the colonies, and enlisting, if possible, the co-operation of the United States and other interested powers in supervising the

development of backward and dependent areas on a regional basis.

Permanent grouping of adjacent British colonies in the West Indies, East and West Africa, and the East Indies is now practically assured. It will permit more efficient administration, particularly in the staffing of public and social services, and a more effective attack upon regional economic and defense problems. It should also afford greater scope for the development of local government with native participation, and at the same time relieve the Colonial Office in London of much administrative detail. The regional approach to long-range social and economic development has already been adopted in the British West Indies. Moreover, regional Governors' Conferences and Supply Boards have been set up in East and West Africa respectively to deal with emergency war problems such as defense, production, and supply.

The need for a still broader attack upon colonial problems through international co-operation has been repeatedly emphasized by many British statesmen. Early in 1943 it was reported that the British and American governments had reached substantial agreement on a joint colonial policy, providing among other things for regional advisory councils and the grouping of the British colonies. It was indicated that these discussions would be extended to include the United Nations generally.

During the colonial debate in the House of Commons on July 13, Colonel Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, set forth his government's views on this subject in some detail. He said that co-operation with neighboring and friendly nations in solving colonial problems was not only desirable but essential. Problems of security, transport, economics, health, and so on transcended the boundaries of political units, and Britain would, therefore, welcome the establishment of machinery for the solution of such problems by common agreement. The government, he said, had in mind the establishment of commissions for certain regions. The commission for each region would in-

clude representatives of the states with colonial possessions in that area and of other states with major strategic or economic interests there. The people of the colonial territories in the region would be given an opportunity to become associated with the commission's work. Each state would remain responsible for the administration of its own territory, but the commissions would provide effective and permanent machinery for consultation and collaboration in promoting the well-being of the entire area.

This scheme for regional commissions, or councils, is an extension of existing Anglo-American collaboration in the Caribbean. A joint Caribbean Commission was established March 9, 1942, "for the purpose of encouraging and strengthening social and economic co-operation between the United States of America and its possessions and bases in the area . . . and the United Kingdom and the British colonies in the same area, and to avoid unnecessary duplication of research in these fields." So far the Commission has been engaged primarily in the solution merely of short-term food, shipping, and other emergency war problems. Still the practical results achieved augur well for the success of more long-range efforts.

Participation of the French, Dutch, Belgian, and other interested governments in the projected regional councils could be a logical outgrowth of the close military and economic ties that are developing among the United Nations and their colonial possessions as a result of the war. The United States and Britain, for example, have sustained the Belgian Congo, French Cameroun, French Equatorial Africa, French West Africa, and other French colonies during the war crisis by means of economic and financial accords. They have received in return the use of valuable war bases and transit facilities, raw materials for their war industries, and the aid of colonial defense forces. The Fighting French National Committee (now merged in the French Committee of National Liberation) and the Netherlands government also have inaugurated or pledged liberal reforms in colonial policy. Thus the groundwork is al-

ready partly laid for a possible post-war collaboration among the United Nations in carrying out a more unified and liberally conceived colonial development program.

Many American critics feel that Britain's colonial reform program does not go far enough. They urge the government to "schedule" the approximate date on which the colonies are to be granted self-government, or else they want to see British and all other colonies placed under international administration until they are ready for independence. There is little support for either of these proposals in Britain. The weight of radical as well as conservative opinion holds that it would be a mistake to extend self-rule, even within the empire, except to those colonies qualified to use it wisely and effectively. Many of the African colonies have no semblance of national consciousness or political cohesion. Herbert Morrison, Labor member of the Churchill Cabinet, recently said that to grant such colonies self-rule would be "like giving a child of ten a latch key, a bank account, and a shotgun." The recent report of the Committee on Africa, sponsored by the Phelps-Stokes Fund of America, likewise warned against the dangers of premature self-rule. The history of backward states such as Ethiopia, Haiti, and Liberia would seem to reinforce this warning, although that conclusion is rejected by native intellectuals in the African colonies.

In April, 1942, the British War Cabinet, through Sir Stafford Cripps, offered India the right to frame its own constitution after the war and to withdraw from the British Commonwealth if it so desired. That offer still stands. However, there is little disposition in Britain to grant demands for independence advanced in some of the other colonies. Most Britishers feel that these colonies are by no means ready for independence and that if they were turned adrift in a world constituted as is the present world, they would inevitably come under the political domination of some other great power. Even in a well-ordered international society, they could not reasonably be expected to be more successful than Haiti and Liberia in avoiding dictator-

ship or oligarchy. The lack of education and actual training in self-government is too widespread.

"Independence without defense is vain," said the Colonial Under-Secretary in the House of Commons June 24, 1942. "The future of the world is in larger organizations and not in breaking up into a larger number of small countries. It is in the light of these events that we should think of our future relationship with the colonies as a permanent and not a transitory thing."

This attitude unquestionably reflects Britain's sense of responsibility for her colonial wards, or "junior partners," as they are now increasingly referred to. But it is also compounded of self-interest and *amour-propre*. The colonies have newly demonstrated their importance to Britain by providing invaluable bases and sources of man power and supply in time of war. The rapid development of aviation enhances their value with respect to both war strategy and peace-time commercial competition. Even if Britain should eschew preferential tariffs and other forms of colonial exploitation, retention of the colonial empire would give the mother country an important commercial advantage.

Another important factor determining the British attitude is their pride in the empire and the achievements of their colonial administrators. It is obvious that they have no intention of evading the challenge to their prestige and administrative capacity implicit in the present colonial unrest.

Partly for the foregoing reasons and partly because the scheme is considered impractical, the British government on March 17, 1943, firmly rejected proposals for administration of the British colonies by an international agency. (Opinion in the colonies is also reported as hostile to this suggestion.) "The policy of the government," Prime Minister Churchill announced, "is to plan for the fullest possible political, economic, and social development of the colonies within the British Empire, and in close co-operation with neighboring and friendly nations." There is, however, wide support for a system of in-

ternational inspection and report, such as that established by the League of Nations' Mandates Commission. Wendell Willkie to the contrary, many British and American colonial authorities consider the mandates system a distinct contribution to the welfare of the colonial peoples. They now urge extension of the system to non-mandated territories, and revisions that will place still heavier responsibilities upon the mother countries.

Because Britain is the world's leading colonial power, the manner in which she meets the present crisis in her colonial relations will necessarily help to determine the future development of all dependent and backward peoples. Most British political leaders and colonial authorities are facing the issue realistically. They know, as Colonel Stanley declared on March 5, 1943, that they must bind the colonies to the British Commonwealth with ties of common interest and mutual respect or else lose their colonial empire.

The program adopted for this purpose is basically the same as that followed by the United States in preparing the Philippines for independence. In his radio address of November 16, 1942, President Roosevelt pointed out that "training for independence is essential to the stability of independence in almost every part of the world. Some peoples need more intensive training and longer years of it; others require far less training and shorter periods of time."

The announced objective of British policy is Dominion status for the colonies within the shortest time compatible with the foregoing requirements. Dominion status, of course, is very close to full independence; it even carries with it the right to withdraw from the empire at any time—a right not possessed by members of a federal union such as ours. Americans cognizant of colonial and world conditions and aware of our own failures in Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and the Virgin Islands, cannot reasonably quarrel with this program unless the unnecessary slowness of its execution indicates that it is being used merely as a screen for the perpetuation of British rule. Henceforth the

crucial test of British—and also of American, French, Dutch, Portuguese, and Belgian—colonial rule will be whether the rate of progress towards self-government corresponds to the capacities and resources of both the individual colonies and the powers in control of their destinies.

It goes without saying that the post-war tempo of colonial emancipation will depend to a considerable extent upon how much international political and economic collaboration is attained with the return of peace. Economic foundations for real colonial self-rule cannot be built if world trade is stifled by high tariffs or if the energies and resources of the colonial powers are absorbed in preparations for new wars. No colonial power of its own volition is likely to relinquish any military and strategic advantage it derives from its colonial possessions unless an effective system of world security is developed when this world war ends.

CHANT FOR AN UNKNOWN GRAVE

By MARGARET MCGOVERN

NIGHTFALL and dawn
Are overborne
At last and she, within whose keeping
Their secrets met
Never to let
Her sleep—now she is sleeping
Beyond all leave.
A few will grieve
Remembering how she was gentle
Toward what men dreamed:
That what beseemed
Them best she covered with her mantle.

Yea, moon and sun
Are now as one
To her nor will she rage hereafter
Under the stars,
Seeing as through bars
Annihilating laughter
Shining. Let fall
Perpetual
Dark on this clay or else God fashion
The tortured eyes
A light to rise
And justify this death!—this passion!

THE ISLAND ROAD TO TOKYO

BY WILLARD PRICE

AMERICANS in the Southwest Pacific and Americans at home have a pretty good general idea by this time of New Guinea, the Solomons, and the Gilberts. But the rest of the ocean highway to Japan is, for many, still enveloped in the mystery that has veiled it since Japan took most of Micronesia from Germany in 1914. Since that time, foreign ships were not welcomed into these waters, and any white person seeking passage on a Japanese vessel had to use extraordinary arts of persistence and persuasion.

When the question, "What is Micronesia?" was asked recently on a quiz program, the answers ranged all the way from "a disease like amnesia," to "something to do with microscopes."

Micronesia is the blind spot of the Pacific. It comprises the Mariana Islands, the Carolines, and the Marshalls. It is bordered on the south by well-known Melanesia and on the southeast by still better-known Polynesia, of which Tahiti is the centre. The names of all three "nesias" are based upon the Greek word for island, *nesos*, Polynesia meaning Many Islands, Melanesia, Black Islands, and Micronesia, Small Islands.

Pacific distances are fabulous. The world's greatest ocean occupies more space than all the land on the globe. It would hold two Atlantics and still have room for a few Mediterraneans. Better than half of all the world's water is in the Pacific. Its greatest north-south dimension is 9,300 miles and its greatest width, 10,300. The sun takes ten hours to cross it, nearly half of its circle around the globe.

It is small wonder that in so vast an ocean little Micronesia, scattered over an area only as large as the United States,

should have been overlooked. Attention has lately been focussed upon it because it blocks our way to Tokyo. Once conquered, it will no longer be a hindrance but an invaluable help. Its stepping stones are necessary to the Pacific advance on Japan.

We cannot make the long leap to Tokyo across open sea. We must go by way of the islands. The reason is, of course, that advance units, whether ships or planes, must always have bases near at hand where they may be refuelled or repaired. Fighter planes cannot fly vast distances. Bombing planes can, but at present only by loading so heavily with gasoline that few bombs can be carried.

Thus, on the great westward march from Hawaii across this area, the first halt had to be at the Marshalls, where excellent bases have been captured and used. From these bases further thrusts have been made to Ponape and Truk, both in Micronesia. From the magnificent base of Truk the war may step to once-American Guam, also in Micronesia, and thence to the Japanese base of Chichijima (Father Island) in the Bonins, from which it is only two hours' flying time to Tokyo.

The northward march from Australia, delayed for many months in the Solomons and New Guinea, is now moving relentlessly around Rabaul and against Truk, the major base in Micronesia where our two forces will meet—but only briefly, for it is quite probable that while one force passes on to Guam the other will deviate to Palau, a splendid Japanese base, still in Micronesia, from which a further drive upon the Philippines and up the China Sea to Japan may be launched. Whether our advance will take these exact steps is, of course, speculative. But, in general, these routes cannot be avoided.

The only point for emphasis here is that Micronesia bars both roads. Micronesia is, in the words of a Japanese admiral, "the key to the Pacific." It was Japan's key to unlock the treasures of the Philippines and the Indies. It will be our key to unlock Japan.

The Japanese did not fail to appreciate the value of the

islands of the Micronesian archipelago dotting the sea all the way from Japan to the equator. We should probably not be at war with Japan today if these islands had not been given to her as a mandate by the Versailles Conference at the close of the First World War and she had not broken the terms of the mandate.

"The strategic importance of those islands in the eyes of the Japanese navy," writes Hugh Byas after two decades in Tokyo, "was the most potent of all the incentives to war which culminated at Pearl Harbor. Without these islands it is probable that Japan would not have embarked on the scheme of conquest which brought her into the World War as Hitler's ally."

Micronesia extended the Japanese arm to the equator. It placed the Japanese fingers within easy reach of the Philippines, New Guinea, Borneo, Java, and even Australia. We have always thought of Japan and Australia as standing at two opposite ends of the ocean, and it comes perhaps as a shock to realize that they are immediate neighbors. The equator is the southern limit of the Japanese mandate and the northern limit of the Australian mandate. Along that line for some 1,400 miles, Japanese sovereignty and Australian sovereignty meet.

The acquisition of what Japan calls her *Nanyo* (South Seas) extended her domain from the frigid Siberian border to the tropics—a span equal to that from Labrador to Brazil, from Ireland to the Congo. A map of the Pacific gives only a faint idea of this vast island world, for it is impossible on a map of the entire ocean to show the 1,483 Japanese Micronesian islands spread over a sea extending approximately 1,300 miles from north to south and 3,000 miles east to west.

But when my wife and I in 1935 had won our battle with reluctant Tokyo officials and had embarked upon a four-months' voyage through the islands, their extent and importance began to dawn upon us. On a serpentine trip 8,000 miles long, we were almost never out of sight of land. Islands in endless profusion rose ahead and sank astern—1,483 "an-

chored aircraft carriers" ready for "the Southward Advance" of which, during our years in Japan, we had heard with increasing frequency until it had become the shrill cry of a people whipped into frenzy by their ambitious militarists.

If the traveller can forget their grim significance, there is delightful variety in these islands. Nowhere is the vicious jungle of New Guinea to be found. Some day, after it has played its role as a bloody arena, Micronesia may serve as an ocean playground for the nations around the Pacific. The beauty of much visited Tahiti is surpassed by that of many of these unknown isles.

Some of them, notably those in the Marshalls, are ringlike atolls, no point on the encircling island or islands rising as high as the deck of your ship. The Carolines, on the contrary, are, for the most part, volcanic islands a thousand or more feet high. The southern Marianas are tranquil and low-lying, like soft rugs laid on the sea, and are green with sugar plantations. But the northern Marianas are obstreperously volcanic, and the chain terminates in the violent island volcano of Uracas, whose flanks are constantly streaked with orange-hot lava and whose ashes strew the decks of passing ships.

The physical mysteries of the land-littered Western Pacific are intriguing. The islands may or may not once have been a continent as the romancers of the lost "Mu" would have us believe. It is true that they have been sinking for many centuries and are still subsiding. But we know that there was never a land bridge between the islands and Asia, at least not since the development of mammals. The fauna of the continent is not duplicated on the islands.

Man was more enterprising than his fellow mammals and long before the dawn of history he migrated to the islands, or continent if there was one, and established a civilization somewhat like that of the Incas of Peru. Great stone ruins, towers and statues found on Tinian, Ponape, Kusaie, and outside of Micronesia on Easter and other islands, suggest that a prehistoric race of considerable culture once lived here. It left enduring monuments but no written records.

The Polynesians seem to have begun coming into the islands at about the beginning of the Christian era. They came from the Malay Archipelago from which they had been forced out by the incoming Malays. These newcomers had iron weapons, while the aborigines had only weapons of stone. So the Iron Age ousted the Stone Age, and the primitives, who though they had no great skill with instruments of war were born seamen, set the bows of their great canoes towards the east and found refuge in the Pacific islands.

For hundreds of years, they were undisturbed in certain of the island groups, and their blood remained pure. But this was not the case in Micronesia. This was, as now, the hub of the Western Pacific wheel. It was a crossroad of island travel. People came to it from Japan on the north, China and the Philippines on the west, the great Indies on the southwest, the islands of the blacks on the south, and the islands of pure Polynesian blood on the southeast.

Therefore the Micronesian of today is a mixture of yellow, white, brown, and black blending into a satisfactory chocolate; and his language reveals roots from the Chinese, Japanese, Malay, Polynesian, Philippine, and many other tongues including Hindustani. No islands without focal importance could have received and absorbed so many strains.

When Magellan sailed into the Marianas in 1521 he was entranced by their beauty and called them the Isles of the Lateen Sails. But he felt considerably less romantic after acquisitive natives stole even the nails out of his ship's hull, and he renamed the islands the Ladrões, or Isles of Thieves. Jesuit missionaries who came later charitably changed the name to Marianas, after the widow of a Spanish king.

England was also sailing these seas, but she allowed Spain to entrench herself in the islands, never dreaming of their future significance.

Germany put in an early bid. She contested Spain's claim to the Carolines, so named in honor of Charles II of Spain. The Pope was called upon to decide the issue. He awarded the islands to Spain, but stipulated free trading rights for Ger-

many. So Spaniards ruled the islands, and Germans did the business. The Germans were not content with this arrangement, as we shall see.

The Marshall Islands were explored by the British captains Marshall and Gilbert. Britain did not consolidate their findings, and the group was annexed by Germany in 1885. Germany now looked with still more cupidity upon the neighboring Carolines and Marianas.

But the coveted islands fell into the lap of someone who did not want them—but now perhaps wishes very much that he had kept them. Uncle Sam took the Carolines and Marianas from Spain during the Spanish-American War. Germany, of course, had no part in the war, yet she hoped to profit by it.

"His Majesty, the Emperor," stated a dispatch from Berlin to the German ambassador in Washington, "deems it a principal object of German policy to leave unused no opportunity which may arise from the Spanish-American War to obtain maritime fulcra in East Asia." Germany contrived a secret agreement with the Spaniards by which she was granted an option upon any Spanish lands in the Pacific that could be kept out of the hands of the United States.

When wind of these German intrigues got to John Hay, then American ambassador in London, he wrote in a personal letter to Senator Lodge: "They want the Philippines, the Carolines, and Samoa. They want to get into our markets and keep us out of theirs. They have been flirting and intriguing with Spain ever since the war began and now they are trying to put the Devil into the head of Aguinaldo. I do not think they want to fight. In fact they frankly tell us they can't. Hatzfeldt said the other day, 'We cannot remove our fleet from German waters.' But they want, by pressure, by threats, and by sulking and wheedling in turn to get something out of us and Spain. There is, to the German mind, something monstrous in the thought that a war should take place anywhere and they not profit by it. This is awfully indiscreet, but I get sick of discretion once in a while. Don't file me."

Since Senators are paid by the public for their speech, not their silence, this information promptly became public knowledge. American opinion had been seriously divided over the question of taking on new commitments in the Far East. The idea that Germany would get what we did not take put a rather new face on the situation. We did not want a close German neighbor in the Pacific. Britain also feared a German Pacific. Hay cabled the Secretary of State, "The British Government prefers to have us retain the Philippine Islands, or failing that, insist upon option in case of future sale."

Japan was not yet strong enough to dare to speak her mind. She pretended to welcome American sovereignty in the Pacific, but she did venture to convey the confidential suggestion that, if the United States hesitated to undertake full responsibility in the Philippines, Japan was willing to help through a joint or tripartite protectorate.

This raised a new ghost. A Japanese Pacific was no more palatable than a German Pacific, and it was probably a desire to avert another calamity rather than any wish to acquire more territory that led to the reluctant American acceptance of the Philippines. Guam, in Micronesia, was also accepted because it was a stepping stone to the Philippines.

The rest of conquered Micronesia was magnanimously turned back to Spain. Spain promptly sold it to Germany for \$4,500,000.

America had gone too far, or not far enough. Present events clearly teach that she should have stayed out of the Orient unless prepared to maintain her position there.

It is now painfully clear that no power can hope to hold the Philippines and Guam unless it holds also the enveloping archipelago of Micronesia. Any strong nation with bases in the Carolines, which approach to within 500 miles of the Philippines, or the Marianas, of which the nearest to Guam is less than fifty miles distant, can take both of these objectives within the first few weeks of war.

We took the lock, the Philippines and Guam, but would not accept the key, Micronesia.

So the matter uneasily rested until the First World War. Germany was more active in the islands than Spain had ever been. The Spanish period had been largely a régime of priests who brought their religion to the islanders with the assistance of Spanish soldiers. Rebellions were frequent and disruptive. The Germans were strong enough to hold their own with only an occasional exception when a German governor was assassinated. They did not worry so much about religion. The natives could stew in paganism for all they cared so long as they raised plenty of copra. The Germans were born traders, not evangelists, and the island industries were developed as a government monopoly. The seat of administration was in German-held New Guinea. Germany also possessed the Bismarck Archipelago, later to become an Australian mandate. She had her feet solidly planted in China.

All this irked Japan, beginning to conceive of herself as the proper leader of Asia. When the World War broke in 1914, Japan saw her opportunity.

Japanese ships sailed south and occupied the German islands. British ships were also sailing on the same mission but did not get there in time. British authorities were much mortified but could only congratulate their ally, Japan, on her promptness.

Since the Japanese had taken all German islands north of the equator, the British took what were left, the German islands to the south of that line. Of course, the final disposition of the islands would be decided by the peace conference at the end of the war. But the Japanese were not disposed to wait until then for an understanding. They made their views plain to the British ambassador in Tokyo in a secret conference on January 27, 1917. On February 16 the ambassador addressed to the Japanese Foreign Minister the following confidential communication: "His Majesty's Government accedes with pleasure to the request of the Japanese Government for an assurance that they will support Japan's claims in regard to the disposal of Germany's rights in Shantung and possessions in Islands North of the Equator on the occasion of Peace Con-

ference, it being understood that the Japanese Government will, in eventual peace settlement, treat in same spirit Great Britain's claims to German Islands South of Equator." The Japanese agreed to Britain's counter-claim.

Japan next addressed the French government on the subject. France agreed, the *quid pro quo* in this case being that Japan would bend her efforts to bringing China into the war on the side of the Allies. Japan consented.

The Russian government, similarly approached, agreed, and did not ask for anything in return.

The United States had nothing to say about it since we were not yet in the war. The entire deal was put through with Nipponese dispatch during February and March of 1917 so that, when we joined the Allies in April, the destiny of these Pacific islands was already sealed.

I do not suggest that this secret diplomacy without benefit of the United States was underhanded. If we had been moved to fight for democracy when Germany first flung down the challenge in 1914 instead of after three years' delay, we might have prevented the rising of many ghosts which haunted President Wilson at the peace table.

Only American vacillation and lack of a clear-cut Pacific policy were to blame when we assumed territorial commitments in the Western Pacific with the express purpose of forestalling the Germans and Japanese, and then permitted the key to those commitments to fall into the hands first of the Germans and then of the Japanese.

What have the Japanese done in Micronesia? They have done a great deal of both good and evil. They have swamped the natives under an ill-fitting modern economy and a flood of Japanese immigrants. Germany rarely had more than a hundred Germans in the islands. Japan, on the contrary, organized a systematic migration which raised the Japanese population of the islands from approximately 300 in 1914 to more than 100,000 at present.

The native population in the meantime has slid from 50,000 to 40,406 in 1939. This is the last figure obtainable

from the Japanese government, but it is probable that the decline of the native has continued.

It would not be fair to the Japanese to say that they began the extinction of the islanders; they merely continued and enlarged upon the harm wrought by American whalers and traders during the nineteenth century. Syphilis and tuberculosis introduced then have been further entrenched by the Japanese practice of allowing their older *oiran*, or prostitutes, and their worn-out and diseased geisha to find last resort there.

The traditional leisurely life of the islands was accelerated by the demand for labor in sugar factories and phosphate mines. A pittance only was paid for these services, and nothing for forced labor on "public improvements," while the native had no chance to care for his own bit of land. Sooner or later, a Japanese civilian would take an interest in this bit of land, and the native, by one ruse or another, was forced out. He has become a vagrant laborer, homeless, deprived of his accustomed foods, cut adrift from his ancient mores.

The other face of the situation is that the Japanese have greatly developed the material resources of the islands. The Marianas, which the Spanish explorers reported as "of little account," now produce six million dollars' worth of sugar every year. Copra has been greatly improved by scientific methods. Barren hillsides, on which it seemed nothing would grow, have been made to produce bountifully when planted to tapioca. Pineapples are the favored crop on certain islands, while others have been turned into cattle ranges.

The island of Angaur was found to be covered with a layer of phosphate forty feet deep, deposited some millions of years ago by the birds. This is now being shovelled into ships and transported to Japan to fertilize the fifteen per cent of the Japanese homeland that is cultivable. A remarkable government experimental farm on Ponape has brought in vegetables, fruits, flowers, and trees from all parts of the tropical world from Java to Brazil and is acclimatizing them for use in Micronesia.

The Japanese are, of course, consummate fishermen. Displacing the native canoe with fast motorboats, which speed to any spot where scouts have reported a school of fish, the Japanese bring in fabulous loads of bonito to be boned, sunned, mildewed, and smoked into hard clubs from which the Japanese housewife scrapes off thin flavorsome shavings into the family soup.

The American fishing industry has often had reason to worry over the large importation of Japanese tuna into the United States. Much of this came from Micronesia.

The pearl buttons on your clothes, if they are pre-war, may have come from Micronesia. Goggled divers swim to the bottom of the island lagoons and pull out from under the rocks the shell of a large sea snail. It yields good mother-of-pearl.

Pearls are cultivated in the lagoon of Palau. Oysters are taken to the laboratory and a grain of sand inserted within each shell. The oysters are then returned to the lagoon but confined in cages. To protect itself against the irritating foreign object, the oyster begins to deposit a concretion around the grain. After four years' time the oyster makes another trip to the laboratory, and the pearl is removed. It is made of exactly the same stuff as any accidental pearl, but, produced in quantity, the cultivated pearl may be sold for a few dollars instead of a few thousand.

Bêche de mer for China's epicures, turtle shell for souvenir stores everywhere, octopus tentacles for Japanese who like them, shark skin for British shoes and bags, shark oil for American sewing machines and watches, all come, in peace time, from Micronesia.

The yearly yield of the mandate in marine products has been seven million yen, the buying power of which in Japan is roughly equivalent to that of seven million dollars in the United States. The phosphate has been worth four million yen annually, the copra, two million, the sugar, twenty-four million.

Micronesia always brought a deficit to its owners including

the Japanese until the 1930's when it gradually climbed to be an asset. The islands imported goods worth thirty million yen in 1939, but exported fifty millions' worth. Whoever succeeds to the proprietorship of Micronesia will find it a going business. But the chief value of the islands has been and probably always will be strategic.

The matter of the coming war was, of course, a very delicate subject with the Japanese. As the only American journalist to live in the islands since the Japanese occupation, I was under constant surveillance. Any scrutiny of strategic features had to be casual and apparently indifferent. My notebook was filled with notes on fauna and flora and native customs. It was left behind at my quarters when we went out for the day and doubtless read regularly by the *kempeitai*, Japanese Gestapo, whose officers followed us from island to island.

My wife and I got to the islands only because of the shrill complaint of the League of Nations Mandates' Commission that foreigners were barred from the mandate. Japan denied the allegation and used us as guinea pigs to prove her point. It was well to remember to be discreet little guinea pigs, for there was always the grim memory of the fate of Colonel Earl Ellis, a United States Marine who had penetrated to Palau where he showed too much interest in the naval base and mysteriously died. The Japanese reported that he had drunk himself to death, and declined to deliver the body.

Therefore, I came away with no exact measurements of the depths and widths of channels, the area of fleet basins, elevations of possible hill batteries, and no photographs other than several hundred scenic and ethnographic. Yet the general strategic picture was imprinted indelibly on my mind, and, in brief, this is it:

The Marshalls have thirty lagoons any one of which is the equal of Tarawa in the Gilberts, taken with such high loss of American life.

Kusaie and Ponape, the next steps on the way to Tokyo after the Marshalls, are high mountainous islands, not well

suited for use as airdromes but of good defensive strength because of the elevation of possible batteries. The Kusaie harbor is negligible; but Ponape harbor affords a large fleet base ten miles long, dominated by mighty Chokach Rock three-quarters the height of Gibraltar.

If we drive west from Ponape and north from Rabaul, we shall arrive at Truk. Truk is a Rabaul on a scale about twenty times as large. Instead of Rabaul's two-mile bay, the Japanese have at Truk a lagoon forty miles in diameter from one side of the encircling reef to the other. This great lake set down in the ocean is dotted with islands, 245 all told. A dozen of them are from a mile to ten miles long, but the rest are so small that there is still plenty of space in the great lagoon for a large fleet.

Warships may lie snugly sheltered by the many high islands which rise to a height of a thousand feet or more. Their flanks are steep, in some cases abrupt cliffs. Their tops are ideal locations for aircraft batteries; also for big guns commanding enemy ships at sea. Several islands have been levelled off to form airdromes. Of course, extensive fortification has doubtless been carried out during the last few years.

Hundreds of islands pave the way westward from Truk, but the most vital is Palau, only 500 miles from the Philippines. Palau is a reef-enclosed string of islands and lagoon some sixty miles long, providing a naval base scarcely excelled anywhere in the Pacific, even at Truk.

Moving northward, we come to Yap, strategically of slight importance, then to Guam, Saipan, and Tinian, of great importance. These islands have large flat tablelands that seem to have been designed by nature for use as airdromes. Their harbors are poor. But if it is in the last analysis air power rather than sea power that is to turn the scale in the North Pacific, these islands are just what is needed to carry our bombers by relays towards the Japanese coast. From them and from the China coast as well as from Paramushiru on the north, the Japanese homeland may be attacked.

This will be turning the blade of the Pacific ax in quite the

opposite direction from that intended by the Japanese. With its edge to the south, Japan cut deep into the Philippines and the Netherlands Indies. She meant it to slash also into Australia. It made her dreams of a Japonized southeastern Asia seem feasible. "These islands are made to order for Japan," said Admiral Suetsugu. "In fact, the Pacific equilibrium can be maintained only when Japan holds them." He was right only to the extent that it is true that the equilibrium of the Pacific centers in this archipelago.

As war neared and rhetoric waxed, the islands were exalted in slogans such as "Japan's life line to the south" and "Japan's first line of defense." Behind this line of defense, Japan attacked China. The United States could bluster in vain. We were shut off from the scene of conflict by an island breakwater which together with the Japanese home islands protected the entire front of the Asiatic continent against interference from the east.

The continent is still so protected. We are subjected to the colossal task of sending help to China by the back way over a difficult sea and land route more than 13,000 miles long instead of by the front way, straight overseas via Hawaii, which is only 4,940 miles from the China coast.

Until recently, we have been compelled to contemplate attacking Japan by way of the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, India, Burma, China and thence by bombing plane to Tokyo, most of the way around the world—a total distance of 15,000 miles, instead of from Hawaii along the curve of the Pacific islands, less than 6,000 miles.

How long will Japan force us to go 15,000 instead of 6,000 miles to get at her? Just so long as she holds Micronesia.

EVERYONE IS RIGHT

By LIZ JACOBSON

EVERYONE says I should forget you. And everyone is right. Well, how does one go about such a task? Would telling myself about it do the trick? Would giving myself a fierce ultimatum do it? Or would closing my mouth tight and not speaking to anyone fix this business a whole lot quicker? Or should I try a different method, such as laughing for a week continuously? Would that be a cure? God, no.

I could do it—if we had not sat on the grass in front of your barn and speculated in thick voices about the age of the old elm tree that grew all alone about a hundred yards away from us.

I could do it if we had not dipped our hands in that shallow creek that crossed the southeast corner of your place, and if we had not looked at each other questioningly as if we were taking part in some kind of rite.

You were the son of a Swedish-American farmer; second generation. I was the daughter of a Russian immigrant brick-layer; first generation. You were three inches taller than your father. I was five pounds leaner than my mother was at my age. You were as sharp as the mountain that rose at the edge of your farm—not very unlike your father. I was as strong as a horse, just as my mother was once. We resembled our parents, and we were different from them.

We were in fact the new breed, the new American multitude—the Stotskys, the Tolensens, the Corsis, and the Cohns; the broad-faced and the long-faced ones; the thick-lipped and the thin-lipped ones, whom Walt Whitman heard singing all over our plains when he jotted down his simple lines of “Leaves of Grass,” a long while ago.

Oh, sure, I could forget you, in a week at the most, if you had not stamped your bony face and your little blue eyes and your lowered right shoulder on each page of my books, magazines, and newspapers; on the walls of my room; and on the door of our house. I could forget you soon enough if you had not crowded into my mind and stayed there for months and months, even when I wanted you sometimes to disappear somewhere for an hour or so.

Wait, wait. I know it was my fault too. I was the greedy one, the pushing one. Being of the first generation of immigrants' children, I knew nothing better than to work like a dog from dawn to dark at whatever I did. And this being with you was a job. I put all my strength to it. I was just as guilty as you were. But that's beside the point. The important thing is to find a way to forget you.

But how? Perhaps if I went over the events again slowly and carefully, as a detective does when he hits a dark spot in his theories about a suspect. If I went at it that way, calmly and objectively, I might do it.

All right, I'll try. I'll start with your bachelor apartment in the winter, the place with the four walls and the three windows, where, after dinner, you thought you had better wash dishes to keep busy rather than to talk to me.

Why did I offer to help? Was it because I could not see you lower yourself to a woman's task, remembering how my father would sneer at you—he being still a foreigner in his ways? Or was it because I always saw you in a different role?

I saw you as a farmer, striding around the field all alone and throwing wheat seeds or even alfalfa seeds into the ground with strong free movements, through the slanting rain.

I saw you as a machinist, your red hair carelessly smudged, your blue shirt open at the collar, and your skilful hands flipping out oddly shaped steel parts.

I saw you as a pilot flying a shining plane, higher and higher, and ever so much higher than the whitest, smallest

cloud; flying right up to the top, and staring intently into limitless space.

I even saw you wearing Tristan's romantic cloak, singing love arias. Not that I was anything like Isolde. But I wanted to think that of you—never having been taught in the American schools (where both of us went from grade to grade, from year to year, reading a little, dancing a little, much to the bewilderment of our parents) the difference between these courtly lovers and our plain common selves.

Oh yes, I had fine ideas about you, many of them—when you “let me have it.” What was it? A blow on the head; a slap in the face; a stab in the back?

That news! It fell on me like darkness on the equator; like a thick November rain; like a truckload of coal.

I wanted to cry out, to shout ugly, savage words: Judas, heel, wretch, double-crosser. But I didn't say them. I was not like my mother. In her European way, she wouldn't have controlled herself as well as I did. Her mouth would have twisted right and left, and she would have called you all those names to your face right then and there. But I was educated a little, and I had learned how to crack down on my feelings. So I said instead, “I wish you happiness.”

The radio was playing “Tannhäuser.” I listened to the music as if it were a blood transfusion that would bring back the old steady beat to my heart, that would help me raise my head without too much pain. I listened as a dazed man does.

“If you have been to the Venusberg, you shall not have absolution,” the Pope told Tannhäuser, I remembered. That seemed too pointed, too personal, too fatalistic. I crouched. Then I stood up. Oh, that happened long ago, I told myself, in another land—in another time, when children were taught that one child is born divinely endowed while another is doomed from the beginning.

But we, Walt Whitman's dream children, we were not taught anything like that at all. We were taught by angelic schoolma'ams (who privately called us brats because of our

awful manners) that we could be, as the poet said, "architects of fate."

Are we, then, architects of our fate? If so, I can forget you, as everyone says I should. Sure, I can do it, sure, I can if I only try hard enough. I should be able to do it with all my psychology lessons at school—if I could only remember a case like mine, if I could only remember.

I wish I could right now. But first I'll go to my room and close the door tight and cry. Then I'll feel dog-tired. Then I'll fall asleep.

But I must not sleep late. I must get up early. I am of the first generation of immigrants' children, with a flock of brothers. I've got to get up early and go to work.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES

SCIENCE AT WAR, by GEORGE W. GRAY, *Harper & Brothers.*

"CIVILIZATION does git foorid sometimes upon a powder cart," wrote James Russell Lowell in "The Biglow Papers." George Gray develops this thesis in what is thus far the best popular summary of the enormous impetus given to science and technology by the war. An old newspaper reporter now associated with the Rockefeller Foundation, he has had a wide experience in simply and accurately interpreting the results of research in astronomy, physics, medicine, and biology for the benefit of those who read the better magazines but who cannot tell a gene from an electron.

There have been popular books enough on the achievements of science and technology in this war. This one stands apart because its author has taken the trouble to relate Western science to explosives and cannon. It is sad but true, as a few sociologists have pointed out, that the physical sciences have far outstripped the biological sciences because military advantage and profits lie in chemistry and engineering but not in the study of living organisms. Against a broad but adequate historical background Mr. Gray paints a striking picture of the old and new scientist and technologist in action on the battlefield, in the laboratory, in the factory, and in the hospital.

So much is hushed up in secrecy (even some advances in medicine may not be revealed) that no record of the kind that Mr. Gray has written can pretend to be complete. But the discoveries and the inventions that we have read about in the newspapers and a good many more that have not been mentioned in the press are all there, admirably described in principle and purpose. Here is the magnetic mine (Hitler's first "secret" weapon); radar, which saved Great Britain in those terrible months after Dunkirk when bombs rained down on London and helpless Midland towns; the submarine chasers; that Aladdin's lamp which we call the electron tube and which does everything from gauging the thickness of a sheet of paper to controlling the speed of any machine; the land-mine detectors; the accomplishments of the chemists in giving us synthetic rubber, plastics, and artificial fibres; the sulfa compounds and penicillin; the

function of blood plasma; the physiological effects of high flying; the high explosives that have devastated industrial centres; the gases that may yet be used; the rocket projectiles of which we have heard so much. The book was hardly off the press before it needed expansion to include also the newer techniques which have been devised to thwart submarine and airplane—of which both the English and the Germans have made much. But the record embraces enough for any reader who wants to review the advances made by science and technology since the fateful day when Hitler invaded Poland.

Though Mr. Gray does not ignore industry, he says nothing about the extraordinary methods that have enabled men like Henry Kaiser to build ships at breakneck speed or about the revolution that has occurred in factory processes, or about the results of research conducted by the petroleum laboratories in developing new fuels. His exposition of the industrial effort is confined largely to metallurgy and synthetic organic chemistry. The material is so rich that selection was necessary.

This book is more than a piece of good reporting. Mr. Gray moralizes in an obvious way on the relation of science and war, takes his fling at the propaganda factories and philosophizes, by way of an epilogue, on the social function of science. He prefers to quote rather than to think on his own account when he branches off into sociology and philosophy. But the quotations are to the point and round out an effective and trustworthy record of scientific and technological progress, which, it is to be hoped, will be amplified when the veil of secrecy that conceals so much is stripped away.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

SANTAYANA'S EARLY YEARS

PERSONS AND PLACES, by GEORGE SANTAYANA, *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

"PERSONS AND PLACES" has the expected qualities of Santayana: the impeccable phrase, the lyric distinction, the intellectual acuteness. It has also the detachment mixed with malice and the homeless nostalgia of the cosmopolitan bred in two cultures and disdainful of both and of all things.

His book is an autobiography, or the first section of one. But it is personal history of a very special kind. It belongs, as the author himself suggests, with "Poetry and Truth." Also with Yeats's "autobiographies," and with the "Education of Henry Adams." It has genuine affinities with all three. Like Goethe, Santayana turns events

into themes for meditation; like Yeats, he has a gift for etched dream-images of past persons and places recalled. Like Henry Adams, he uses his own life as an occasion for a critique of the failures of American life in general and the shortcomings of the American scene. He is less Olympian than Goethe, less vivid and, despite his poetic prose, less imaginative than Yeats. He has the closest relation, despite the differences in background, with Henry Adams. He has the same sense of the failure of America as the petulant Henry, and the same querulous cultivated dissatisfactions with it. And for both men America means to a large extent Boston.

No reader (previous reader of Santayana or not) can fail to be fascinated by this beautifully written, calmly remembering narrative. The book is, for one thing, full of incomparable profiles—full, each one of them, of the knowledgeable irony now connoted by that word. Each vignette is, in effect, a succinct little novel, a sober little satire: the portrait of the liberal, ineffectual painter father in conservative and shabby, genteel middle-class Spain; the account of his mother living proudly genteel and poor and independent in Boston; the story of his half sister, mystically Catholic in Protestant America; the short tales of the Boston Sturgises—Santayana's American relatives by his mother's first marriage, Bostonians oddly eccentric to Santayana's classic and Mediterranean eyes.

There is an almost Dickensian evocation of the Harvard Yard of the late Eighties and early Nineties. There are matchless and far from kind pictures of his fellow students and his teachers. There is a constant harping on the theme of talent gone to waste, of poets turned into Philistines, of sensitive spirits quenched by a dull society. There is no affection for anyone except possibly his sister, and not one unreserved admiration in the book except possibly for a few childhood glimpses of Spain. There is revealed again in personal terms the author's thesis long ago revealed that all existence is a travesty and a failure compared with the essences a dreaming spirit may imagine.

The book carries Santayana's story only to his early years as an instructor at Harvard, and to those years only by a forward reference from undergraduate days. But one gets the impression, none the less, of a completed life, as if one can or could tell from these pages alone what manner of man and mind the author was going to be for the remainder of his life. For there is evidence enough here that the nature of the man and the mind, the accent of his particular genius, were fixed from the start. The oak is evident in the acorn here. As a

boy at the Boston Latin School, as an undergraduate at Harvard he had, according to his account, all the ironies, urbanities, flights of imagination, he had later. In college he was the same shrewd dispraising critic of other men's philosophies that he was forty years later. As a boy almost, he was the same sympathetic-skeptical pagan Catholic. And he was very early what he remained always throughout his thirty-five years in America, a Spaniard, patrician if not reactionary in feeling, moving with cool if not cold disdain among the crudities of a world to which he had been "transported," but which never yielded him any transports or ecstasies. Intensity creeps into these pages, but Santayana is more of the genteel writer than he likes to think himself. The tone is one of mockery, but the mockery is always polite. There is repeated reference to the author's detachment, to his desire to retreat to "solitude, to silence and to sincerity." Spiritual abstention is the theme of all his adult moral philosophy. But the effect is not that of Spinoza or of the Hindu saints. His detachment is not that of a saint but of a man of the world who has seen through the world, and the disillusion of a man who has never loved anything or anyone enough to be carried away. Or at least there is nothing in this book to show any such love. Perhaps it is the gentleman in Santayana that forbids him to disclose it.

Nor is the detachment quite all that it is alleged to be. One could make a catalogue of the classes of persons to whom the author displays dislike or disdain—Germans, Jews, professors, women. Not mine, he wrote in an early sonnet, "to feel the runner's heat." But there is a pretty constant feeling of scorn for the runners, even those whose haste is to bring succor to the distressed, or suggestions for their salvation. Civilization may be in danger. Santayana knows there have been other civilizations, and will be others. He never ceases to survey the scene with cool irony. If he regards it with pity also, the evidence is not present in these pages.

IRWIN EDMAN

TRADE UNIONS IN A DEMOCRACY

UNION RIGHTS AND UNION DUTIES, by JOEL SEIDMAN, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.* TRADE UNIONS started out as private clubs. In many cases their ritual was patterned after the ritual of fraternal organizations. They took in whom they pleased, excluded whom they pleased, and conducted their affairs with more or less secrecy. Some of them took pride in their exclusiveness. In the last ten years, union membership in the United States has grown from less than three million to more

than ten million. Several unions now have more than half a million members, and in many localities and in some trades and industries (mining, men's clothing, photo-engraving), membership in a certain union is virtually necessary in order to enable one to get a job. Mr. Seidman sees that these great gains in membership and strength are changing the character of unions. No longer can they be private clubs. They are becoming affected with a public interest, and their policies and internal government are becoming matters of public concern. The public senses this. Recent polls show that nearly four out of five persons believe that unions should be regulated to a greater extent by the federal government, and that a majority in favor of more regulation exists even among wage earners.

What should public policy do about the obligations of unions to their members, to employers, and to the public? Mr. Seidman presents a clear, succinct, and fair-minded catalogue of the principal abuses which have grown up in unions. He discusses the problem of democracy in unions, of excessive authority of national officers, of "national custody" of locals, of "*anti-lèse-majesté*" rules, of exclusive membership policies, of jurisdictional disputes, and of violation of trade agreements.

Mr. Seidman pays relatively little attention to why these abuses exist. He is satisfied to attribute them to the youth and immaturity of the labor movement and to the bitter hostility of employers towards it. This hostility, he says, has compelled unions to be militant and to pick aggressive and dictatorial leaders. These explanations have some validity, but they fall short of being adequate. Almost all of the abuses in trade unions have their counterparts in the American municipal government and in the boss-ridden machines of political parties. "Bossism" in unions is explained in pretty much the same way as "bossism" in politics. Most American communities have grown too rapidly and are composed of too many different racial groups to be well integrated and effectively to enforce high standards of responsibility upon individuals towards the community. One observation, in particular, should be made about "bosses" or "dictators" in unions which may not apply to bosses in politics. Practically all union bosses have obtained good conditions (especially high wages) for their constituents. If anti-administration groups have been ruthlessly crushed, it has usually been with the acquiescence of a satisfied majority. Few dictators (Evans of the Tobacco Workers is an exception) have been able to survive long without delivering much to the

members. The problem of achieving democracy in unions is complicated by the fact that two institutions, usually considered essential for democracy, are rarely found in unions—organized political parties and a free press. Neither of them would probably work in a union, but can substitutes for them be devised?

Mr. Seidman disposes effectively of several ill-advised proposals for regulating unions. He shows that incorporation would be meaningless or would actually diminish the liability of unions; that published financial statements would not disclose what some people seem to expect; that a “cooling-off” period may easily become a “heating-up” period. He does, however, propose a program of his own. He thinks that unions should be forbidden to impose racial, religious, political, or sex tests of membership—and that this legislation should apply to employers also. He believes that members of unions should be protected against arbitrary discipline or expulsion by quick and impartial review of disciplinary procedure. Appeals might be allowed to the National Labor Relations Board. Such appeals should extend also to revocation of the charters of locals, in Mr. Seidman’s judgment. Employers who are dealing with a duly certified bargaining agent should be protected against strikes or boycotts for the purpose of compelling them to violate the Wagner Act by dealing with non-certified unions. He thinks that publicity should be given to the political expenditures of unions. He does not advocate government regulation of union accounts, but suggests that it may be necessary if the backward unions do not adopt the strict accounting standards now practised by a progressive minority. Finally, he believes that the public and the unions should squarely face an important question that has heretofore been dodged, namely, the industrial areas within which strikes are permissible and those within which they should be outlawed. Hospitals, power and water systems, sanitation, police and fire protection, according to Mr. Seidman, represent an area in which strikes should be outlawed, but within which special machinery for prompt adjustment of disputes should be created.

Mr. Seidman has made a useful beginning in formulating the questions that ought to be asked about the kind of organizations which unions are going to be. From his start, however, one should push on to ask even more fundamental questions about the kind of influence which unions are likely to exert upon the community. What, for example, is likely to be the effect of unions upon the structure of

values in the community? Are unions likely to be narrow and parochial in their point of view and to build up in their members a stronger attachment to special interests than would otherwise exist? Are they likely to increase or to diminish the difficulties of building a co-operative commonwealth? Or may trade unions be expected to be organizations through which workers are encouraged by leaders whom they trust to attach more importance than they otherwise would do to interests which they have in common with members of other groups? Will trade unions be useful organizations for providing workers with more information about economic conditions and relationships, in encouraging workers to think about economic issues with discrimination and with respect for evidence—in short, to inculcate an attitude among workers which makes it hard for prejudice and superstition to hold its own in competition with facts and truth? No one knows the answers to these questions, but I suspect that Mr. Seidman would agree that the answers will be determined less by the policies that government adopts towards unions than by the policies which employers adopt.

SUMNER H. SLICHTER

RUSSIA'S POSITION IN EUROPE

RUSSIA AND POSTWAR EUROPE, *by* DAVID J. DALLIN, *translated by* F. K. LAWRENCE, *Yale University Press.*

AT a time when the possibility of German defeat in eastern Europe opens up new vistas of post-war readjustments along the borders of the U.S.S.R., every scrap of information that can be obtained concerning Russia's plans for the future is of peculiar interest to American readers. Mr. Dallin, a Russian Socialist who lived in exile from 1911 to 1914, and again from 1921 to the present time, has already become known for his book "Soviet Russia's Foreign Policy, 1939-1942." In this new volume he explores what he considers to be the motives and methods of the Soviet government, and attempts to forecast, in a general way, the course Russia may be expected to take in the event of Germany's collapse.

After years of suspicion concerning Russia's aims in world affairs, the pendulum of opinion in this country has swung since 1941 to the other extreme of believing that Russia, because of its great contribution to the war effort of the United Nations, is beyond and above criticism. Mr. Dallin's book offers an antidote to uncritical consideration of the Soviet foreign policy, and shows its historical continuity. With what seems like grim satisfaction he dissects the

actions of the Soviet government during the inter-war years, and then puts them together again, like the pieces of a puzzle, to present what he believes to be the post-war picture. Taken as an antidote, his book has unquestionable value. But taken as a complete presentation of Russia's position in Europe it leaves many crucial questions unanswered.

The main weakness of Mr. Dallin's book is his tendency to work on the assumption that Russia is the principal, if not the sole, revolutionary element in Europe, which is somehow made to appear a static continent at the mercy of a dynamic Russia. Yet it is because the continent was far from static during the past quarter of a century, because the Europeans—along with peoples the world over—were in an acute state of moral crisis, that both fascism and sovietism have had such sway over men's minds. Should Germany be shorn of military power after this war, Russia will undoubtedly exercise great influence over the European continent—but this will be due less to propaganda emanating from Moscow, or even to the military power of the U.S.S.R., than to the fact that the Russians have put into practice doctrines that seem to offer post-war hope to peoples who, before 1939, had not known democracy and, after 1939, repudiated fascism. It is because the Russians have stood *for* something, not merely *against* something that, whether one agrees with them or not, they are bound to play an important part in Europe's recovery from war and chaos.

When Mr. Dallin describes Russia's efforts to establish a "security sphere" along its western border he describes a series of actions which could be easily duplicated in the policy of any one of the other great powers. What he indicates is that great powers practically always try to influence their weaker neighbors, and intervene, directly or indirectly, in their affairs. Some do it by military force, others by economic pressure, still others by the propaganda of ideas—sometimes by all these methods combined. It would be difficult to demonstrate, for example, that Britain and the United States have never tried to mold the policies of weaker nations, and have not urged them to adopt institutions modelled on the democratic pattern. That they have not always succeeded may be less a proof of virtue than of failure. Nor is it by any means a foregone conclusion, as Mr. Dallin's somewhat fatalistic analysis would seem to indicate, that all of Europe is ready to accept Soviet doctrines. While this may prove to be true of the countries of eastern Europe and the Balkans, whose

economic and social conditions in 1939 resembled those of Russia in 1917, a very different situation exists west of Germany, in the countries of western Europe which, before 1939, had achieved both political and social maturity.

What can be accepted as a foregone conclusion is that the Soviet government will endeavor, by all the means at its command, to assure the future security of the U.S.S.R. If this can be done through an international organization in which the great powers would bear the main responsibility for world security, well and good. But if the prospects of international organization should remain dim, then Russia will want to retain a free hand in protecting its own interests. The decision as to which of these approaches to post-war reconstruction will be taken by the great powers does not depend on Russia alone. Mr. Dallin seriously weakens the whole thesis of his book when, in a concluding section, he suddenly declares that "an alliance with the great nations of the west rather than with the multitude of small nations in eastern Europe," while "in contradiction" to Russia's "traditions of the last decades," accords better "with her needs as well as with the national sentiments in the country." Is this an afterthought—or a reasoned conviction? For after having argued in the course of over two hundred pages that the policy of the Soviet government is essentially inflexible, he suddenly reaches the startling conclusion that it is open to modification in the light of world developments.

VERA MICHELES DEAN

THE GREEK IMAGE OF MAN

PAIDEIA: THE IDEALS OF GREEK CULTURE, VOLS. II AND III, by WERNER JAEGER, translated by GILBERT HIGHET, Oxford University Press.

TEN years ago Professor Jaeger published the first volume of "Paideia"; now, within the space of one month, he has brought out Volumes II and III, and we are promised a fourth volume at a later date. What is *paideia*? The dictionary says *education*, but the author warns us that there is no precise equivalent to the word in our vocabulary. I will hazard the suggestion that *paideia* denotes the Greek ideal of the good life for man; and Jaeger's massive work is a study of all aspects of Greek civilization in their relevance to the question of the formation of man. As he finely says, the greatest invention of the Greeks was man. Intent on discovering his nature, they created an image of man which has become an enduring part of Western tradi-

tion; but they were even more intent on shaping man so that he could attain his highest stature; hence their concern with *paideia*.

While we are apt to think of education in terms of schooling alone, for the Greeks *paideia* had many facets. Beyond the school was the state which formed the character of its citizens by its laws; and of all the educational forces the greatest was literature. Here we must not be misled by modern analogies; in our world, the principal aim of poetry is to please, whereas in the Greek world, poetry was a teacher of morals and religion, and literature in general provided the young with models to imitate. It was such considerations that led Plato to demand a censorship for poetry, and to make the remarkable statement that a revolution in the style of music and literature entailed a revolution in the state. In this learned and brilliant study Jaeger takes the reader through all the paths that lead to *paideia*—through philosophy and poetry, history and politics, rhetoric and even medicine. Throughout, doctrine is linked to practice; the Greek ideal is shown as it operates in the very structure of Greek life and history.

Volumes II and III of Professor Jaeger's work span the fourth century B.C., which is the interim between two great catastrophes suffered by Athens: its defeat by Sparta in the Peloponnesian War and its final subjugation by Philip of Macedon. We are allowed to witness the magnificent sunset of the Athenian state as it glowed in the personalities of Socrates, Plato, and Demosthenes particularly. It may be said that Plato and Demosthenes were both soldiers in the same battle against the barbarians for the preservation of the Greek way of life—the first in the field of ideas, the second in the field of political action. Plato fought against the Sophists, who were the barbarians within the city; while Demosthenes fought against the barbarians without, coming from the north.

The author is perhaps at his best in his account of Socrates. More than any other Greek, Socrates focussed man's attention upon himself and his *paideia*, teaching that the knowledge of good and evil was to be prized above all other knowledge. The author rightly points out that Socrates was concerned with the "molding" or "building" of souls. Perhaps the use of these words is unfortunate; at least, they might suggest to the unguarded reader that education consists in impressing an alien pattern upon passive material. Socrates insisted that he was a prophet with no message, since he knew nothing; and again, he compared himself to a midwife who—while sterile herself—helps the pregnant mother to bring forth a child. For Socrates, education is self-education.

In both volumes, the centre of the stage is occupied by Plato. The Sophists were rival teachers, teachers of quick and easy success, and of how to win the applause of the multitude. Fundamentally they denied the Greek image of man, maintaining that there was no basis in reality for the ideal of the good and reasonable life. Plato, on the other hand, set forth the doctrine of absolute and eternal values, summed up in the Idea of the Good, which provided a fixed goal for all human effort and indeed for all nature. It is at this point that according to Jaeger, the Greek mind attained its highest flight; after that comes the decline, with which Volume III is principally concerned. There is, for instance, Isocrates the orator, who preached common sense, the value of probable opinion, and the importance of experience. The author calls Isocrates a great man but fails to convince the reader that this is so. There is, too, a most charming portrait of Xenophon, the soldier, farmer, and gentleman, who proclaimed the value of hunting for *paideia*.

The writer's style is clear, vigorous, and untechnical; the book may be read with profit by scholar and layman alike. The translation by Professor Gilbert Highet is excellent.

RAPHAEL DEMOS

THE MEANING OF LEND-LEASE

LEND-LEASE: WEAPON FOR VICTORY, by EDWARD R. STETTINIUS, JR., *Macmillan Co.*

THE Undersecretary of State has given us a book that is as full of facts as a government report, yet as fresh and topical as the morning newspaper and as charming in its narrative style as a best-seller. Recognizing the Lend-Lease Act as the climax of a series of steps leading from neutrality to belligerency, the author begins his story in April, 1938, when a British purchasing mission gave orders for 600 airplanes in this country. What follows is, in outline, the history of the mobilization of American industry for the Second World War. It is a thrilling tale as Mr. Stettinius tells it, showing how, in almost providential fashion, the mounting orders for airplanes, tanks, machine guns for use in Europe, in China, in the Near East, gave an initial impetus to the expansion of the American munitions industry preparing our industrialists for the all-out effort that was to come.

The immensity of the accomplishment stuns the reader so that he forgets for the moment the other side of the picture—the administrative confusion, the struggle for power between the military and

the civilians, the delays and indecision, the constant proliferation of new agencies, the repeated appointment of new co-ordinators without authority to co-ordinate. The author seems to have forgotten these matters, too; at least he gives no attention to them in his book.

In vivid language he conveys a sense of the boldness of the Lend-Lease program and of the vigorous execution of its far-flung activities: the construction of air bases in the North of Ireland, in Brazil, in Central Africa, the rebuilding of an Iranian railroad, the fighting of a plague of locusts in Arabia. All these accomplishments demanded skilful diplomacy as well as technical ability of a high order. The Russians could not understand why our aid was so slow in arriving; the British had to be prodded to collect more scrap iron. But, on the whole, there has been little friction between ourselves and the recipients of Lend-Lease aid.

But what about the settlement? Do we intend that the thousands of airplanes and tanks we have supplied, the hundreds of thousands of tons of food stuffs, shall be gifts, or are we making camouflaged loans for which we shall eventually demand payment? The author obviously leans to the former view. He refers often to Lend-Lease and Reverse Lend-Lease as devices for the "pooling" of the economic resources of the United Nations in the common task of defeating the Axis powers. And yet in practice the United States deals out aid to this nation or that upon showing of need. In other words, Lend-Lease grants are made by the United States to supplement national effort.

The President in the historic press conference of December 17, 1940, when he introduced the Lend-Lease idea, said he was trying to "eliminate the dollar sign . . . the silly, foolish old dollar sign" from our contribution to the war effort. But why, then, do Lend-Lease offices swarm with bookkeepers and accountants, and why do the President's quarterly reports bristle with dollar signs? The fact is that all our contributions have been evaluated to the last cent, and recently similar accurate accounting has been set up for Reverse Lend-Lease. Mr. Stettinius, for example, reported as of June 30, 1943, that we had supplied \$500 million of goods and services to Australia and New Zealand, whereas they had supplied us with \$250 million. What shall we do about the balance due?

Here in a nutshell is *the* problem of Lend-Lease, a problem on which, unfortunately, the author sheds little light. He shows that he understands the absurdities to which accounting procedures lead.

Observing American pilots operating from an English air field, he asks, "Should they pay the English for the use of the field?"

"I thought how strange a form of economics this would be," Mr. Stettinius comments. "When the British furnish men to fly an American plane against our common enemies, they would pay us dollars for the use of the plane. When we send men to battle in the air against our common enemies, we would have to pay the British for the airfield construction and the repair shops which we use.

"Whatever debts are due in these circumstances, it seemed to me, they are due first of all for the men who are valiantly risking their lives in battle, rather than for the equipment they are using. The value of a fighter pilot battling five miles above the ground or of a bombardier dropping his load squarely on the target can never be measured in pounds and dollars. Nor can we evaluate a British raid on Bremen and an American raid on Kiel, and then strike a money balance between them.

"The costs of war are more than money spent. They are also the human lives, the blitzed cities, the suffering and the courage. When the final accounting is made among the United Nations, many things must be considered besides dollars and cents."

The generalities of Article VII of the Master Agreements afford no satisfactory answer to this question. The President, in his original letter transmitting to Congress the eleventh report on Lend-Lease operations, said, "Victory and a secure peace are the only coin in which we can be repaid," but he repudiated that statement a few days later. Thus the English and other recipients of "mutual aid" are kept guessing. Shall we some day present our bill for ∞ billion dollars, payable perhaps in naval bases or oil reserves? Or shall we hold the debt over their heads as a club to enforce compliance with our ideas of commercial policy? Solutions such as these will threaten the very foundations of post-war co-operation until the President, upon whom the decision rests, states without ambiguity what Lend-Lease really means.

PERCY W. BIDWELL

SUCCESS STORIES OF NEGRO AMERICANS

13 AGAINST THE ODDS, by EDWIN R. EMBREE, *Viking Press*.

THE success story, so dear to Americans, is nowhere more vividly portrayed than in the careers of eminent Negroes, for no others have come so far against such odds: the degradation of recent

slavery, the generations of illiteracy and dependence, the current prejudice and discrimination. In this dramatic and inspiring book, Edwin R. Embree, president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund and authority on race relations, has presented short biographies of thirteen Negroes, each literally one in a million: thirteen leaders chosen from among thirteen million Brown Americans. The selection was made by polling a special panel of two hundred persons, white and colored, who knew the group best. Opinions may vary as to the choices, but there is no doubt that the persons selected are representative of the Negroes of highest distinction today and are outstanding according to any criterion of achievement; for example, the great majority are listed in "Who's Who in America."

The selectees, who have demonstrated that in human ability there is no color line, comprise Mary McLeod Bethune, founder of Bethune-Cookman College, organizer of the Negro Division of the National Youth Administration, and leader of Negro women in America, whose life covers the complete span of Negro freedom; Richard Wright, author of "Native Son," portrayer of the forces that create hatred and strife; Charles S. Johnson, objective social scientist and race relations statesman; Walter White, executive secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, strong champion of civil rights in America; George Washington Carver (who died after the poll was completed), the wizard of sweet potatoes and peanuts, born a slave, elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and, incidentally, the most truly spiritual man I have ever met; Langston Hughes, gay and zestful poet, equally at home in Europe and America; Marian Anderson, of whom Toscanini said, "A voice like that comes only once in a century"; William Edward Burghardt Du Bois, "brown Brahmin," crusader, writer, scholar; Mordecai Johnson, preacher, orator, president of Howard University, the leading Negro institution of higher learning; A. Philip Randolph, champion of Negro workers and the common man; Joe Louis, who "has stood so long on the dizzy pinnacle of pugilistic fame without scandal, without even any act of bad taste"; and Paul Robeson, the magnificently endowed—scholar, athlete, actor, singer.

This group of top Negroes is significant for the diversity it shows as to background, age, color (ranging from Mrs. Bethune with "not a drop of any blood but Africa" to Walter White, who is as light as his name), personality, and field of achievement. About half are in

one or another of the fine arts. Not one is in business or politics, which together account for most of the success stories of white Americans. Distinction has come to the Negroes first, as one would expect, in those fields in which individual talent and initiative find ready expression: arts, scholarship, protest movements, physical prowess. To interpret so many different personalities and careers in such widely different fields is a difficult task, which Mr. Embree has accomplished exceedingly well. I can attest to the accuracy of the characterizations from personal acquaintance with more than half of the individuals described. Beautifully written, with great restraint and sincerity, and including criticism as well as praise, this little volume deserves the widest reading, not only for its human interest but for its beneficial effect on race relations.

Each of these Negro Americans has attained eminence despite the handicap of prejudice. Even today all are to some extent "interned in that shadowy half world we have rigged up for the darker tenth of our population regardless of their individual merits." Yet all can testify with Mordecai Johnson when he said, "I learned early that some white people were mean and some were fine. I've never had occasion to change my mind on either point." The narrow, bigoted, intolerant segment is not all of America. There is also a generous, liberal, democratic tradition. The interplay of these two forces provides the theme of Negro success against the odds. As Langston Hughes writes, "in Georgia, Roland Hayes, world famous singer, is beaten for being colored and nobody is jailed—nor can Mr. Hayes vote in the State where he was born. Yet America is a country where Roland Hayes *can* come from a log cabin to wealth and fame—in spite of the reactionary segment that still wishes to maltreat him physically and spiritually, famous though he is."

MAURICE R. DAVIE

EFFECTS OF AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE ON THOUGHT

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN THOUGHT, *by* MERLE CURTI, *Harper & Brothers*. THE aims of the intellectual historian are, indeed, prodigious; he must eat this huge universe; all knowledge is really less than his province. Unlike the biographer, the literary critic, or the orthodox historian, he can, theoretically at least, isolate or omit nothing; his impossible goal is the synthesis of history, literature, the fine arts, and social records—and much more. He essays a seamless fusion of

the vast and the trivial; the recreation of the thought of a civilization, with all its complex patterns of fact and of mind. On the whole, though there have been a few great histories in the past written on this or a related principle, this is really a modern concept, linked with modern distaste for specific, disjunct departments of knowledge. The concept has produced in the last two decades, among others, the arresting panoramas of the American scene by Parrington, Calverton, Beard, Gabriel; all these, in one way or another, are under the spell of the belief, which is also influential in our fiction and poetry, that true meanings reside not in events alone but in the subjective phenomena of thought. What Howells said of the novel seems true of history: "All the good stories have been told!"

Certainly these are memorable books, not only for historiography but for the modern reader, and the present work by Professor Merle Curti is no exception. "The Growth of American Thought" inevitably invites comparison with the partisan writing of Parrington, the massive, descriptive, analytical pages of Beard, not without his stubborn thesis, and the hard, demonstrable patterns of Gabriel's reasoning. Though different in these particulars, it emerges well from such a comparison. It is clear that these books have been very much in Professor Curti's mind, and that he has been troubled by the absence in them of the entire American social life in its causative effects upon our thought. Therefore, as he emphasizes in his Preface, his book will be "a social history of American thought." Although he is eager to submit in broad outlines basic ideas, his book does not attempt "interiors" of thought and knowledge.

In so doing he accepts the other horn of the dilemma which must also have faced Professor Gabriel. For it is certain that one cannot be occupied in any profound way with the "interiors" of thought patterns and at the same time depict, even briefly, sects, libraries, scholarship, museums, phrenology, the lyceum, states' rights, temperance movements, education, woman's suffrage, and what not—in addition to sharply summarized records of hundreds of individual thinkers who have been part of our social *milieu* since 1607. The historian, even the intellectual historian, cannot possibly do both, and Professor Curti made his choice as Professor Gabriel made his. It is idle to ask which was the right choice, and it is ungracious to criticise Professor Curti's book for a lack which is inherent in his plan. Yet the lack is there, and though his presentations of the great ideologies of America are clear, judicial, and wisely selective, they are necessarily

slight in comparison with those in "The Course of American Democratic Thought" or "The Rise of American Civilization." There is too much else to say; and prolonged discussions of, for example, the pragmatism of William James or the pessimism of Herman Melville are impracticable. Thus the predestined character of this book is expository, encyclopaedic, and descriptive; it includes, besides the major figures, an almost endless procession of persons and concepts all breathing for a brief day their special doctrines. In "The Growth of American Thought" we may find a clear definition of the contribution to knowledge of nearly everyone who, in his day, was somebody; but as Professor Curti intimates, the "interiors" of the giants of our thought must be sought elsewhere.

This renunciation, because of the enormous scope of the book, of protracted examination of the thought of our greatest intellects is very evident in the treatment of literature. This has all of Professor Curti's skill in condensation; it is hardly possible to mention a minor poet who has not his proper tag in sentence or paragraph. The chief literary movements, too, such as "transcendentalism," are excellently summarized, but the total impression remains that literature receives a somewhat catalogic, referential treatment. Surely Herman Melville, who is honored with but four entries, only one of which runs over a paragraph, means more in our history of thought than the critic of democracy in "Mardi," described by Professor Curti on pages 395-396. What of "Oro" and the other religious symbolism of the novels? Naturally, there is not space for such analysis, but in a judgment of this book, its absence should be made clear.

It seems to me, therefore, that the value of this solid book of nearly nine hundred pages and seven long parts is magnificently complementary to our other intellectual histories. It argues no thesis, though it is mildly democratic in bias; it lacks the spirited style of Parrington's volumes or the intellectual analysis of Gabriel; but it offers the entire ocean of our thought, which these others certainly fail to do, plus a wise guidance through its main currents and even minor eddies. No doubt these other histories of American thought were distillations of social studies like those pursued by Professor Curti, but in their final form they are somehow trees with their roots in the air. In this book, however, are depths and depths of soil, acres and acres of American attitudes, moods, and ideas.

For this reason many readers will refer to Professor Curti's book for the short useful subdivisions within the longer chapters. Some of

these, dealing with familiar material, such as "The Growth of Humanitarianism" or "Democracy: Women's Rights," are more succinctly related than ever before. Others, such as "Business and the Life of the Mind" are fresh and original definitions of new material. All will, I think, prove indispensable for many years. To the achievement of painting and hanging in order these hundreds and hundreds of clear delineations of interrelated patterns of thought, each the product of many more diaries, histories, poems, chronicles, letters, I have heard attached the adjective *heroic*, and I italicize this appropriate word. Vast reaches of the inward past live again in "The Growth of American Thought."

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY

ANCIENT RUSSIA, by GEORGE VERNADSKY, *Yale University Press*.

A SHORT HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by B. H. SUMNER, *Reynal & Hitchcock*.

THIS history of old Russia is one of six projected volumes which are being written by two specialists, Professor Vernadsky of Yale, who will cover the field up to the end of the eighteenth century, and Professor Karpovich of Harvard, who will continue the tale down to the present. The need for an up-to-date history of Russia in English, written on the basis of the sources, and abreast of modern scholarship, is very great. We have various manuals of brief compass, quite good in their way, such as those of Kornilov, Platonov, Rambaud, Pares, and others, but the only extensive work available is the scandalously bad English translation of Kliuchevsky's classic treatise, where the incompetence of the translator is surpassed only by the atrocity of his English style. Not only those specially interested in Russia and eastern Europe will greet the new venture with acclaim, but all who center on the Near East will find it eminently informative and useful.

The present volume comprises the early history of the Russian states, terminating with the capture of Kiev by the Norsemen in the last quarter (878) of the ninth century. A very full bibliography, with the secondary literature masked under the somewhat misleading heading of "Abbreviations," a list of sources, and indices round out the work. Not to be forgotten are eight outline maps.

The author's competence in this field is known to all specialists through his numerous monographs and articles. His acquaintance with the scattered and heterogeneous source and secondary material

is obvious on every page. Archaeological, numismatic, and linguistic data play their part in the picture, and help fill in the many lacunae in the literary tradition. As a prominent exponent of the Eurasian school of thought, he shows certain trends in his exposition with which the reviewer does not find himself in complete agreement. The role of the Iranians seems at times overemphasized, and that which the Germanic tribes played is correspondingly minimized. Too great a reliance on nomenclature is risky; a name may easily be borrowed and does not necessarily reflect the ethnic identity of its bearer. Professor Vernadsky, rightly as I think, assumes the existence of considerable bodies of Slavic settlements throughout the steppes in the period following the Hannic invasions. These extended into the valley of the Don, where the Slavic element was relatively weak, but became stronger the further westward one goes. Without this assumption the rapid Slavonization later cannot be explained. To pass on to a later period, some of the author's etymological guesses seem very dubious. With regard to the Norsemen, he sets their infiltration as early as 739, when they reached the shores of the Sea of Azov. Much of his argumentation in this connection rests on a very shaky basis, and his attempted identification of the Sabartoi Asphaloi of Constantine Porphyrogenitus as Swedes + Antes seems out of the question, though this enigmatic name remains a riddle to the reviewer as well as to everyone else.

Despite such strictures, we obtain a lively if at times hazy picture of the drift of nomad clans across the steppes and down the rivers. Inchoate it is, for the subject itself is inchoate; it was out of this confusion that Russia rose. The English reader would be much helped by having the Slavic and other names accented, at least in the index, and in a few cases Russian forms of familiar names appear. I should prefer Tauris for Taurida, and Paternus for Patern. It would also be convenient if the long vowels were indicated (at least in the index) in the Arabic words. The writer has produced a sound work of scholarship and made accessible thereby to English readers a connected and consistent account of an important area and period of history on a scale hitherto unavailable.

It is hard to compare Sumner's work with Vernadsky's book. The latter seeks to lay a broad and deep foundation for phenomena which immediately ensued. Sumner's book endeavors to analyze and to isolate the fundamental forces which formed and brought into being

the present Soviet structure. He attributes its rise to factors of divergent nature: geographical (I, the Frontier; III, the Land; VI, the Sea; VII, the West); constitutional (II, the State); religious (IV, the Church); and national (V, the Slavs), and we must admit with a very considerable measure of success. Any such dissection, however, tends to make clear the structure of the component parts at the expense of the understanding of the whole. Much keen analysis and apposite comment are scattered through the book; yet the general effect upon the reviewer was rather like looking at the different facets of a crystal from divergent angles. This distortion is accentuated by the last section (VII, the West), where numerous disparate factors are thrown together in one basket. The disposition chosen has the additional disadvantage that it entails innumerable cross references, which tend to blur the general picture even more. One wonders at times whether the substructure built by the tsarist régime has always full credit given it as the necessary base on which the later edifice was erected, but the facts as presented seem correct, and the relevant literature has been consulted, as far as the reviewer can judge.

It is regrettable that Russian names and expressions are not accented (at least in the index), and the chronological table at the end, which is arranged backwards, seems peculiar. As an *obiter dictum* in conclusion, the expression "consuming provinces" (p. 17) should be "hungry provinces."

R. P. BLAKE

YOUTH IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

OUR YOUNG FOLKS, *by* DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER, *Harcourt, Brace & Co.* IT is the depression of the Thirties rather than the great war to which this book owes its origin. The author sat with the American Youth Commission of the American Council on Education for the six years during which that Commission studied the situation of youth in the modern industrial world. Unemployment for young people in those years was in some ways even more critical than for adults: the young people lacked specialized training for work, and they had not had an opportunity to develop the habit of work. They reached a low point in employment and in purposiveness which was as unlike the present premium on the energy and skill of young people as could possibly be imagined.

In the two extremes, the hopelessness of youth in the Nineteen-Thirties and the peak, war-time employment of the present, the author finds sharp contrasts which make clear the seriousness of the

fundamental employment problems. They are solved only temporarily by the war, but the war may also indicate some of the solutions for the future. It shows the importance of specialized training, for example—and this is one of the solutions the author stresses most strongly. Another is the provision of some kind of work—real work, not “busy work”—for young people in their teens. We have kept them too long dependent in the economic field, when such dependence is “sure-fire preparation for irresponsibility in mature life.”

In this connection the author reviews the work of the C.C.C. and the N.Y.A. and points out some of the important successes of these programs.

A special section on girls gives an excellent analysis of their problems in planning for work and marriage, and a final section, “Life Is More Than Jobs,” presents a discussion of the use of the new leisure the industrial world has brought.

“Our Young Folks” is written for parents, grandparents, citizens, and taxpayers, on the fair assumption that there will have to be widespread public knowledge and concern before the fundamental problems of youth in the present day can be tackled. It is written to hold the attention of the general reader. At times it goes too far in its use of catchy phrases, but it is a serious book, well considered, and of special importance at this time when almost cataclysmic changes are forcing new consideration of the plans to be made for the education and training of young people.

K. E. McBRIDE

AN INDIAN VIEW OF SOUTHEAST ASIA

THE FUTURE OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA: AN INDIAN VIEW, by K. M. PANIKKAR, *Macmillan Co.*

THIS is a very small book on a very large subject. In 122 pages the author courageously attacks the problem of the future of southeast Asia, one of the world's most complicated areas, with a heterogeneous population of 500,000,000 divided among seven political units, which in turn are (or were) controlled by four foreign powers. Undaunted by the trying task of mere description and analysis, he also offers a plan for complete reorganization of the political and economic order and a comprehensive critique of the colonial system in general. While the specialist on the area will think of a hundred queries he would like to raise and will also mark a fair number of errors of detail and interpretation, both he and the general reader will find this staunch little volume a fresh and sharply stimulating

antidote to the vague and ambiguous mass of printed material on colonial issues. It cuts to the roots of the main problem, and lays bare the base of controversy.

K. M. Panikkar, an Indian, comes to his subject well prepared. Educated in India and England, a teacher, historian, editor, and author of numerous books, he has had wide experience in practical politics and administration as secretary to the Maharaja of Kashmir, Permanent Secretary to the Chamber of Princes, Foreign Minister of Patiala State, and Foreign and Political Minister of Bikaner State. He writes like what he is—a combination of scholar and politician-statesman.

The colonial system as applied to southeast Asia in the past, he asserts, offers no hope for future peace and security in the area for three reasons: the absence of a locally based defensive strategy, the lack of incentive and training to fight among the alien-dominated natives, and the unbalanced economy with little or no industrial development. To correct these deficiencies, he proposes a military defense scheme based on India, political independence for the southeast Asiatic peoples as soon as practically feasible, and rapid industrialization of India primarily but certain other regions (the East Indies, notably) as well. In short, he would establish a military, political, and economic "co-prosperity sphere" for southeast Asia, based on India as a strategical and industrial centre and political leader.

He does not envision the severing of European and American ties with Asia, but rather a scheme of co-operation. He wishes the Allied powers to pledge themselves to a "Colonial Charter," assuring to each subject country a program of preparation for political independence; a balanced, non-dependent economy; a progressive system of education and public health, supported by adequate taxation; no discrimination whatever on grounds of race or color; and efficient training of natives in military defense. To guarantee application of these Charter principles, he would have each colonial administration responsible to an International Council, made up of delegates from Britain, America, Holland, France, China, India, and Australia, as well as two representatives of the colonial peoples. If a league of nations were to come into being, two additional members would represent it in the Council.

In addition to this general plan, Panikkar offers specific political proposals for each national unit in southeast Asia. He would make

of India and Burma a "triune commonwealth," with Hindustan, Pakistan, and Burma as the three parts, mutually independent in all respects except foreign policy and defense, and allied militarily with Britain. Thailand would be independent, but a member of a close political and military alliance of southeast Asia. Under French protection and guidance, Indo-China would be reorganized as two independent states: Annam (with Cochin-China and Tonkin) and Cambodia (with Laos). Malaya would be returned to Britain, but developed under her tutelage into a centralized state with a democratic government. The Netherlands East Indies, according to the author, would present few problems, as the Indies have already been promised independence within the framework of the future Dutch Commonwealth.

The reviewer happens to know much more about the East Indies than about any of the other areas Panikkar discusses, and sees the problems of this region as by no means so easily solvable as Panikkar would have the reader believe. This leads to considerable doubt as to whether the author has not oversimplified the situation in the remainder of southeast Asia also.

Indeed, this book with its wide scope and unequivocal proposals could provide material for interminable debate. Whatever doubts the reviewer may have concerning Panikkar's specific plans, with the main theme of the book he is in complete agreement: that assurance of a reasonably durable peace demands an end of imperialism based on racial lines, and self-government, economic independence, and self-defense for the formerly subject peoples of the earth. A peaceful world cannot survive half-slave and half-free. In the words of Panikkar, only thus can we "erect in the East a new citadel of peace, based on racial equality, economic freedom, political independence and a permanent cultural association with the West."

RAYMOND KENNEDY

WHITMAN'S NATURE AND WORK

WALT WHITMAN: AN AMERICAN, *by* HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

A captivating account of "the first *American* poet," fortified by extensive research, this book adds several cubits to the literary stature of its author. It delves into noteworthy original sources recently acquired by the Yale Library. An unusually reliable compendium of Whitman information, it is at the same time readable, pointing out

contemporary slants on the basic thoughts of "the poet of democracy." *Ad libs* are addressed to the audience in the current idiom, such as "Page Herr Hitler!" and "Whitman himself was not dismayed by the hell he got." There is a section cleverly transposed from Whitman's editorial writings and arranged by Dr. Canby in the form of a radio broadcast, introduced with the suggestion that "to use modern terms," Whitman was "a good news broadcaster, a commentator, and occasionally a columnist. . . . On the radio he would have done well." Such expedients "date" a book when viewed with the perspective of permanent scholarship, yet at the same time they render this the ideal Whitman guide for today.

Dr. Canby develops an illuminating comparison between Whitman and Willard Gibbs, the Yale mathematical physicist. He expands Muriel Rukeyser's theory that "both men created creativity," and makes the further induction that "it was the job of Gibbs to find the laws which explained and could be used to control the multitudinous phenomena of nature," while "it was the ambition of Whitman to create patterns of human life in which a new age might find inspiration for history in the making."

Certain major themes are treated more definitively here than in former Whitman biographies. Full credit is given to the effect of Quakerism on Whitman, and Dr. Canby, of Quaker background, knows whereof he speaks. "The essence of the Quaker mode lies not in simplicity or non-resistance or in protest against worldliness, but in quiet—the seeking of the Inner Light, the search for a 'concern' by which life shall be governed and given meaning." The author also elucidates Whitman's attitude towards war more adequately than any previous writer. He gives considerable attention to the probabilities of Whitman's sex nature. "He was very definitely not the normal animal. . . . He was intermediate in sex. . . . Passionate physical love for a man was as possible for him as was the same kind of love for a woman—and in Whitman's case easier." This seems definite enough, yet one prominent review has recently stated that Dr. Canby has definitely placed Whitman amongst the sexually normal! As a matter of fact, this biographer hedges the issue by including occasional insinuations about "possible" connections with women. In this way, the uncomfortable barbed-wire entanglement of Walt's sex life is straddled successfully, if not gracefully, by Dr. Canby—and Whitman devotees of all schools of thought should be satisfied by so difficult and adroit an acrobatic performance.

It is a regrettable waste of critical acumen that so much that is written about Whitman should be devoted to speculations about his love life, where one man's guess is as good as another's. It is Walt's lasting personal triumph that fate has favored his desire to keep "the frailest leaves of me" veiled with alluring mystery. As Whitman's intimate friend, William Sloane Kennedy, said to me shortly before his death—"I was going to tell what I know, but I have decided that since Walt didn't speak out, I wouldn't either. If he had been willing for people to know the truth, he would have told them!"

The final issue of this really great book is the splendid contribution it makes to straight political thinking in these befuddled times. After all, the primary interest in Whitman for the normal reader today is democracy. If Dr. Canby had accomplished nothing more than to underscore and signalize Walt Whitman's unique value now as the most articulate of all spokesmen for the great American idea, he would have made his book what it undoubtedly is, the most significant literary biography to appear in 1943. "If you wish to understand what was the ideal of democracy in the formative years of the nineteenth century, the question should be addressed to Whitman and his poems. . . . He made its inner, unconscious life, its bent for the future, most articulate!"

Walt Whitman, more than any other major American writer, affects different people differently. The "Personalism" which was so strong in him, "a simple, separate person," arouses an equally personal reaction in his readers. For this reason, I cannot always agree with Henry Canby's interpretation of Whitman's nature, and of his work. But the gripping narrative is sound in its groundwork of fact. It is the most revealing biography of Whitman that has appeared in over three decades.

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

VICTIMS OF IRONY

NAPOLEON III, *by* ALBERT GUÉRARD, *Harvard University Press.*

THE TWO MARSHALS: BAZAINE-PÉTAINE, *by* PHILIP GUEDALLA, *Reynal & Hitchcock.*

THESE two books are by no means strange bedfellows. For the Emperor and the two Marshals are victims of the tragic irony which haunts the profession of arms: the soldier perforce turns to the past to prepare for a future wherein he is sure of nothing except that it will not be a repetition of the past. And soldiering often pays off on orthodoxy and caution—characteristics which may prove a liability

in other roles such as politics, where the military man is perhaps forced to play a part.

In this connection Napoleon III was more sinned against than sinning. His gentleness and the tortuous complexity of his mind gave him neither taste nor talent for arms; yet the Second Empire as the heir of the First was at least superficially a military régime. But it was not a militaristic one and, although the army guaranteed order and lent prestige, at least until 1866, there was a genuine basis of popular support. Hence the paradox and tragedy of the end. As Professor Guérard cogently points out, "it was not the eighteen years of impressive success that should be considered as a fluke, but the final collapse in seven weeks." The Second Empire, dedicated at its founding to peace, collapsed at Metz and Sedan with its armies. The latter were immobilized by their inheritance from the past, by the ghost of the first Napoleon, which concealed from them the new realities of war and fire power. Marshal Bazaine's staff showered him with analogies drawn from Austerlitz as he desperately tried to evade encirclement at Metz.

Bazaine was the unintentional architect and popular scapegoat of the Second Empire's fall. Pétain grew up under the shadow of that fall and reacted unconsciously all his military life against the new balance of power between France and Germany made evident by 1870. The two Marshals together span over a hundred years in the history of the French army—a century in which France and that army three times have paid the price for the military irony mentioned above. It is this fact which provides the unity for Mr. Guedalla's sprightly study. His interest in Bazaine grew naturally out of his earlier work on the Second Empire and occupies the major part of the book. Marshal Bazaine is presented as the beau idéal of the professional soldier of an earlier day. Up from the ranks after failing to get into the Polytechnique, learning his trade all over the world in the Spanish civil war, the Foreign Legion in Algiers, and the Crimea, Bazaine won his baton under the Second Empire as efficient conqueror and proconsul in Mexico only to show the fundamental weakness of his soldier-of-fortune training (he had never commanded more than 25,000 men in the field) in the débâcle of 1870. Similarly, the rise of Marshal Pétain epitomized the virtues and vices of a professional military career. On the eve of 1914 a colonel within a few years of retirement, Pétain had displayed an irreproachable orthodoxy in his long career of peace-time soldiering.

His one vagary—a prescient respect for fire power in the days of *l'offensif à l'outrance*—finally made him the man of the hour and the savior of Verdun, although it fatally transmuted his innate caution into something approaching timidity. This military inheritance and a strictly professional career, which had never taken him out of France (except for junkets after the First World War and an impressionable embassy to Madrid after retirement) and had left him with a horror of things popular and things foreign, were the Marshal's only preparation for the supreme role he was called to play at the age of eighty-four in the June of 1940.

In a sympathetic but dispassionate fashion, Professor Guérard has done much to rescue the reputation of Napoleon III from the limbo of failure to which history had consigned him. For the conventional dismissal of the Emperor, either as a scheming adventurer, a ruthless policeman, or a sentimental humanitarian has been substituted a more living, modern, and engaging figure. Credit first goes to chance for assistance in the birth of the Second Empire. Only in a world out of joint, in the Paris of Louis-Philippe, in 1848 could an opera-bouffe pretender have become head of the state. But Professor Guérard wisely looks behind Napoleon's luck (which never deserted him until he grew sick) for the real explanation. This is partly found in the inherited legend of Bonapartism and partly in the shape which Napoleon III gave his own destiny by adding to the inheritance of anti-parliamentary order the Napoleonic idea of authoritarian democracy. It is in the expansion of this last role that the new Napoleon emerges, something of a romantic and a humanitarian, a nationalist in politics yet a man of peace, at once utopian and realistic in his Saint-Simonian socialism, practitioner of a direct democracy which transcends parties, curiously foreshadowing modern dictatorships but aware of the domain of opinion which the state must not enter. It is a sad story of a conspirator who could not unlearn his craft, "a damaged soul" imprisoned in a damaged body, and yet at times "the only political leader in the nineteenth century whose thought could still be a guide for us today."

T. MENDENHALL

MODERN POETRY FROM LATIN AMERICA

12 SPANISH AMERICAN POETS: AN ANTHOLOGY, *edited by* H. R. HAYS, *Yale University Press.*

MR. HAYS's anthology is to date the most interesting and valuable compilation in this particular field. Half the size of the anthology

of Latin American poetry edited by Dudley Fitts (1942), restricted to a dozen poets as compared with nearly a hundred in that anthology, and representing eight countries instead of twenty-one, Mr. Hays's book avoids the cumbersome unwieldiness that was inevitable in the larger book, clears some of the underbrush from the jungles, yet manages to convey the effect of the forest. Of the twelve poets he has seen fit to select, all but one, Ramon Lopez Velarde, appear in the Fitts collection; Mr. Hays has given them, on a rough average, twice the number of pages and twice the number of poems.

Mr. Hays presents, in this order, Ramon Lopez Velarde (Mexico); Luis Carlos Lopez (Colombia); Vicente Huidobro (Chile)—Huidobro was a bilingual writer, and Mr. Hays represents him only by poems written in Spanish, not by those written in French; Eugenio Florit (Cuba); Jorge Luis Borges (Argentina); Jorge Carrera Andrade (Ecuador); José Gorostiza (Mexico); Pablo de Rokha (Chile); Nicolas Guillen (Cuba); Pablo Neruda (Chile); Cesar Vallejo (Peru); and Jacinto Fombona Pachano (Venezuela). Introductory to the work of each poet, there is given a brief biographical and critical note, and a bibliography; there is also a more extensive bibliography at the end of the book, with listings both of general works of reference and critical studies of the individual poets.

The poets included are amply representative, and any collection of similar scope would have to include at least half these names. In my own opinion the best poetry in the book, by long odds, is to be found in the work of Andrade and Vallejo, though of Vallejo's work I might add that I find him better in the shorter forms than in the long and anguishing expressions. Nicolas Guillen's work invites interesting comparisons with the poetry of Langston Hughes; I do not know whether these poets are acquainted, or whether they have learned, directly, or indirectly, from each other, though their paths must have intersected from time to time. Of other poets in the anthology, I might say that Pablo Neruda, I am beginning to feel, has been considerably overpraised; I think I would prefer the presence of Jaime Torres Bodet to that of Pablo de Rokha or Jacinto Fombona Pachano; and I think it an error to have omitted Gabriela Mistral.

Mr. Hays's introduction makes interesting reading; and in that connection, not so far-fetched as it might seem, the good neighbor whose concern for poetry is willing to transcend geographical and po-

litical boundaries, might do well to look up Mr. A. J. M. Smith's similar, and recent, introduction to the poetry of Canada. North and south of our frontiers, similar tendencies, similar perplexities, similar confusions, seem to present themselves. It has been said before, and Mr. Hays repeats, that in Latin America the prestige of the poet is much higher than with us, who give the novelist pride of place; that poetry is the major art form, as it is bound to be in a colonial and feudal, as distinguished from an industrial and bourgeois, social and economic organization. Be that as it may, it would be interesting to compare the circulation, the sales, of poetry in the Latin American countries, with, on the one hand, the sales and circulation of poetry in our own United States; or again, with the sales and circulation of novels, both here and south of the border. Could some researcher sometime tell us, for example, how many copies of any given book a Neruda or an Andrade sells, in his own country, or throughout Spanish-speaking America?

There are two points to which Mr. Hays has given little or no attention in his introduction: he might have given some thought to the influence of the Roman Catholic church on modes of thinking and feeling, including, even, the way it alters the surrealist modernistic impulses; and he might have touched upon the matter of rhetoric. Ever since Lucan, rhetoric, it seems to me, has been a major focus of infection with Spanish-writing poets; and I sometimes wonder whether anything is ever going to be done about it. A poem like Herrera y Reissig's "Siesta," cited in Mr. Hays's introduction, is good, I feel, precisely in proportion to its resolute excision of this rhetorical quality, and I wish I could see more numerous portents that Spanish-American verse, as a whole, were moving, more determinedly, in this direction.

A word or two about Mr. Hays's translations. The Spanish language, relatively poor in vowel sounds, yet rich in their proportion to consonants, has a sonority, a resonance, a fluency, that tends to flatten out, become indeterminate, become choked, when the words are rendered by their nearest equivalent English Latinities. It takes a fairly close inspection to understand how much headway Mr. Hays has made against this powerful current of vitiation. He has, wisely, not attempted to reproduce rhyme schemes, the structure of rhyme being so different in the two languages, or to reproduce meters exactly; as he says, this leads to padding or distortion. He has also resisted the temptation to add anything of his own, though every translator

knows, or thinks he knows, that by so doing the original is sometimes improved. I do think, though, that if Mr. Hays had made a more liberal, even a more reckless, employment of the device of assonance, he would have helped himself over more than one stile, and more of the translations would sound like poems, and not merely decent metrical prose versions of poems. Translated poetry will always, inevitably, sound a little strange; but the strangeness needs to be made not literal, but suggestive.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

THE INDIAN LABYRINTH

THIS IS INDIA, *by* PETER MUIR, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

INDIA'S PROBLEM CAN BE SOLVED, *by* DEWITT MACKENZIE, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

INTRODUCTION TO INDIA, *by* F. R. MORAES *and* ROBERT STIMSON, *Oxford University Press.*

INDIAN CRISIS, *by* JOHN S. HOYLAND, *Macmillan Co.*

INDIA AGAINST THE STORM, *by* POST WHEELER, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

REPORT ON INDIA, *by* T. A. RAMAN, *Oxford University Press.*

THE difficulties confronting one who would seek to understand something of the mysterious dynamics operative within the life of India's teeming millions are in any case enormous, altogether apart from the multifarious motives of would-be expositors. Any book, therefore, which conscientiously attempts to present the total picture, as these six books do, is to be welcomed.

But India is so vast, its problems are so stupendous and their complexity is so baffling, that to contemplate it humiliates the imagination. With its 390 millions, it is more populous than the whole of North and South America put together, and its cultural diversity far exceeds that of this entire hemisphere. Apart from innumerable dialects, there are eleven languages each spoken by more than ten million people. Nor is it only the dimensional range of things which is so awesome. There is an historical range involved—with all its infinite consequences for social psychology—which extends back for five thousand years. "In India," says one of these writers, "history is a living force visibly existing all around one." Various spokesmen notwithstanding, India is not a "country" as an American citizen would understand the term, but rather a contemporary epitome of mankind's evolution, embracing within its territories virtually every known stage from paleolith to mass production. With varying emphasis, all six of these books bring out these essentials, making it apparent just how grotesque it is to talk of "the" Indian problem, and

showing also by implication how risky it is to accept the claim of any single interest or party to be speaking with the authentic voice of India. That is a lesson many well-meaning people have still to learn.

The authors of these books bring widely differing experiences to bear upon their subject. Yet in spite of the diversity of approach, and despite a conspicuous clash of judgments on many vital matters, there is a remarkable measure of agreement as to the general nature of the issues with which India is rent today. Four recurrent themes are common to all six books. First, there is the emphasis upon a whole complex of tragic sociological problems rooted deep in history: problems of mass poverty and a fantastic rate of population increase (50 millions in the last decade), of subject womanhood and "untouchable" pariahs. Secondly, there is the sense of a psychological matrix incomparably more subtle than anything to be found in the area that once was Christendom: a matrix compounded of hard dogmas and fluid emotions, of a protean pantheon and incredible self-immolation before mystic leadership, engendering a spiritual atmosphere which altogether escapes the categories of our ordinary thinking. Thirdly, there is the delineation of a political pattern of immense intricacy, wherein no transcending allegiance is yet discernible capable of harmonizing the militantly conflicting demands of Hindus and Moslems, Princes and Provinces, privileged and minorities. And lastly, of course, as a resultant, all these writers perceive a constitutional conflict challenging to the very presuppositions of Western polity in a fashion that bears intimately upon the larger issues of international relations.

"Introduction to India," written jointly by an Englishman and an American, seeks to give the British and American troops now in India "a quick and balanced survey of the country," and on the whole makes an excellent job of the enterprise. There are a hundred pages of text describing Indian life, followed by an altogether admirable seventy pages of "classified information" arranged alphabetically from aboriginals to zoroastrianism. The authors appear to have little sympathy for the Moslem interests and the sketch of the constitutional issues since 1919 is absurdly inadequate; but the presentation of the social picture could hardly be bettered. One cannot be other than grateful for such an eminently usable compendium.

Peter Muir's "This Is India" has an attractiveness all its own. It is the brightly written and entirely unpretentious record of eighteen

months of travelling and interviewing undertaken by a man patently free of prejudice but equipped with common sense, a keen eye, and an almost ruthless honesty. "The conclusions I have reached," says Mr. Muir, "have been based solely on direct observation of the motives, actions, and attitudes of the Indians themselves." Among those conclusions is an angry impatience with the tactics of Gandhi, Nehru, and their Congress followers. He resents their misguided attempts to impede the war effort with the consequent imperilling of thousands of American lives; and he doesn't like it a bit when Gandhi's secretary says that "if Japan declared war it was because she had no option but to do so. . . . If these gangsters, British and American, defeat Japan, then the only Asiatic power would be crushed out of existence." In a sense, the book is admirably complementary to Moraes's and Stimson's "Introduction," providing many a word picture in illustration of the latter's succinct summaries.

DeWitt Mackenzie's book, "India's Problem Can Be Solved," is a remarkably lucid outline of the major constitutional issues as seen by an expert newspaper man after a six months' visit. The author tries to be fair to all parties, and his verbatim reports of his interviews are useful. But one reader, at least, must confess to excessive puzzlement over the "solution" offered at the end of the book, since all the preceding chapters—especially the official declarations cited—seem to contradict the very possibility of the scheme advocated. Mr. Mackenzie is so scrupulous in his reporting, however, that no one can put down his book and still retain any illusions about the simplicity of the problems he describes.

The obvious merit of Mr. Hoyland's "Indian Crisis" (derived from the author's sixteen years of residence in India as Quaker missionary and teacher) is its vividly sympathetic presentation of Indian social problems. But the treatment of political and constitutional matters is thoroughly inadequate; and, in spite of the title, the book entirely evades the crucial issues which have arisen since 1939. Indeed, India's relationship to the war effort is completely ignored, and not a word is said about the failure of the Congress party to co-operate in the defense of India against Japan.

Post Wheeler's "India against the Storm" is the best popular book of its kind now available. Written by a former member of the United States diplomatic service, a man with extensive background and shrewd judgment, it gives a vivid and comprehensive picture of the unfolding of Indian politics during the past thirty years, being especially in-

formative on recent happenings. It is an absorbing narrative and deserves to find a wide public, for it could fulfil a real educational function. Certainly it should be read along with T. A. Raman's "Report on India," which is unquestionably the finest single expository essay on modern India that has appeared in our generation. In many ways Raman's work is reminiscent of some of Morley's great writings. There is the same pellucid style, the same statesmanlike quality of assessment, the same gravity of treatment. To overpraise it would scarcely be possible, for it is the expression of a man whose devotion to objective understanding is as intense as his dedication to the creative endeavor on behalf of India.

Each of these books has its merits, and each has something distinctive to offer to the student of Indian affairs. But for the general reader embarking on the subject for the first time, one would especially recommend the "Report" to give an over-all analysis and "India against the Storm" to give the background story and to explain the innuendoes.

C. H. DRIVER

HITLER AND HIS GERMANY

DER FUEHRER: HITLER'S RISE TO POWER, *by* KONRAD HEIDEN, *translated by* RALPH MANHEIM, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

BEHIND THE STEEL WALL, *by* ARVID FREDBORG, *Viking Press.*

A COMMONPLACE though it is that one ought to know one's enemy, most of us still insist, five years after National-Socialism's world attack, on pathetic stereotypes and wishful thinking. Only a complete understanding of the nature and driving forces of the movement and a continuous and reliable record of the Third Reich can reveal the character and challenge of this deadly enemy of Western civilization. Heiden and Fredborg have pushed deeper into this terra incognita, and one is grateful for their valuable findings.

Of the two books under discussion Heiden's is no doubt the more lasting and substantial contribution. In fact, one may easily predict that it will become the standard work in the field—which not only will be read and respected far and wide but will also be copied and handed out as small change for years to come. The reasons for such a success are simple. Here speaks the authority who through his earlier books on Hitler and the National-Socialist movement has established his expert reputation, and now presents the definitive biography of the Führer as far as this is possible with the villain still on the scene. His is a monumental work based on his first-hand knowledge as an active and courageous Hitler opponent of more than

twenty years' standing, enforced by indefatigable research of equal intensity and duration, and finally tested by two decades of mature and responsible thought. The lasting quality of Heiden's work is due to the fact that it is much more than a mere biography. The Führer is only the personification of the movement of which he is not the creator or even the guide; at least in its beginnings, Hitler was scarcely more than its creature. "Like a piece of wood, floating on the waves, he follows the shifting currents of public opinion." The story of Hitler's rise justifiably becomes a portrayal of the whole period of the Weimar Republic and of the state of the masses that made this very rise possible. The result is a sociological study of the first order, which does not accept any prevalent short-cut explanations even if veiled behind scientific lingo.

The analysis of Hitler's personality is brilliant and careful, in places even somewhat overcautious. Stripped of the sensational, it is the more impressive because it reaches down to the roots of this frustrated outsider of society. In fact, the life story of Hitler epitomizes the unfolding of the crisis strata of Europe's social revolution whose exploiter and articulate mouthpiece he was to become. Magnificent thumbnail sketches of the men who made Hitler and of those who were destined to become his lieutenants, give color and depth to Heiden's description of "the declassed of all classes" who became the leaders of a disintegrated middle class of inflation days and of the rootless unemployed of the great depression. The author rightly plays down the often exaggerated importance of the German industrialists and emphasizes in good measure the crucial significance of the militant freebooters in the making of the Third Reich. One may, however, take issue with his choice of terminology—as when he calls the articulate leaders of the Nazi revolution the "armed intellectuals" (or armed Bohemians). It is true, however, that the careful reader may detect, despite Heiden's unfortunate choice in terminology, the full meaning of the phenomenon of National-Socialism, on which the author never errs.

While Heiden's study stops, as his earlier books have done, with the purge of 1934, which definitely established Hitler's power in Nazi Germany, Fredborg's "Behind the Steel Wall" gives a reliable account of the Third Reich during the last crucial years of its drive for world conquest and of the first setbacks it received. The young Swedish correspondent, who represented the "Svenska Dagbladet" at Berlin from the spring of 1941 until last spring, ably continues the

story, so well started by a number of first-rank American journalists. It is not the author's fault that the honeymoon of news reportage "inside Europe" is over and that a "Berlin diary" of 1944 can only elaborate what is already known to an informed world audience. Still, while the book may not contain exciting scoops, it is filled with solid information. Above all, it catches the atmosphere of Germany from the beginning of the Russian campaign to the spring of 1943, when the Allied offensive gained momentum. It pictures impressively the ups and downs of German morale and its inevitable downward trend. It shows equally the continuous crises and unrelenting inter-bureau competition within a totalitarian régime—worth-while reading for those who are still impressed by the "efficiency" of the Leviathan State of modern dictatorship. Even more interesting is Fredborg's report on the Nazi effect on conquered Europe. The author is convinced that Hitler might have tapped a latent anti-communist spirit all over Europe, if he had used common sense and if he had invited free co-operation of non-German groups, especially among the smaller nationalities. Yet he outraged his possible friends, and the locust of the party machine soon ravaged the conquered territories. The result is a Nazi Germany isolated and inevitably doomed to failure.

This devastating review of the plight of *Festung Europa* is of special interest coming from the pen of a Swedish journalist whose feeling against Bolshevism is apparent throughout the book and whose antipathies to National-Socialism, not, perhaps, strong at first, became more real as he observed the "natural" development of Hitler's Reich. Fredborg left Berlin as an ardent anti-Nazi; yet one may doubt whether he grasped the full meaning of the world revolution of which it is only a part. Otherwise, he would not be satisfied with his own suggestions for allaying this world upheaval by restoring monarchical institutions in Central Europe and re-establishing the old Austro-Hungarian empire. But however one may criticise his ideas of the future of Europe, the description of Germany "behind the steel wall" is realistic, penetrating, and convincing.

SIGMUND NEUMANN

A STUDY OF WELLINGTON

THE DUKE, *by* RICHARD ALDINGTON, *Viking Press.*

IN "The Duke" Richard Aldington has written a sympathetic study of one of the world's greatest generals and one of England's most

unsuccessful statesmen. He has tried to do more than give a running account of the career of the Anglo-Irish aristocrat who as a soldier was adequate to every military challenge, whether it came from Mahratta princes, French marshals, or Napoleon himself, and as a public figure lived on for more than three decades to become the symbol of reaction in an England that was moving rapidly in the direction of political and economic liberalism. Mr. Aldington has attempted to take into account the human being that existed under the cocked hat of the general and the coronet of the duke and to discover the true character of the man. That he has done much solid research in Wellington's dispatches and other pertinent printed material is evident throughout the book. By the use of well-selected and telling quotations he lets Wellington speak to a large extent for himself, and he never gets impatient with his hero—a restraint which unfortunately he does not show towards other men who appear in his pages.

Mr. Aldington's estimate of Wellington is moderate and judicious. He emphasizes the Duke's "strong common sense, honesty, integrity, unceasing hard work, a resolution to make himself obeyed, and an unflagging belief in ultimate triumph" as the qualities that enabled him to bring down in ruin the military power of Napoleon's empire. And the first four of these qualities allowed him to take a significant role in the peace-making and in the England to which he returned after the long-drawn European war. But Mr. Aldington insists too much on the Duke's common sense. The reader is in danger of forgetting that it was Wellington's thorough mastery of the problems in hand that allowed him to appear almost by instinct to do the right thing. He never mastered the science of politics as he mastered the science of war, for he never applied his active and practical intelligence to an understanding of an England to which he was almost a complete stranger upon his return from his military triumphs. In this strange England, his services as the retained "servant of the crown and people," substantial as these were, and his leadership of the Tory party and the House of Lords in the retreat that lost the landed aristocracy its political and economic ascendancy showed his limitations as a statesman.

Mr. Aldington does a real disservice to Wellington by placing him against an inadequate background. At the beginning of his book he pays his respects to the debunking biographers of the long armistice "who appeared to think that everybody was ridiculous except them-

selves." Mr. Aldington differs from these writers by appearing to imply that almost everybody is ridiculous except Wellington. His generalizations about men and events are often superficial, sarcastic, and misleading, and sometimes are downright wrong. His general low opinion of mankind, especially in their political manifestations, and his inability to avoid yielding to the temptation of being smart at the expense of people whom he does not like and has not the patience to evaluate sympathetically, as he has with Wellington, will impair for some of his readers what is otherwise a substantial introduction to the great Duke.

ALEXANDER THOMSON

PART OF JEFFERSON

THE COMPLETE JEFFERSON, CONTAINING HIS MAJOR WRITINGS, PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED, EXCEPT HIS LETTERS, *assembled and arranged by* SAUL K. PADOVER, *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.*

THIS volume makes a large segment of Jefferson's papers available in convenient form. Since it contains some 600,000 words and upwards of 1,300 pages, it may be regarded as a bargain item. Its title, however, creates a false impression which its subtitle does not wholly correct. There is much more of Jefferson than the generous portion which has been crammed between these covers. According to the most recent calculation, more than 18,000 of Jefferson's letters have been preserved. These contain many of his best-known sayings, such as the one about his eternal hostility to all forms of tyranny which is quoted in the introduction of this book, and they reveal him in a way that no official document or formal bit of writing could be expected to do. Mr. Padover could not have put much more material into his already swollen volume, but he should not have used in his title the pretentious word "complete." Only part of Jefferson, and chiefly though not entirely the official part, is here. In all probability, however, that is more than many people will be able to digest. As a matter of fact, it is the less digestible part.

The book is a compilation rather than an edition. With trivial exceptions, its documents are drawn from printed works and almost wholly from editions of Jefferson's collected writings. There appears to have been no verification of the text from manuscripts, and, as a rule, there is no specific citation of the printed source. No one can find out, except by laborious comparison, which of the many editions of the "Notes on the State of Virginia" or the "Manual of Parliamentary Practice" were used. In the case of the "Summary View,"

the compiler does say that he got his text from a specified collection of the writings—from one of the oldest, indeed. The editions of this historic pamphlet are not numerous, but plenty of copies are available, and one of them, in the Library of Congress, contains Jefferson's own corrections. It would not have been necessary to go even to that, for these corrections, along with full bibliographical information, are given in a very recent edition.

Elaborate notes are no part of Mr. Padover's plan, and he wisely refrains from calling himself the editor. Within his self-imposed limits he has ranged widely and collected extensively; but this is simply a collection, assembled from the most accessible printed works, arranged in topical rather than chronological form, and presented without critical comment. Obviously, this is no scholar's tool.

Like a number of other uncritical works, however, it has its uses. The so-called general public cares little about original sources or the precise accuracy of texts; and the approximation of the actual words of Jefferson is certainly close enough to prevent the reader from going dangerously astray. This is not another bit of superficial and misleading interpretation, such as abounds in books about Jefferson, for it is not interpretation at all. The great man himself would have preferred a more scholarly production, however, for he was fastidious in the extreme, and he never believed that the laudable ambition to serve the public obviated the necessity of taking pains.

DUMAS MALONE

THE MAN AND THE JUSTICE

THE MIND AND FAITH OF JUSTICE HOLMES: HIS SPEECHES, ESSAYS, LETTERS AND JUDICIAL OPINIONS, *selected and edited by* MAX LERNER, *Little, Brown & Co.*

THE abiding popular interest in Justice Holmes is remarkable in many ways. Judges are not often great intellectual leaders, nor even great intellectual symbols. Holmes said they are "apt to be naïf, simple-minded men, and they need something of Mephistopheles." Certainly it is rare even for a Faustian judge to be a hero for liberal youth. If a judge does become a hero, through accident or achievement, he is generally worshipped in the Union League Club, or its equivalent, not in Bloomsbury, Union Square, and beyond. Yet for sixty years or more, Holmes has been the supreme teacher of the best and most progressive American law students and lawyers. In some ways he is still our clearest spokesman of the living law. His philoso-

phy of law has been proved among the most real and useful intellectual creations of the nineteenth century.

There would be no strong popular interest in Holmes, however, if he had been only a witty, high-brow scholar on the bench. His legend would have lived in any case, of course, as long as there were friends to recall how gloriously civilized men ate dinners, read books, and wrote letters in the old days. But his significance in our time does not rest on "The Common Law," his gift for friendship and epigram, or the Pollock letters.

Today and in the long run, the man who will count in our history is Mr. Justice Holmes, not Judge Holmes, Professor Holmes, nor yet Captain Holmes, the gay fellow at the cocktail table. As Justice of the Supreme Court, he was one of the rarely lucky intellectuals who find themselves in the crucial places of society. With some notable exceptions, the Court today is fulfilling his work. It is now quite clear that Holmes was, with his friend and collaborator Brandeis, chief architect of the revolution in public law which dominates our time.

Holmes became a Justice in 1901. The Court was gathering doctrinal momentum in its campaign to defend American business against unions, anti-trust laws, government regulations, and other impieties. The income tax had just been struck down as unconstitutional, and the secondary boycott, the yellow dog contract, and the child labor cases were clearly in the offing. Holmes had not been a close student of American government, or of economics, although he had spirited if rather orthodox views on both subjects. He was a lawyer, a legal historian, and an amateur in philosophy. He found many new problems in the business of the Supreme Court. After a period of some hesitation, he emerged as a "liberal" Justice, in terms of the controversies of the times.

As always, the word is full of ambiguities. For Holmes as for Brandeis, and for the new Supreme Court of their disciples, our constitutional law must be made to rest on two great ideas. Men must be free to seek the truth, and to talk about it. Government must be free to grapple with the problems of society. It follows that appointed Judges by and large should refuse to substitute their judgment on social issues for that of elected representatives of the people. The rules of the judicial game needed to be broadened, to permit the State and national legislatures greater leeway in trying affirma-

tive solutions for the conflicts of modern industrial society. So far as his brethren were concerned, Holmes didn't win many cases in this area of the law, but he has had the last word. While the Court of today has gone into new fields and new problems, it is working within the broad program of judicial doctrine which Holmes helped to articulate.

It is one of the misfortunes of our public law that so much of the best energy of the bench, the bar, and the law schools has for forty years been necessarily spent in these great controversies over the right of legislatures to pass regulatory statutes. The result has been a natural confusion on both sides of the fight between the constitutionality of legislation and its wisdom. The constitutional conflicts of the last sixty-five years have tended to make some of the best parts of the bar instinctive advocates of regulatory patterns which on their economic merits now seem either dubious or unimportant. The glamour and excitement of Supreme Court battles has been such, however, as to give a disproportionate place in our thinking and planning to the kind of controls the old Court opposed.

It is notable, too, in the field of civil rights that the classic liberalism of Holmes's dissent in the *Abrams* case is being tested and challenged by new situations. As Mr. Lerner points out in his introduction, freedom of speech is not everywhere regarded, even by "liberals," as a sufficient answer to the problem of fascist propaganda. So far, happily, we seem to have weathered the attack, through the informal mobilization of counter-propaganda, which is surely a happier solution for a democracy than restrictive legislation. Yet the troublesome question remains. So far, the classic answer seems adequate, and right.

Professor Lerner's anthology consists of essays, opinions, letters and stray papers from every period of Holmes's life. They are put together with graceful and thoughtful notes, and they make a useful book. Everyone who pretends to know will wish some other opinion had been included. But by and large, "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes" is the best of available introductions to the man and the Justice.

EUGENE V. ROSTOW

LETTERS AND COMMENT

The Editors of THE YALE REVIEW

Sirs: When in the autumn of 1923 I suggested to Dr. John Leslie Hotson that he undertake a study of Marlowe's death, I did not quite realize what a storm I should bring about my ears twenty years later. Dr. Hotson has himself told the story of that suggestion and the remarkable discovery that it led to, in one of his early "Atlantic Monthly" articles. Indeed, I myself had the pleasure, being then on the staff of an "Atlantic" publication, of calling Dr. Hotson's work to the editor's attention for the first time, the result being the publication of a series of articles quite as good as his admirable "Death of Christopher Marlowe."

However dire to myself, I cannot wish that first suggestion undone, the issue of it being so proper. Nevertheless, it is necessary to correct a few of Dr. Hotson's more glaring blunders in his criticism of my "Tragicall History of Christopher Marlowe" in the Summer, 1943, YALE REVIEW. Unfamiliarity may perhaps account for his failure to mention the first publication of Marlowe's signature; a new incident in John Marlowe's life; and the first explanation of the mystery of John Marlowe's birth—all, of course, from new documents. Ignorance of the documents is, to be sure, no qualification for a reviewer; but it is more charitable to assume it than to assume that a reviewer would deliberately conceal the merits of a book—supposing contributions to knowledge to be merits in a scholarly work—merely to make his condemnation more effective.

I may, I think, account similarly for other blunders. Dr. Hotson is, of course, quite right in saying that where I did not use the language of the State Papers I did not verify language I had not used! I venture, however, to point out that if Dr. Hotson had troubled to examine the book more carefully he would have found that direct quotations *are* verified from the originals and that certain departures from the printed texts are specifically commented on. One or two failures to check are due to war conditions. It is noteworthy that Dr. Hotson indicates absolutely no errors from this (alleged) cause.

Dr. Hotson is also quite right in saying that many items in the

bibliography are trivial. He is in a position to know, since he himself supplied one of the most trivial. A complete bibliography, however, necessarily includes all material, and I doubt whether many scholars will regard thoroughness as a very heinous offense. Dr. Hotson himself seems to have no difficulty in recognizing trivial material, and it is at least conceivable that other scholars will possess the same ability.

It is always possible to differ as to Elizabethan paleography. For my book the old documents used were carefully checked with accepted transcripts, from which I did not deviate without careful thought. To my own new documents Dr. Hotson has not had access—at least not with the owner's authority. (It is true that I have presented documents to certain libraries.) While discussing accuracy, Dr. Hotson might explain why he quotes (apparently from the book jacket) a passage not in the book at all, using it in such a way as to imply that it is part of the book he is reviewing.

The book does, indeed, state that John Marlowe was respectable, that being a simple fact. Similarly, an allusion to Shakespeare is equally accurate. At the time stated he was young; he was rustic; and, unless I am mistaken, he had talent. The words "talented young rustic" are not, therefore, likely to work the ruin of Elizabethan scholarship. The title to which Dr. Hotson objects is not mine but Marlowe's. Personally, I think Marlowe did pretty well with it. It is a history; it is tragical; and it is about Marlowe. Hence "The Tragical History of Christopher Marlowe" is not a wholly inaccurate description. Many of the errors in Dr. Hotson's review may be attributed to the fact that, although he is an acknowledged authority on Marlowe's death, this criticism, like his other published works, reveals little study of Marlowe's life.

JOHN BAKELESS

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THE ISSUES OF THE COMING ELECTION

By ALVIN JOHNSON

ONLY the election of 1864 offers a parallel to that of next November. Then, as today, the country was deep in a desperate war. Then, as today, discontent appeared to be rife throughout the Northern States. There was discontent over the conduct of the war. There was discontent over the alleged unlawful encroachment of the President on civil liberties. So vocal was this discontent that on the eve of the election Lincoln himself expected to be defeated.

Today the malcontents are extremely vocal, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. As of the present they have little to say on the conduct of the war. It is grudgingly admitted that under the Administration we have somehow managed to build up a mighty army, the mightiest navy and air force in existence, and incomparably the most powerful war industry. It is admitted, with qualifications that do not convince, that American leadership in the common cause is acknowledged throughout the world. None of these splendid achievements was expected by the opposition in 1941. Then it was argued that the Administration could not possibly pull the country together for a supreme national effort. The President's assertion that we would build 50,000 planes a year and as much bottomry as would be required to transport three million men and their equipment to the British Isles was greeted by many with cacophonous laughter. It has been done, and beyond the Presi-

dent's promise. All that can be said is that it has been done by the American people, by Roosevelt lovers and Roosevelt haters together. This is true. The Roosevelt haters, like the Roosevelt lovers, are mostly patriotic Americans. They have done their best, under a régime they do not like. This is what the extremists of the crowd declared impossible, in December, 1941.

The election cannot turn on that record, or the issue is foreclosed. The analysts of Lincoln's election have calculated that the grudge vote, the articulate copperheads and militant appeasers, so tremendously vocal, accounted for hardly two per cent of the vote against Lincoln. The interested vote, of those who had been beaten in their hopes of lucrative contracts, or felt themselves sunk under war taxation, was probably not more than five per cent. Today the grudge vote will probably be no greater than two per cent. We may perhaps put the interested vote as high as ten per cent—business men in revolt against red tape, farmers in revolt against ceilings and conscription of their able-bodied sons and hired men, and those who believe there is avoidable waste in the spending of tax money. If the election is to turn on the record, the Administration has lead enough to overcome the trifling grudge vote and the larger interested vote.

But a democracy is proverbially ungrateful. It does not return a party to power on the strength of a record, however brilliant. The Democrats under Wilson could point to a world war won, and a tremendous progress in American prestige. The voters turned them out, with the added insult of a triumphant Harding. The voters returned Lincoln to power not on the strength of his record for resolution through the dark days of successive defeats and victories that seemed not to settle anything but on their faith that he would carry the war forward to a successful conclusion.

We the American voters of today mean to decide next November not on past records but on the future. There are many things we want. And as one party or the other offers us authentically the things we want, we shall decide.

We want to go on with the war to a conclusive victory. Honest Americans who wish for a negotiated peace are few. Unconditional surrender of Germany and Japan is our present minimum. A hard peace we count necessary for the future of the world. When the invasion of the Continent is over, and we have paid the staggering price, it will be difficult to restrain our demand for a vindictive peace. We know this in the back of our minds, and we want a leadership wiser than ourselves—a leadership more interested in future security than in the punishment, even the just punishment, of past crimes.

We want peace in our time and in the time of our children and grandchildren. We have no longer any confidence in the peace of the pacifists, the lion lying down with the lamb, and so forth. Hitler and Mussolini and the Japanese militarists have convinced us that in the international sphere of anarchy super-Dillingers can arise and need to be put down by force, as ruthless as the circumstances require.

We are now in league with the two mightiest powers in the world, the British empire and Russia, and with them we shall put down the German, Italian, and Japanese gangsters. We want to maintain this league. We want to add to it every other nation, large or small, that will pledge itself to join in the job of seeing that international gangsters are promptly brought to the gibbet.

We want no more conferences among our friends on limitation of armaments; and our enemies, when we forgive them, are to have no armaments at all. We want the United States to maintain a mighty navy and air force, and whatever army may be necessary to strike when the enemies of peace raise their ugly heads. We are prepared to argue with the British empire and Russia on size of armaments, *not* to urge them to keep armaments down but to keep them up to the point of complete adequacy. And we expect other nations that join in our organization for international peace to build up their own armaments, to share with us the burden of defending the peace. No contribution, no vote, say we.

Most of us have coquetted with the idea of an international

police army. And nearly all of us have got over it. Nobody has given us a convincing statement of the organization of such an army. No one can tell us where it could be stationed, to be effective. We mean to keep our own military, naval, and air forces on our own ground under our own control, and we want the British empire, Russia, China, and France to do likewise. We mean to co-operate whole-heartedly, and with abundant strength, when the occasion requires. And we believe that so long as we maintain our determination to keep ourselves equipped to fight for peace if necessary, it will not be necessary to fight for peace.

But we are not impressed by the militaristic gentlemen who parade through the country proclaiming the moral value of universal military training for our boys and girls. What made Germany formidable was the well-meant provision in the Treaty of Versailles that the German system of universal service should be abolished and that the Germans should be held down to 100,000 men enlisted for twelve-year service. Twelve years gave opportunity for the thorough training of aviators, operators of tanks, parachutists. Thus the Germans were placed in a position to make armies out of one-year men—or civilians—when the time should come. We do not want any army sentimentalism from the time of Napoleon to waste our money on one-year conscripts when what we shall need are five-year or ten-year professionals.

So much for peace, and the force to insure peace. We plain Americans can agree so far, whether we are Mugwumps—as most of us appear to be—or Democrats, or dyed-in-the-wool Republicans. But we all know that the suppression of war is only a premise of something better—the organization of a true world civilization, with the co-operation of all the nations in creating a richer and more significant life for all mankind.

First of all, we want to be rid of the international trading rivalries that have obsessed the Western world ever since the British put down the Dutch, in the seventeenth century. Our traders, the British traders, the German and Japanese traders,

have pretended, in their search for profits, that they were carrying our respective flags, and we, belated Fourth of July ten-year-olds, chasing after the brass band, have let ourselves be taken in by the humbug that our various flags are wrapped around mercantile cupidities. We landlubbers are coming to realize that the high seas are an international highway and that whoso carries our surplus to the places of need and brings us the supplies we require is performing a public-service function we appreciate, whatsoever flag he flies. If conditions of competition oppress these public servants, let them get together and settle matters among themselves—under supervision of the Allied governments—but let us landlubbers hear no more of their private rivalries.

The war has taught us to do without a lot of things we want. We would do without more of them, if necessary. But we do not like to go without. And we look to the future for a régime that places the supply of things we need in the forefront of policy. If the supply is to be had on reasonable terms only from abroad, we want it to come in from abroad without any unnecessary yelping from unsuccessful Americans who argue that they can give us something just as good at their own price. We'd recommend them to use some ingenuity to produce things wanted abroad, to pay for what we choose to import.

This does not mean that we the plain people of America, who are going to elect the next President, are for free trade. The strong men of steel, agricultural machinery, plastics, automobiles, airplanes want it; the weak sisters I need not specify don't. We Americans have a tradition of being good brothers to weak sisters. We have scraped deep into our pockets to produce comfortable but unhealthy obesity in them. We won't let them starve. But let them be warned; we are for freer trade, even if they have to callus up their hands with honest toil.

Fundamentally we are a modest people. We know that we have a job at home that strains us almost to the breaking point. The war has taught us that we can work together and meet

the immense strains of a war economy and yet raise the standard of living of our people. The few of us who had felt a prescriptive right to choice steaks have, indeed, had reason to grouse over pigs feet and braised oxtail. There have been more steaks eaten than ever before, but the army and the horny-handed workman, who have the votes, have devoured them.

Are we destined to slip back into a condition of widespread unemployment, with eager consumers going without the things they need, and anxious workmen unemployed? We wouldn't take this well, after a war economy in which general welfare was at its highest. Let any political party offer us "normalcy." We bit on normalcy once. Only a fish bites twice, and that an expendable fish.

Liberate business initiative again and see what happens. We plain Americans believe in business initiative as we believe in the alternate expanding and relaxing of the biceps in a man's good right arm. It is an instrument we can't do without. We mean to cherish it. But we do not mean to let it have its way. Business initiative has had its share in giving us our periods of prosperity. It gave us our periods of depression. In the last one it nearly finished us. We do not mean to give it another chance to complete its work.

We want a régime in Washington that will recognize the beneficence of business initiative, so long as it occupies itself in producing efficiently and distributing fairly the commodities and the utilities the American people require. If it does this efficiently, good. We shall all be glad to see government drop back into its honorific and police functions. But we are not utopians.

We can foresee a period, upon the close of the war, when business initiative will be more preoccupied in exploiting the consumer by high prices, sustained by gentlemanly brigand agreements, than in exploiting our so-called natural resources, the powers of science and technology revealed in the crisis of war. Therefore, we mean to keep in the hands of government much of the power developed in war. Once we were fools, and on the strength of international promises sent a lot of our ships

out into deep water to be sunk. Once we were fools and dismantled our industrial controls in the interest of business initiative, speciously urging its devotion to the common good. We trust we are not destined to be fools, twice.

But the present controls of business initiative—under which business is thriving amazingly—are war controls. The next Administration will have to fall back on the powers of peace, will it not? Peace. Marvellous word: is it to bring upon us again the Harding era of loot and the Coolidge-Hoover era of speculation headed for the collapse? Wait. The fighting in Europe will be over, God willing, when the next Administration goes into office. But peace is a legal status, based on the ratification of treaties with the enemy governments. How soon will Germany have a government with which we are prepared to treat on equal terms? Not so long as we are forced to occupy German territory, to keep the surviving Nazis from returning to power. This means a year, two years, five years, after the final order, Cease firing. Time enough to adjust our economy to the conditions of peace.

The next Administration will enjoy at the outset full war powers over prices and production. Therefore, it will enjoy full powers over employment. And we may fairly expect the American people to be wise enough not to place in office an Administration too bound by *laissez-faire* dogma, too nerveless, to use the power it has to keep industry going and the channels of distribution open for the public good.

There will be the ten million soldiers for whom jobs must be found. There will be other millions released from war industry and needing other employment. True; but there will be the immense backlog of civilian needs to be satisfied: new housing, new equipment for living, new industrial equipment, not to speak of the immense export requirements of a world to be reconstructed after the most devastating of wars. Unless we permit our price structure to tie us up in knots, we shall have use for all the man power we can find. And our new Administration will have the power, if it has the resolution.

But can we overlook the fact that the war period is one in which production has been sustained by an ever-increasing

volume of loans, supported in part by taxes that exceed all earlier calculations of the capacity of an economy to endure? Can any such condition continue when the mood of war spirit gives way to the relaxed moods of peaceful life? We need not worry for a time about the flagging of war loans. Industrial reconstruction will need all the capital we can accumulate. And as for taxes, we shall reduce them, but if we are wise, we shall proceed slowly, making only such reductions as clearly advance the readjustment from a war to a peace economy, without engendering a boom for which we must suffer later. The surplus revenues we can use well to cut down the burden of debt. But here, too, we need to be wise as well as resolute. We can produce inflation by too drastic a reduction in taxes, but we can produce deflation by too severe an adherence to war rates.

Many Americans are concerned sincerely, many more insincerely, over the centralization of power in the federal government, and within the federal government, in the hands of the President. These are problems to be solved when we have peace, real peace. In that happy time, it is to be hoped, the State governments will accept the principle proclaimed by Governor Dewey, not States' rights, but States' responsibilities. The vast field of education, much of the field of relief, the fields of housing and town planning, the elimination of discrimination in employment on grounds of race, color, and religion, the greater part of the field of labor legislation, lie open to the States, if they care to exercise their responsibility. They can play a most important role in post-war reconstruction, if they choose. If they have lost in prestige relatively to the federal government, this is mainly due to their own inactivity, not to federal encroachment. No issue is here involved that concerns the coming election.

Neither is there any significant issue in the relation between the President and the two Houses. Within a wide range, the American President, we are all agreed, must have a free hand in time of war and afterwards so long as the war situation obtains, in law if not in fact. Lincoln had to work out the war powers of the President under a system that had never been

subject to the shock of desperate war. To obtain the necessary power, he had to "usurp" it. Congress and the country could cry out against usurpation, dictatorship. We learned our lesson. The Roosevelt haters can cry dictatorship, but no one can adduce instances of power usurped, over the heads of Congress.

Never since the "era of good feeling" that elected Monroe has there been so general an agreement among Americans of good will on the issues of a presidential campaign. We all want to see the war carried to a conclusive victory. We all want a hard but not a vindictive peace. We all want the United States to maintain its position in the world as a mighty military power, and we want our country to maintain a close understanding with our great allies, to the end that enemy militarism shall never dare to raise its head. We want to extend this understanding to all other friendly nations that are willing to share the burdens of insuring the peace. We hope for the eventual organization of all nations in a league of peace and mutual co-operation in civilization, but we are not prepared to lay down our arms so long as world organization is in the paper stage. We want the problems of demobilization to be handled firmly, without unnecessary confusion and waste, and we want the government to retain its war powers until this job is done. We want to play our part in the economic reconstruction of the nations shattered by war, but we do not want to be taken for a ride by foreign financiers who would take our money and let us whistle for repayment. We want to develop freer trading relations with all the world, that we may supply ourselves more adequately and market our surplus products. We want to give rein to private initiative, but we mean to remain the riders and keep private initiative to the road. We mean to harness government (federal and local), industry, finance, labor, together to pull us up to a higher level of general prosperity.

The issues are all American issues. They cannot be ordered in the old scheme of Republicans versus Democrats. Our actual problem consists in determining which political group is likely to carry out most conscientiously and efficiently the clear mandates of the people.

FREE PRIVATE ENTERPRISE FOR POST-WAR AMERICA

BY JAMES J. O'LEARY

POWERFUL support has been provided, during recent months, for free private enterprise as the best economic system for preserving political democracy, affording full employment of our resources, improving living standards, and promoting economic democracy in the post-war United States. There is strong justification for this attitude. Certainly we are all agreed upon the goals. We are not, however, clear about the term "free private enterprise," which has usually been put forward as a slogan without effort to define it in relation to the economic situation we shall face when the war ends. The purpose of this article is to inquire what "free private enterprise" must mean in the post-war period if we are to expect that it will achieve the desired objectives.

It would be fitting to begin with a detailed analysis of such outstanding alternatives to free private enterprise as state socialism or total economic planning by the federal government with ownership of the productive instruments remaining in private hands. I must, however, confine myself to explaining that I have rejected these alternatives as much less desirable than free private enterprise for two reasons. First, either system would inherently jeopardize our civil liberties. There has never been a system of state socialism or a totally planned economy which was founded on a political democracy of the American style. Even if we were to assume that we could establish state socialism or a governmentally planned economy within the framework of our democracy, there are strong reasons for fearing that it would soon drift into political dictatorship. This is true because both systems would require the elimination of one of our most cherished liberties—economic free-

dom. They would necessitate the formulation of elaborate economic plans of action to be carried out on a grand scale by bureaucratic agencies. Is it not conceivable that successful completion of such plans would demand the end of labor's freedom to choose jobs and move from job to job, and possibly the decline of freedom of speech and of the press, and of other forms of freedom? Or, perhaps, if large pressure groups such as labor and agriculture were able to preserve their freedom of action under these systems, might not unorganized groups become crushed between them? Under war planning of our economy, we are necessarily experiencing today many infringements on liberty—for example, in curbs on the freedom of workers in “essential” industries to choose new jobs, and in the squeezing of people living on small fixed incomes between the pressure groups of labor and agriculture. While there are, of course, great differences between an economy totally planned for war and one totally planned for peace, at the same time there is great danger that violation of individual liberties would occur under the latter as well as the former.

The second reason for our rejecting state socialism or any form of total economic planning by government is that there is much evidence that in practice neither system would provide as efficient use of our resources as free private enterprise. Freedom of consumer choice is a prerequisite for democratic state socialism or government planning. It is difficult to believe, however, that such rigid systems could deal nearly so efficiently with changing consumer desires as free market prices under private enterprise.

By “free private enterprise” for the post-war period I do not mean *laissez faire*. The severe unemployment of the Thirties, resulting in a loss of at least \$100 billions of national income during the years between 1930 and 1938, proved that something was seriously wrong with our pre-war private enterprise system. The aim here is to consider what was wrong with it and to suggest measures designed to enable it to function at full capacity in future peace years.

The most publicized explanation for the failure of the

American economy to recover fully from depression in the Thirties is that put forward by the "stagnationists"—an influential group of economists led by Professor Alvin Hansen of Harvard. Their thesis is that the great depression was not merely a cyclical down-turn of business. Rather, it was the result of a *secular* change in the American economy, which had reached "maturity" and was no longer capable of providing full employment without a large and permanent program of government spending. Economists of this school assert correctly that unless the volume of saving carried out under full employment finds its way into investment spending, an interruption will occur in the smooth flow of income through our economy, and it will function below full employment. They assume that the pattern of saving is quite rigidly determined by habit and institutionalized methods, so that investment is considered the dynamic factor. The reasons why our economy was in the doldrums during the Thirties, they argue, were that the rate of our population growth had slackened, that our expanding geographical frontier had closed, and that no important new American industries developed, with the general result that investment opportunities were too limited to absorb all the savings of a full employment economy. Assuming that we shall have no appreciable future growth of population or expansion of frontiers, they argue further that technological changes and new industries will afford the sole future avenues for new private investment. They contend that the prosperity of the Twenties rested on five factors: (1) the enormous growth of residential building, (2) a large volume of public construction financed by State and local borrowing, (3) foreign investments in the period following the First World War, (4) a tremendous expansion of consumer credit, and (5) the prodigious growth of the automobile industry, together with all the related industries it fostered and sustained, including rubber, oil, glass, steel, road equipment machinery, and cement. In their view, the depression of the Thirties grew out of the absence of these favorable factors, plus the inadequacy of federal spending as a gap-filler. These economists predict that the future de-

velopment of such new industries as the airplane, plastics, television, and pre-fabricated housing will fall far short of providing sufficient private investment opportunities for a post-war full employment economy. They conclude, therefore, that full employment in post-war America will require a huge program of public investment in such forms as urban re-development projects, rural rehabilitation, low-cost housing, express highways, terminal facilities, electrification, flood control, re-forestation, public health, nutrition, and education. This program, moreover, they conceive to be a permanent one, to be carried out largely by the use of funds borrowed from commercial banks. The larger interest payments necessitated by an expanding national debt they believe can be met out of a rising national income induced by the public expenditures.

Several objections can be raised to various points in this "stagnation" theory. For example, since the territorial frontier, in the sense of the West, disappeared a generation ago, how did it happen that the "kickback" was delayed until the Thirties? In any case, what is meant by saying that an expanding geographical frontier provides new investment opportunities? If the meaning is that geographical expansion opens up the use of new resources, this is still possible after the frontier has disappeared, as is borne out by our development of slash pine and petroleum. As to our population, since the best figures available show that the rate of growth began to decline as early as 1850, one may well ask how it happened that the adverse economic effects were so slow in appearing. During the late Twenties and early Thirties, moreover, the actual number of families was on the increase. Again, the volume of investment in plant equipment was not abnormally low in the Thirties. What was really low was the volume of construction, foreign investment, and consumer credit; and perhaps special factors such as the increasing strength of building-trade unions and international political instability were responsible for the low level of construction and foreign investment.

As to the future, it is true that the volume of savings may decline for at least two reasons. A larger fraction of the popula-

tion will be composed of old people, who will probably spend, not save. A Santa Claus government policy may tend to discourage thrift. However, with the changing age composition of our population, we shall undoubtedly see great shifts in consumers' desires, for example, more wheel chairs in place of perambulators. Such shifts increase the demand for new investment. Furthermore, although the rate of population growth has been declining, the most reliable authorities forecast an increase in absolute terms to a peak population of 187 millions in 1980. Large investment expenditures will be required to accommodate this growth. Still greater investment expenditures will be made to satisfy a vast reservoir of hitherto unsatisfied wants if we can continue in peace time, as we are doing today, to get more purchasing power into the hands of the lower-income groups. (Recent studies indicate that in the mid-1930's two-thirds of American families of four or more were receiving incomes of less than \$1,500.) The advocates of the stagnation theory seem to have overlooked another favorable possibility in the post-war period—that we may enjoy a degree of international political stability and co-operation we have not had for a long time, perhaps ever. If we do, there ought to be enormous outlets for our capital in foreign countries. The international economic and political philosophy of the United Nations points encouragingly in this direction. Finally, the stagnationists may not be infallible in their appraisal of the role of new industries in post-war America. No one can be certain today how far the airplane and airplane-induced industries will develop. The same may be said of television, plastics, industrial use of farm products, pre-fabricated housing, and others.

The conflict of opinion over the adequacy of post-war private investment outlets is beautifully illustrated in the book entitled "Postwar Economic Problems" with chapters by Richard Bissell, Alvin Hansen, and others, and edited by Seymour Harris. Professor Bissell, after a careful statistical analysis, arrives at the conclusion that full employment of our national resources after the war will require a national income of \$132

billions. He estimates that with this income there will be a need for \$23.2 billions of private investment each year if the economy is to continue functioning at full employment, and he presents figures to show that such a volume of private investment could be achieved. Professor Hansen, on the other hand, assumes statistically that by 1950 our full employment national income will reach \$150 billions, but that \$40 billions of "government purchases of goods and services" will be required to maintain the national income at this level. Which of the two men is more nearly correct in his analysis? It is impossible to say with any degree of certainty because the work of each can be little more than a statistical projection based largely on his guess as to future private investment opportunities. If, however, our post-war economy develops along the lines suggested in this article, there is strong reason to believe that Professor Bissell's optimism about private investment will be substantiated.

A most significant shortcoming of the stagnationists' argument is that they become so possessed with aggregate income flows and the necessity for equating savings and investment in a quantitative sense at the level of full employment that they largely ignore some extremely important institutional factors. Some of the dangers feared by the stagnationist school may be attributed to these factors and can be avoided by remedial measures applied to them. It is essential to observe that certain institutions which have grown into full maturity during the past few decades have drastically altered the functioning of our private enterprise system. Some of the more noteworthy of these institutional factors may be considered with regard to their effect on the market for goods and services, on the labor market, on savings and investment, and on the relationship between business and government.

Perhaps the most important institutional development in the market for goods and services has been the widespread growth of advertising. The modern market is characterized by differentiation of products which is made possible by the use and advertising of brand names. Each of the several producers

of cigarettes, for example, can employ a brand name and advertise it to differentiate his product and thus slice off a portion of the market for himself. A similar situation exists in the case of almost all our finished commodities—automobiles, radios, frigidaire, tooth powder, shaving cream, and a host of others. Firms producing cigarettes, for instance, compete fiercely with each other, but the competition is not of the traditional price nature; it is rather in terms of quality, service, or even the pleasures of radio programs. The effect has been that the sellers have been able to compete, and at the same time have been able to administer their prices and to maintain them quite rigidly. If we add to product differentiation through advertised brand names other forms of monopolistic enterprise, such as situations entirely controlled by one seller or situations in which there are only a few sellers, the effect is a network of rigid prices for finished commodities as well as products in the intermediate stages of production.

Among economists, there has been considerable debate as to whether price rigidity is now any greater than it was fifty years ago. Statistical evidence can be presented to show that the proportion of rigid prices (those which change infrequently and over a narrow range) to flexible prices (those which change frequently and over a wide range) was about as high fifty years ago as it is today. It is true, however, that price rigidity is a much more disturbing economic factor today because of the greater aggregate number of prices which are rigid, and because of the increase in the interconnections and scope of our pricing system with the broadening of markets. Nor is the rigidifying of prices the only result of monopolistic situations. Perhaps of greater importance to healthy free private enterprise is the curbing effect these situations exert on the freedom of new business firms to enter the market or on the freedom of existing firms to expand output. The theory of an automatically self-adjusting free enterprise system presupposes a high degree of price competition and flexibility as well as freedom of entry into the market by new risk-takers and unhindered expansion of output by existing firms. Recent institutional

changes in our markets, however, have rendered these presuppositions less and less realistic.

A comparable situation has developed in the labor market. It is well known that during the past few decades the strength of organized labor has increased tremendously. This trend has been most desirable from the standpoint of economic democracy, but it has had three adverse results from the standpoint of an efficiently functioning free private enterprise system. First, wage rates are no longer mainly determined in a highly competitive market; the employer is now faced by a monopolistic seller of labor power, the strong trade union. One effect of this is that wage rates have become much more rigid and difficult to reduce during a period of deflation. As a matter of fact, rigid wages have become a very important factor in causing rigid prices for finished commodities. Another effect is that the large gain in labor strength through collective bargaining has increased the risk which business entrepreneurs must take as they embark on new investments. There can be no doubt that labor's power to demand and obtain high wages has exerted a dampening effect on expectations of profit and thus on new investment. Again, the increased power of organized labor has resulted in a drive for occupational security, which has tended to reduce labor mobility. It is obvious, however, that labor mobility is a prerequisite for a smoothly functioning free enterprise system, which depends on risk-taking.

The nature of the saving process has also been greatly altered during the past few decades. Orthodox economics pictures the individual as making a careful decision as to how much he will spend or save, with the height of the interest rate playing an important part in his decision. The higher the rate of interest, it was thought, the greater the volume of savings. At the present time, however, the bulk of our saving is done with little regard for the height of the interest rate. A considerable part of our national saving, for example, is done by corporations by means of depreciation reserves and undistributed profits. The gross savings of non-financial corporations in 1939 were \$5.4 billions. Life insurance savings are an interesting

case in point. Premium receipts of life insurance companies in 1938 amounted to nearly \$4 billions, or about one-fifth of the savings that would be made in a post-war full employment economy, and the income of insurance companies from investments yielded an additional billion dollars. There can be no doubt that so far as the policy-holder is concerned such saving is done without regard to the current interest rate on his investment. The growing significance of this type of saving becomes clear if we observe that the amount of life insurance in force increased from \$16.4 billions in 1910 to \$111 billions in 1938. Other institutions which serve as huge funnels into which savings are poured are mutual savings banks, building and loan associations, trust companies, postal savings banks, and commercial banks. Estimates of the amount of saving done through them are not available, but it must represent a huge annual sum.

As a result, institutions have been playing a rapidly increasing part in the investment process. We have seen, for example, that in 1938 life insurance companies received a net income of about \$5 billions which was available for investment. The bulk of this income was received by the five largest companies, the officers of which were thus in a position to determine what was to be done with a substantial part of the income flowing through our economy. In recent years the life insurance companies have been hard-pressed to find satisfactory securities in which to invest. State laws and a cautious investment policy have led them to confine their investments largely to bonds. During the past several years, however, the volume of utility and corporation bonds has been far too small to absorb life insurance savings. The companies have been forced, therefore, to go very heavily into government bonds and to hold larger quantities of cash than in the past.

Another feature of the investment process today which is worthy of note is that the major part of corporation capital is now internally supplied by means of plowing back depreciation reserves and undistributed earnings. No longer do most corporations have to go through the testing ground of the capital

markets. Also, since a small number of corporations control the major part of non-financial corporate assets (the 200 largest non-financial corporations in 1933 owned 64% of the net capital assets of all such corporations) investment decisions are concentrated in relatively few hands. Furthermore, business men requiring only small amounts of capital have found it difficult to satisfy their needs because investment bankers and institutional recipients of savings have been unwilling to provide funds except in large blocks. Finally, the investment market is characterized by a network of control which increases the degree of concentration over investment decisions. Interlocking directorates and multiple directorships have tied together the life insurance companies, the commercial banks, investment banks, mutual savings banks, and corporations in an intricate pattern of interconnections.

The final group of institutional changes which ought to be noted here are those which have occurred during the past decade with respect to the relationship between business and government. The New Deal program was a curious combination of recovery and reform. On the recovery side we recognize such schemes as the N.R.A., public spending for pump-priming purposes (in the beginning, part of the N.R.A.), the "easy-money" policy, devaluation of the dollar, and the reciprocal trade agreements program. As for reform, among other things we had the beginning of careful federal supervision of the security markets, the Public Utility Act of 1935 designed to eliminate the abuses of public utility holding companies, a slightly strengthened anti-trust program, revision of our banking laws, and the promotion of collective bargaining. There were two significant effects of the New Deal program. First, the federal government's role in our economic life grew increasingly important. Secondly, this increase of the government's power in our economic life, as well as its vacillating attitude towards private business—sometimes threatening and at others encouraging—along with the trial-and-error nature of its recovery and reform program, tended to cause great uncertainty in the minds of business men and to dampen their

ardor for risk-taking enterprise. There were undoubtedly other effects of the New Deal, but these two seem most noteworthy from the standpoint of this article.

The point I wish to emphasize here is that in my judgment the stagnationists have slighted institutional factors in their appraisal of the future of private enterprise in the United States. If we are to get a fair over-all picture of our economy, we must not only consider the flow of income through it in quantitative terms but also examine carefully the institutional bottlenecks which are hindering the free flow of income at full employment. I should now like to outline roughly a program designed to set up a more workable free private enterprise system in post-war America. The program is not presented as a complete one; rather, it is intended to suggest a line of approach for establishing free private enterprise on a full employment basis.

To this end, action should be taken first in the market for goods and services. Truly *free* private enterprise requires a high degree of freedom of entry into the market for new firms, removal of restrictions on output expansion by established firms, and flexibility of prices. The goal of any action, therefore, must be to bring about these conditions. The proper means for achieving this goal is a greatly strengthened anti-trust program. It may be argued that the record of our anti-trust division proves that little can be accomplished through this agency. It is submitted here, however, that in the past the anti-trust division has been hamstrung in its activities because of several factors, including lack of continuous leadership (the average tenure of anti-trust division heads has been very short), a pitifully small annual appropriation, an inadequate staff of economists, lawyers, and specialized investigators, insufficient power to initiate investigations itself, and uncertainty as to the meaning of the Sherman Act. Thurman Arnold seems to have been well on the way to improving this situation before the war broke out. The first step, therefore, is to establish a powerful anti-trust division, which must exert every means to eliminate restrictions on freedom of entry into the market and expansion of output by existing firms, and to increase the flexibility of our

price structure. Care must be taken, however, to insure that business men understand the purpose of the anti-trust program, and it must be carried out in such a way as to minimize any adverse effects on business confidence. Other steps should be taken to ease the anti-trust division's burden. It is well known, for instance, that our existing patent laws have made possible the formation of monopolies which have curbed freedom of entry into the market. These laws should be revised to eliminate such abuses, one very helpful measure being the reduction of the life of a patent from seventeen years to a much shorter period. Another good suggestion has been put forward by Herbert F. Boettler and John W. Snyder, vice presidents of the First National Bank of St. Louis. They have urged the voluntary establishment of a privately owned National Industrial Credit Corporation, with capital of at least \$500,000,000, to be subscribed by banks, insurance companies, corporations, labor organizations, and individuals. The resources of the corporation would be used for the purpose of providing "venture capital" for small and medium-sized business enterprises. We have seen furthermore that our modern economy has become entangled in a vast financial superstructure of holding companies, interlocking directorates, and other financial devices which hinder its flexible operation. Evidence presented during the hearings on the Public Utility Act of 1935 showed that much of the utility financial superstructure was parasitic and could be stripped away without disturbing the fundamental operating companies. A similar situation exists in much of our other financial superstructure. Through anti-trust action and new statutes such superstructures should be removed where they fulfil no useful purpose. It might even be argued that some of our industrial enterprises have exceeded the optimum size for obtaining the lowest possible unit costs. In fact, the Federal Trade Commission has shown (in Monograph No. 13 of the Temporary National Economic Committee) that in many instances the largest corporations have had higher unit costs than medium-sized firms. This fact suggests that some atomization of our largest industrial enterprises might be carried out without causing increased unit costs. It would be the

task of the anti-trust division to decide, on the basis of careful studies, which corporations should be broken up into smaller units, as well as the manner in which the breaking up process should be accomplished.

Anti-trust activity should be extended beyond the market for goods and services into the labor market. We have seen that modern trade-union monopolies tend during prosperity to force wages high enough to destroy the profit incentive, and during deflation they are inclined to maintain wages rigidly at the expense of employment. Monopoly action of this sort, with its restrictive effect on employment and production, should be prevented no less than the restrictive activities of monopolistic producers of commodities. Beyond the union monopoly aspect, however, as has frequently been pointed out, some racketeering has crept into the labor movement. It should be stamped out by anti-trust action wherever it exists.

The success of any policy designed to eliminate restrictive practices of trade unions and producers would be made much more certain if a way could be found to reconcile the differences between capital and labor. Representatives of capital and labor must be brought together at common council tables and led to understand the mutuality and interdependability of their respective self-interests. Cornell University has recently announced the introduction of a course of study planned to accomplish this purpose. Educational programs of this sort might do much towards eliminating the spirit of distrust and hostility which exists between capital and labor. Unification of the organized labor movement by means of a junction of the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. would be most helpful, of course, in facilitating this educational process.

It has been estimated that our post-war national income must reach \$125 billions (1938 price level) if we are to enjoy full employment of resources. Out of this income we should expect about \$25 billions to be saved. Our great problem in the post-war years will be to find investment outlets in sufficient volume to absorb the income saved if we are to maintain an uninterrupted flow of the \$125 billions national income. There are two methods of attack on this problem under free private

enterprise. One is to pursue a policy designed to reduce our national savings, but this task is rendered difficult because of the mechanical or routine nature of our saving process already mentioned. The second, and by far the more promising, line of attack is to move heaven and earth to stimulate private investment. Both methods should be employed, but the second should be pushed with the greater vigor.

Let us examine, first, the policy which should be followed with respect to saving. We have had in the United States a high savings economy primarily because of the well-known maldistribution of our national income, with great concentration of wealth in the hands of a small fraction of the population. For example, according to the best available evidence, in the year July 1, 1935, to June 30, 1936, 65% of American families at the lower end of the income scale received less than \$1,500, and 87% less than \$2,500, and the bulk of saving was done by the upper third of income recipients. Our war-time income tax schedules—likely to be continued at least through the immediate post-war period—have, of course, modified this picture of the mid-Thirties by leveling off considerably the peaks of net income in the hands of the people who used to save and invest large amounts with their net income surpluses.

With such facts in mind, what can be done to decrease the volume of savings at full employment in order to relieve the burden on investment? It is very tempting to suggest that *post-war* income tax rates be made much higher, progressively, as compared with *pre-war* rates for persons receiving, let us say, from \$4,000 to \$50,000. In this way a larger part of the savable income of individuals could be withdrawn by the government and then restored to the general income stream by public spending. Such a measure has two drawbacks, however. First, it would probably have a seriously dampening effect on the spirit of entrepreneurship. Secondly, the saving habits of what might be called the middle income group have become so firmly established that increased peace-time taxes on their income might cause them to reduce consumption substantially. The inheritance tax, however, could be used effectively to reduce savings without grave danger that it would destroy indi-

vidual incentives or substantially reduce consumption expenditures. Since it has been true that the source of much of our saving in the past has been the income from accumulated property handed down from generation to generation, a steeply progressive inheritance tax would be an effective tool for reducing savings. It would not only cut the volume of annual savings, but would also promote economic democracy by affording more equality in the distribution of income and wealth.

The principal attack on the saving-investment problem should be made on the side of investment. For one thing, certain tax reforms would be most helpful towards providing investment incentives. The excess profits tax has long been a formidable deterrent to risk-taking, and it should be repealed in the immediate post-war period. In addition, Congress should further reduce the burden of business taxation by lowering the corporation income tax and repealing the graduation of its rate, by extending the number of years in which business enterprises may carry their losses forward or backward in income tax returns, by liberalizing depreciation allowances in income tax returns, and by granting credits for new corporate investments. Investment would also be stimulated if Congress would eliminate the existing discrimination against equity finance (bond interest is an allowable deduction in corporate tax returns, whereas dividends are not) by granting corporate deductions for dividends paid out or by exempting dividends from the personal normal income tax. In the long-range post-war plans Congress should further reduce the emphasis on business taxation. Also, federal, State, and local taxation should be revised to accomplish the following objectives: (1) shift of emphasis to some extent from income and consumption taxes (the sales tax, for example) to inheritance and gift taxation; (2) reduction, by further use of credits or by lowering the high bracket rates, of the heavy marginal burden on new investment involved in high personal income surtaxes; (3) reform of local property taxation to remove deterrents to new construction and housing; and (4) elimination of other hindrances on risk investment, such as tax-exempt securities.

In the interest of increased private investment, the general

policy of both federal and State governments should be to give the green light to *free* private enterprise. This would not mean the end of government reforms or regulation. Indeed, it would not mean that there is not a proper sphere for government in business. Rather, it would mean that the governing powers should clearly define and make known to business men the limits of reform and regulation and the exact sphere of government enterprise, in order to minimize uncertainty and confusion in their minds. The trial-and-error experimentation of the New Deal was perhaps necessary at the time, but there can be little doubt that the business uncertainty engendered by an ill-defined and experimental program of recovery and reform tended to forestall a complete and speedy recovery. The Administration must cease calling business men "economic royalists" if it expects them to assume risks and to make long-term commitments. As for the State governments, there has been an increasing tendency in recent years to pass statutes which set up barriers against out-of-State enterprises. This development has already exerted a harmful effect on our internal trade, the life-blood of American private enterprise. A removal of the restrictions already established would afford a strong stimulus to private investment.

Another way to increase private investment is to remove some of the institutional bottlenecks which hamper the flow of savings into business ventures. State laws prohibiting savings institutions from purchasing the stocks of sound business firms, for example, should be eliminated from the statute books. We have already seen that an enormous amount of saving is being done through private institutions. Beyond that, however, in recent years several government funds—for instance, the old-age insurance reserve fund, the unemployment insurance reserve funds of the States, and the federal deposit insurance fund—have been established. Huge amounts of income are poured into such funds, the investment of which is generally confined by law to government debt. If our economy is to be one in which risk-taking is encouraged, and unless we are to have a permanently large and increasing public debt, a substantial amount of the receipts of government funds, as well as the income of pri-

vate savings institutions, should be directed into carefully selected equities of business enterprise. We should reverse the investment trend which has been placing our economy in a strait-jacket of fixed interest-bearing debt. A national investment authority composed of representatives of the various private and public savings institutions should be organized to facilitate the flow of institutional savings into private investment. It should be the task of this authority to determine and carry out a broad investment policy aimed at promoting full employment.

A smoothly functioning and self-adjusting free private enterprise system requires a high degree of labor mobility, but recent developments have tended to reduce it. Short-sighted trade-union policy, for example, has frequently aimed at keeping men in occupations where they were no longer needed because of technological change. Our unemployment insurance program has undoubtedly caused some reduction in labor mobility, but it has probably been slight because of the low benefit payments. The post-war policy of government, business, and labor should be in the direction of job security, not occupational security. Labor leaders must be shown the disastrous effects of a policy designed to freeze workers in their occupations. Unemployment insurance benefits, relief payments, and wages from public works should be kept at a low level compared with wages in private industry in order to encourage labor mobility. Also, public and private employment services should be extended and improved, and occupational re-training schools should be instituted by the federal government. Finally, persons receiving unemployment insurance benefits or relief payments should be required to report periodically to public employment agencies and to accept suitable jobs when available. The federal government should establish a system under the United States Employment Service's jurisdiction for financing the removal of needy families and individuals to places where they could obtain new jobs.

Some cyclical fluctuations in business activity would undoubtedly occur despite all efforts to establish a flexible free private enterprise system for the purpose of maintaining full

employment. We should take certain measures, therefore, to stabilize economic activity at the level of full employment. The Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System should continue to employ their traditional powers for cyclical control, including changes in the rediscount rate and reserve requirements, as well as open market operations. In addition, a federal fiscal authority composed of the Secretary of the Treasury, chairman of the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System, chairmen of the House and Senate Ways and Means Committees, Director of the Budget, chairman of the Social Security Board, and possibly others, should be organized to plan and co-ordinate post-war federal fiscal policy. This policy would be along three lines of action.

First, the authority's basic policy should be to permit surpluses and deficits to arise automatically from fluctuations in business activity, in booms the surpluses being used to retire federal debt and in depressions the deficits being covered by borrowing from commercial banks. That is, aside from any changes in tax provisions, the surpluses realized from increased revenues during periods of high prosperity should be employed to reduce debt, and any deficits experienced during depression because of declining revenues should be met by borrowing from commercial banks.

Secondly, a thorough exploration and study should be made of the political and economic feasibility of utilizing deliberately planned deficits created by tax reduction during depression in order to stimulate consumption and investment. If it were found practicable, this would mean that with the onset of depression the federal government would purposely create or increase its deficit by lowering income and business taxes, for example, for the declared purpose of stimulating consumption and private investment. This method of creating deficits would have decided advantages over the method used during the Thirties—borrowing from commercial banks. Its effect would be to preserve and encourage private investment, whereas the method of the Thirties tended to destroy business confidence.

Thirdly, if deflationary forces could not be overcome by

these measures, the authority should resort to the temporary use of worth-while public works, financed by commercial bank loans and planned in advance as to timing and the areas of business to be invaded. We should avoid, however, a policy of permanent deficit finance because of the dangers involved in an increasingly large public debt, as well as the destructive effect of such a policy upon private investment incentives. By measures such as these it should be possible to level out the fluctuations of our free private enterprise system.

It would be unduly pessimistic to assume that the American post-war economy will be stagnant. We should not need in the post-war period a huge and permanent program of public investment, for post-war private investment opportunities should be abundant if government, capital, and labor would work together to promote the expansion of free private enterprise and employment. Government policy should be directed towards eliminating restrictions on private investment and encouraging it, as well as stabilizing economic activity at the level of full employment. Capital and labor should co-operate in this general policy, for without their co-operation it could not possibly succeed.

This general type of economic system, however difficult to achieve, would be the best means for promoting social welfare. By providing full employment it would afford the greatest possible economic security for our people. This is not to imply, of course, that we should abandon our social security program, which is fully consonant with free private enterprise and should be maintained and strengthened. Expanding post-war private investment would also provide us with a higher national income and improved living standards. In some degree, furthermore, a steeply progressive inheritance tax would insure greater economic democracy. Finally, under such a system of free private enterprise our civil liberties would be safe from the ravages of political dictatorship. The system may have some disadvantages, but, after all, no mundane economic system can guarantee us full employment, progress in living standards, preservation of our civil liberties, and heaven too.

TWO POEMS

By LOUIS ARAGON

LAMENT FOR THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF A LOVE

LOVE survives the disaster of our arms,
The shroud of love at midnight comes undone,
In the heart of the tear the diamond comes to birth
April again brightens the epoch when
The shadow with feet of clay looms over us
Youth with the halter round the neck can dream
Forgetting Charles the Fifth for Virgil
Times of trouble are very much alike

Abandoning the helmet and canteen
These young folks who have never smiled
The spirit envious of the Latin words
What have they learned, what have they not unlearned,
These two children in the hedges of France
Resemble the Angel and the Virgin Mary
He knows by heart Terence and Titus Livy,
When she sings it sounds like a prayer.

I imagine her with hazel eyes,
I would rather, for myself, have had them blue,
But her hair is reddish-gold,
Like yours, my haloed and adored beloved,
I see the Saone and the Rhone take fire
One from the other, like two kept apart,
He looks at her, watching the sun go down,
She is sixteen and has never wept.

The powerful arms of the mingled waters
Make a love they do not know
But both of them dreamed of, she, and Oliver
Whom false love made a fool of at Cahors
Clothed in black as in adventurous times
Crusaders plighted to death
Who bore to Arthur's Table Round the sorrow
Of loving and never closing the arms again

La Belle Cordière—what a strange name it was,
Her mouth is red, her body like a child's,
My memory falters. A dream of yesterday,
She was pale as the morning,
Lyon, Lyon, do not listen to the Saone,
Too many drowned men sitting at the banquet,
How muddy and yellow these waters are, how could I
Read my destiny in them?

I will sing this love of Louise
Like Jeanne d'Arc a soldier at sixteen
With the sorrel-colored hair
In the scenery that a glance can shift elsewhere
She was afraid the night would be too clear
She was afraid the wine would make her drunk
She was afraid of displeasing him, her worst fear,
On the hill where the pheasants flew

Dost thou not love the velvet of the lie?
There are flowers called pansies, after thoughts,
I have gathered them to burgeon in my dreams,
I have twined them into garlands, all for thee,
They entered the painted chapel,
And—sacrilege!—he was going to kiss her there,
The lightning strikes and burns the eyes of the saint,
The roof splits, and the walls are overthrown.

That thunderbolt breaks them apart forever
These blackened walls will never bloom again
And in our stricken hearts from side to side
Who will tend the flowers of mercy?
Saone-colored flowers in the heart of man
There are flowers called marigolds, or sometimes rue,
Oliver of Magny goes to Rome,
Louise Labé stays here.

Four hundred years the lovers have been waiting
Patient as fishermen waiting for a fish
Four hundred years, and I come back to tell them
Nothing is changed, our hearts are still the same,
There is always shadow, and there is always evil
On the deserted highway where we pass
France and love weep with the selfsame tears
Nothing is ever ended with the song.

RICHARD THE LION HEART

IF the world is a barrack-room
At Tours in France where we are kept,
If the stranger plows our fields,
If the daytime never ends,

Keep account of every hour,
Hate is something I must learn,
Find the heart no more a home,
O my country, mine indeed

Cease to watch the singing bird
Whose forbidden language cries,
Cease to watch the faithless cloud
Big with dreams and memories

Theirs the strength, and ours the name,
Sufferers we recognize
Night grows darker all in vain,
A prisoner can make a song

A song as pure as water is
As white as bread once used to be,
A song to rise above the crib
So loud and strong that shepherds see

Shepherds, magi, sailing-men,
Drivers, butchers, scholars all,
Experts in the game of words,
Image-makers, market-dames,

Business people, men who work
In the steel-mills or at looms,
Traffic cops, telegraphers,
Grimy fellows from the mines,

Whatsoever be his name,
Every Frenchman understands
We are Blondel's brotherhood
Freedom with her brushing wings
Answers Richard Lion Heart
And we know the song is good.

ABOUT LOVE

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

UNTIL we begin to argue, we seldom attempt to define the words we are using. We may then discover how vague and inexact are the meanings that we attach to them—meanings which are not only the concern of the intellect but no less also of our feelings. The utmost clarity in thinking is ideally desirable; and words, apart from images, are its implements, even though strict and precise definition may result in fixing too rigidly what it is wiser to keep fluent. Rationality urges precision, intuition eludes it, and a sweet reasonableness sighs for a breath of air and freedom. It is well, for example, for the sake of our peace of mind, and to insure an adequate supply of self-esteem, that we should not insist on discovering the comparative limitations of our word “I,” and yet be as elastic and generous as possible in what we conceive to be the content of “you,” and even of “they.”

By means past tracing—listening, thinking, reading—from childhood onwards, our words have taken to themselves the meanings we believe we attach to them; and that, we assume, *is* their meaning. Our vocabulary, however oddly assorted, is all in the dictionary; surely, then, its individual words must be of a fixed value and of a universal currency. But how far is this from being true. How seldom are any two people, even though they may be constantly in each other's company, really at one regarding the meaning of the words they use; and even regarding the things in life which matter to them most. It is here indeed that they are likely to differ most.

A complete accord would imply the closest similarity in spirit, temperament, character, experience, and education. Our master words, symbols for all that is near and dear, for all that we dislike or despise, are richly autobiographical. Our

very selves are bound up with them. Memories and emotions cluster about them like the tiny sprigs of seaweed and the minute living anemones on the shell of a hermit crab. They are in the service of our solitude as well as of intercourse. They have become attached, as it were, to parcels of meaning and of things meant which throughout our lives we have kept more or less secret, and of which we alone can know—though we seldom may perhaps—the complete contents. At use of them we let fall a pebble into the secret waters of another mind and may catch the answering splash; but the ever-widening ripples are soundless and remain unshared. Indeed, if in the midst of a close and familiar talk with a friend it were possible to exchange our self with his, consciousness with consciousness, each would find himself in a region, a little universe indeed, stranger and far less intelligible than that which any earthly explorer has ever encountered in the world at large. Any such introduction to a new ego—this complete re-orientation, and all it implies—is it even imaginable?

How then of the word love? If it has been used with any seriousness, response to it in company is unlikely to be encouraging. It will share the mental recoil and uneasiness that may follow the mention of God, or sin, or soul, or death. Mishaps of this kind should be avoided. We have been guilty of that little social disaster—an error in taste. We have trespassed not on the forbidden, perhaps, but on the dangerous. At such moments, as at family prayers, or when listening to music, we forbear even to glance at one another's faces. We become self-conscious, though of which self we may fail to inquire. The snail within draws in his horns. The echoes of the challenge die away; the drawbridge is up; the citadel is ranged for defense.

Much, of course, depends on that company. If it is English and conventional, a polite silence, a pregnant reticence may be the only outcome. That might not be so in France or Russia. The atmosphere has become perceptibly stilled, if not chilled. We realize that we have been warned, and desist. But the human face is a far more rapid index of its owner's thoughts and feelings than his tongue; and we may have at once detected

the lifting of an eyebrow, or an uneasy or complacent and swiftly erased smile, a half-concealed smirk, a vanishing leer, a tightening of the mouth, a cynical lift of the upper lip, a ripple of sentiment, a whimsical interrogation of the eyelid, the settling of a mask, or, far less likely, a facial transmutation of a radiance such as a seraph might envy. And yet if, gravely and frankly, we should begin to discuss the subject of love—which cannot but include of course its antitheses *amour-propre*, dislike, antipathy, contempt, hatred—we should find that it is all but equal in extension with that of life itself. There would be little hope of more than a surface agreement, and a lively risk of sparks in the tinder.

The commonplace summary “He cannot really, then, have loved her” consists, for each one of us, of five separate parcels, each with its verbal label or tag. Even if its “he” and “her” remain anonymous, we shall at first glimpse have attached a vague little package of meaning to either pronoun—character, personality, possibly appearance. We have probably at once converted the “then” into *our* argument, and, having done so, our “really” and “loved” might take us hours to expound. With how much of this will any other “he” or “she” be likely to concur in regard to those to whom the sentence might be actually applied: to Shelley and Harriet, or Swift and Vanessa, let us say; to Bothwell and Mary Stuart; George IV and Perdita; to Paolo and Francesca; Abélard and Héloïse; Thomas and Jane Carlyle; to Christian and his wife; Othello and Desdemona; to Gibbon and the young lady of whom (when on paternal advice he had resigned her hand) he said, “I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son”—the Gibbon also of “I was never less alone than when by myself,” who screened the indelicacies in his great work by keeping them in their original Latin? Words indeed resemble chameleons—they take on the complexion of the minds that use them; and telepathy would scoff at them. Nor, however familiar, are they ever completely natural to us, as are colors, odors, and notes of music.

“It is a serious drawback to me in writing,” confessed Sir Francis Galton, “and still more in explaining myself, that I do

not so easily think the words as otherwise. It often happens that after being hard at work, and having arrived at results that are perfectly clear and satisfactory to myself, when I try to express them in language I feel that I must begin by putting myself on quite another intellectual plane. I have to translate my thoughts into a language that does not run very evenly with them. I therefore waste a vast deal of time in seeking for appropriate words and phrases. . . . I may add that often while engaged in thinking out something I catch an accompaniment of nonsense words, just as the notes of a song might accompany thought. . . . Lastly I frequently employ nonsense words as temporary symbols."

Galton might here be referring not to literary composition but to love-talk. Lovers never weary of craving to communicate what no mere words unaided can. Their parcels stubbornly refuse to be unpacked, although it is not for "quite another intellectual plane" they pine. Sighs elude ink; crosses—"temporary symbols"—must stand for kisses; and, though not from any apprehension of wasting time, they have to find haven in such piteous exclamations as "Words could not express," "I cannot tell you," "If only I could say!" "My heart—" Even Swift, the self-appointed hangman of mankind, and never at a loss for clean, close, incisive English, lapsed happily and lovably into nonsense words and nursery-jargon. "Lovers," said Mrs. Meynell, "have made a little language in all times. . . . Ideal lovers, no doubt, would be so simple as to be grave. . . . Nevertheless, age by age they have been gay; and age by age they have exchanged language imitated from the children they doubtless never studied, and perhaps never loved. . . . Swift was the best prattler."

It is as if he must once have gone to night school to the demure Little Boy with the arrows—so often "labeled" after dark. But this verbal drawback is no less active in any attempt to express the various degrees of love—in that gradual but steady ascent from interest to admiration; from respect to esteem, and on to veneration and adoration. From benevolence to friendliness, to sympathy, to kindness, to loving-kindness. From for-

bearance to pity, to charity, to compassion, to long-suffering. From liking to fellowship and fellow feeling, regard (with its tinge of ceremoniousness and respect), affection (a maid-of-all-work), tenderness (all sweetness and generosity, but less those of equals than as in the relation between mother and child), fondness (with its flavor of folly), platonic love (with its immanent flaw of self-deceit), passion (with its echoes of violence and anger), love (with its sediment or effervescence of desire, its wild impulse to give, its craving to receive and to possess), devotion (with its elements of self-sacrifice or self-immolation, constancy and consistency), and last, to infatuation (that obsession of the heart allied to insanity in the mind). Nearly all these degrees of "attachment" are active over the whole range of our earthly surroundings.

Pace for pace with them and in their degree move their opposites—indifference, distaste, arrogance, scorn, contempt, malevolence, callousness, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Our sour and acrid desire in hatred is not to possess but to destroy. Scorn is more than the antithesis of admiration: for just as admiration implies a degree of worship and of modesty, scorn implies revulsion. Pace for pace with them move also civilization or decivilization; modes, manners, conventions, current morality; religion, and, at some extreme, the law. No degree of these feelings is simple and unblended, none is solely of the mind and fails to affect the body; none lays no claim on all our faculties; and none when it is active is not a revelation of race, heredity, and bringing-up.

It is a serious drawback and hindrance, then, if the terms available for their free discussion are scanty, inadequate, or debased. Many of them resemble paper money, illegibly printed, and backed by an unstable standard. Even in a language so rich and supple as English there is a lamentable scarcity of them. Is there any noun, for example—equivalent to what lover is to love—for faith, hope, pity, pray, joy, praise (laudator), like (the verb), regard, passion, desire, and many others. Sweet-heart is becoming countrified and old-fashioned; and an adjective, beloved, has to do duty for the loved object. A man may be

a good, or a bad, hater; but not simply a hater. Mother love, yes; but father love? And is a "filial" love quite the same as a son or daughter love?

It is ridiculous too that, short of much taking of pains, we may be all but compelled to say that we *love* honey, cricket, music, pinks, sincerity, London, nonsense, railway travelling, Milton, or "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Most of the words on our list denoting degrees of affection—and even this hard-worked word has a tinge of estranging latinity—imply vague divisions in what is in fact or is intended to be an uninterrupted continuity. They represent too definitely and yet not definitely enough what is plastic, various, and fluctuant as life itself. The more broken-in indeed one becomes to the use of language the more clearly one realizes how clumsy and intractable a resource it is apt to be.

When any particular word falls out of fashion, it is often due to the depreciation of what it signifies. But apart from this deterioration, we have positively lost many useful and attractive old love words and phrases: love lad, love lass, love mate; loving, loving, loverhood, lovership, love-worth. We have no much-needed word, analogous to lovable, which can be applied either to anyone of a nature by no means necessarily love-worthy, but an active cause of love in others; or capable of loving well or long or ardently. Charming, attractive, captivating, fascinating, most of which, thus applied, are recent additions to our current language, are not only bone-tired with overwork, but they do not mean simply love-evoking or loveable. Love blesseth him that gives and him that takes; but the two offices are seldom equally active in one human being. And Woman, perhaps, more often excels in this than Man. Seductive is now usually reserved for objects, dishes, strains of music; and desirable for "residences."

Nor are there many phrases in use after the pattern of love-sick and lovelorn, though these are easy to come by and may epitomize much in little. Love-cheated, for example, love-thwarted, love-famished, love-deluded, love-blinded; love-lit, love-enlightened, love-happy; love-pampered, love-in-

dulged, love-spoilt; lust-incited, lust-cankered, lust-betrayed. Apply each one of these in turn to a fellow creature, real or imaginary, and how much it tells. But this is an idiom commoner in poetry, and particularly in our old dramatists, than in prose; it is tinged with the literary and is a little too bookish for ordinary talk, although poverty-stricken and "gold-digger" are active enough.

As alternatives to lover, plain and simple (though few young women would venture nowadays on "my lover"), we have only such tepid, dated, or dead-alive terms as follower, fellow, young man, admirer, suitor, beau, flame, swain, innamorato and lady love. We have lost flirt and coquette, and have gained boy-friend and girl-friend. "It was a boy-friend and his lass——"!

Like love and its impulses and benedictions, words, hardly perceptible so gentle are their motions, and so quietly they tread, may enter consciousness freely and of their own sweet will. But with the "best words" this is very unusual. Seldom indeed can we induce them to *dance* attendance. Between waking and getting up, I have noticed, and then as if they were the very shadows of the thoughts and images they represent, they may flock from the shades and the chaces of the mind and graze at ease. It is as if sleep had fed and watered the creatures; had given them rest. But an hour or so afterwards, at urgent summons, at snuff of ink, they are away; are in hiding and have fled—leaving perhaps only a few of the old and weary and way-worn behind them. "Whistle, and I'll come," may be true of a sweetheart or a spectre, but seldom of the one right word.

Indeed, a mere glance of courtesy or admiration or regard or aversion or desire will reveal to any sensitive observer what would tax his complete vocabulary to express, and the constant amazement of poetry is that every word in it appears to have waited for this moment of perfect recognition. It is the precise converse of its euthanasia.

Anything we say about love of course, as with everything else of sovereign importance, depends on the range and quality of the terms available; and it would be difficult to compute the

influence on the general and popular standing of the thing itself of such recent additions to it as S.A., and libido, or of such nuggets as "crush" and "pash." They are go-getters, no doubt; but what do they get? They stand, or lounge, for what has been actively in existence since Eve donned apron; but, like poor frames to good pictures, fake and flashy books for children, and namby-pamby hymns, they cheapen the invaluable.

Words that are in very frequent use wear well or badly. Much depends on whether they spend their time in the study, the parlor, or the street. One of their tendencies is to drift on through slight changes of meaning until at last their forbears might hardly know them. The word "clever," for example, once meant nimble, healthy, lithe, and handsome; and it may still do so on a country tongue. When Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift, wrote, "The girl was a tight clever wench as any was," he meant it for a pretty compliment. It would nowadays miss that mark. Cleverness is now a sort of intellectual sleight-of-hand, and common. To call a young man "a clever lover" indeed would suggest that he is probably handsome (if not as handsome does); lithe, so far as his wits go; not over-healthy, perhaps, in mind; nimble, but chiefly of tongue; and little more of a real lover than an empty sheath is a sword.

Still, cleverness is a use of the intelligence; intelligence is not hostile to love; and both are affected by character, which refers to kinds of personality. A conflict of experts has recently been raging on the question whether a child should be educated with a view to bringing into full flower his innate intelligence, or to perfecting, as far as may be, his character. But can they in practice be thus distinguished? Are they not, like thought and feeling, in the closest relation and in mutual service one to the other? The rarest fruit of the understanding is wisdom; but is that attainable without its own degree of goodness? Even knowledge is only of value if it serves a purpose worthy of men. "Oh, yes, he was wicked enough in all conscience, but how wise!" "He knew two-thirds of the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' by heart, and became the most skilful and nefarious company promoter of the century." Neither sentence seems to

make very good sense. None the less, both good and goodness, if not wise and wisdom, are words that at present lead a rather idle life.

Is love, as it is nowadays used in relation to love between man and woman, in a better case? Not long ago an admirable little sermon (so much sweeter to the ear and heart than pinch-beck propaganda) was broadcast—a term which our grandmothers might have taken to refer to the Devil with his tares. The subject of it was the love of God; and the speaker hastened to assure his listeners that he was not referring to that “soppy stuff,” love between the sexes. Has love really come to this dismal pass—the love in Solomon’s “Love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave”; in La Rochefoucauld’s “If there be a love pure and unmixed with other passions, it is that which lies at the bottom of the heart, and of which we ourselves know nothing”; in Rainer Maria Rilke’s “Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other”; or in Keats’s “For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair”? If so, how is it to be explained? The cinema, the crooner, Freudianism? Education? A mechanistic theory of life? The absorption in science?

Unlike spiral nebulae, what we love in anything or in anybody is seldom measurable—in spite of Descartes’ comment on the influence in human history of the length of Cleopatra’s nose. It varies in intensity; it may be as it were of so much candle power. But no loving eye can count the candles. Their light suffuses the whole mind. And we love—though we may *desire* otherwise—what we think and feel to be good; good at least for ourselves: wrongly perhaps, but unaffectedly. The child its toy; the mother the child; the philosopher his philosophy. “And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good.” We hate and reject, with a similar margin of error, what is evil and bad. And in the ancient myth or revelation the knowledge of it was disastrous in effect.

To come nearer home. In recent years the younger generation in Germany have been taught from the cradle upwards not only to love but to adore their *Fuehrer*, Adolf Hitler, in the in-

stilled conviction that he is pre-eminently good and will therefore prove of a sovereign efficacy in setting the Germans over all the nations of the world, always her shameless inferiors. This attitude involves most of the deadly sins, including pride, envy, hatred and all uncharitableness.

In an imperfect world nothing can be wholly good, and being imperfect ourselves, we falter at the very thought of perfection, as at omniscience or infinity. We may not only excuse but be made fonder by what is amiss in what we care for simply because we care for it. Its little shortcomings are part of its nature. We forgive the rosebud for not being, as yet, a rose. We forgive a loved child its naughtiness to seventy times seven. And so, perhaps, we may its mother. With all her faults we love her still; remembering our own. The *minuses* are of so little moment compared with her complete *plus*. Contrariwise, defects and deficiencies in what we dislike or hate only increase our aversion—as indeed may its virtues, if we are wanting in these ourselves.

There is, too, a charm in anything that, however imperfect it may be, none the less invokes and shadows forth the ideal it falls short of. Even the ugly duckling may have had ardent admirers long before it enraptured their eyes by becoming a swan. This is one of the secret wisdoms of the folk tales. A jasmine leaf, for instance, is divided into seven lesser segments—three on the one side, three on the other, and one for tip. These are of a dark green and in enchanting contrast with the waxen white of the flowers. Each segment is an isosceles triangle delicately rounded at its base. The complete frond is also curvilinearly triangular, but not perfectly so. And it is a lovely thing to see against the blue of a morning sky. Since Nature abhors facsimiles no less than vacuums, each and every frond, and every segment of it, not only differs in some minute respects from every other, but falls short of geometrical exactitude. In so doing it exhibits an exquisite and life-revealing grace of its own. One may admire, if a little coldly, a perfect triangle; or the flawlessly symmetrical. It belongs to the ideal region of the purely intellectual. But one is taken much more with a hand-

drawn circle that one knows consists of infinitesimal straight lines than with a circle described by a pair of compasses; and one may positively fall in love—as with the frond of jasmine—with the less perfect, not only for its own sake, but because it points the perfect out. Incidentally, this may to some extent disclose why both abstract art and surrealism may appeal less to the novice than to the initiated. The one aims at an ideal perfection which natural and human beauty can never achieve, the other usually fails to hint at it. The Unconscious oozes secrets that are chiefly physical concerning a remote and sunken physical past, and others on occasion perhaps which refer to a no less remote but spiritual future. Every loved object then resembles our jasmine, and, since too it comes into bloom, it may also smell as sweet.

If there is any soundness in this groping argument, it is merely the ancient truism that it is the goodness of anything, whatever its flaws may be, that appeals to our love. And yet, again, both words of recent years have fallen a little in grace and favor. They are like some poor old superannuated, mendicant, one-legged Victorian crossing-sweeper who refuses to realize that he is no longer needed and is out of date. They go on begging for our alms; but coppers—of the pleasanter kind—are few.

The four chief “natural” virtues of the ancients were prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude—none of which is usually accepted as a welcome and bosom friend to the passion of love. Three additional virtues make up the “cardinal” seven, faith, hope, and charity. None is hostile to sexual love. That indeed would be at the “last gasp of its latest breath” if it were in open revolt against this trinity in unity; and only self-respect, our sovereign Lar, will be of much help if it completely parts company with the other four.

There are also a few near, and by no means poor, relatives of all seven, which are of handsome service. They are acolytes as it were to the cardinals. These are good understanding, good will, good humor, good nature, and good sense. The first goes deeper than intelligence; it is richer, more pervasive and less

dry than intellect. The second, good will, is associated with the heavenly host and the Magi. Good humor is as popular as plum pudding, has as many delectable ingredients, and is more easily digested. Good sense is hardly less so; it is content with the practical and the prosaic, but is a very trusty stand-by none the less. We can never have too much of it; and, being itself, it may be depended upon to keep its place. Good nature is a quality and a tribute that now wears its rue with a difference. We expect it of the "homely" in looks; it is pooh-poohed by the clever and the sharp; but it wears well. It is indeed the May Queen of our little party and never minds how early it is called. And last, there is tenderness—that spontaneous welling-up of insight, compassion, and loving-kindness, which, in one's darker hours, is like a renewed daybreak of the heart. That no longer possible, then love indeed is "closing up its eyes."

All these are in active and willing service to love.

As examples of the uses of the word with its modulations, here are a few sentences borrowed at random, and chiefly from Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations."

- (1) They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,
Love and desire and hate.
- (2) The fickleness of the women I love is only equalled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me.
- (3) To have known love, how bitter a thing it is.
- (4) My love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.
- (5) Oh, human love! thou spirit given
On earth of all we hope in heaven.
- (6) Love once—e'en love's disappointment endears!
A moment's success pays the failure of years.
- (7) Eyes of pure women, wholesome stars of love.
- (8) Love is no hot-house flower, but a wild flower born of a wet night, born of an hour of sunshine.
- (9) Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring!
- (10) Having been in love with one princess or another almost all my life, I hope I shall go on so, till I die.
- (11) When you loved me I gave you the whole sun and stars to play

with. I gave you eternity in a single moment, strength of the mountains in one clasp of your arms, and the volume of all the seas in one impulse of your soul.

(12) Love taught him shame; and shame, with love at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life.

(13) Love is a mood—no more—to man,
And love to woman is life or death.

(14) Could man be drunk for ever
With liquor, love, or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights.

(15) Love's perfect blossom only blows
Where noble manners veil defect.

Examine these "loves," and it will become apparent not only how elastic the word itself is, but how each context in turn discloses the value set on it by its author. The labels correspond, but open the parcel! How far each one in turn also reflects the image of its maker would make a pleasant parlor game. Their authors are (1) Ernest Dowson, (2) Bernard Shaw, (3) Oscar Wilde, (4) Henry S. Lee, (5) Edgar Allan Poe, (6) Robert Browning, (7) Lord Tennyson, (8) John Galsworthy, (9) John Milton, (10) Laurence Sterne, (11) Bernard Shaw, (12) John Dryden, (13) Ella Wheeler Wilcox, (14) A. E. Housman, (15) Coventry Patmore. Here, in general, the prose is more "poetical" than the verse—and that way danger lies. No. 7 is sententiously Victorian and takes the twinkle out of its stars. 1, 8 and 11 are sentimental, tinged with the literary, or not completely true. 14 might be a parody of its own genre. 13 is a dubious generalization. 6 and 9 are highly characteristic of their authors (5 being equally not so). Only Milton indeed could so have used the last few words of 9. 10 is given away by its "princess"; 4 is on the silly side. And now: "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned"; and Othello's:

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! And when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Truth, passion, poetry—the expression here lies as close to its thing as do its hues to molten gold. That “chaos” is not a word but a conjuration. It *discovers* its object as may the mists of daybreak the peaks of a volcanic island.

But too much has been said regarding verbal niceties. We may read about and meditate on love to our mind’s, if not to our heart’s, content. But, yet again, it will still be only *about* love. About a strange nebulous energy and abstraction which is yet no less evident in its effects than is a sunrise, a thunderstorm or an eclipse of the moon; but which—as with the other passions, pride, hatred and the rest—even though we may attempt to define it, lies beyond positive exemplification. In this it resembles a dream, to which it is so often compared.

A true love is incorruptible. It can survive the worst of ills and misfortunes that life can bring, and even its own betrayal by the beloved. One can talk of this best perhaps in emblems and symbols—indirectly. Not long ago, a little boy of my close acquaintance, only eighteen months old, and of a rare zest and energy, was given a saffron crocus-bud by his mother. His delight was boundless. He took it carefully in his small fist and so fell asleep with it unharmed. When she looked in on him later in the evening, it had come into bloom. This called to mind a now far-away little experience of my own. I was burning—refuse from their bowl of glass—what seemed to be dead twigs of hawthorn, in another spring. As presently they caught fire, they hissed in the heat, the buds suddenly expanded, and the dry twigs broke simultaneously, and as if by some minute magic or miracle, into flower and flame.

AFRICA WITHOUT GERMANS*

By IRWIN SHAW

THE day was terribly hot and there was no cover over the driver's seat of the weapons-carrier, and I began to feel as though the sun were slowly peeling my scalp back and working directly on the soft, painful brain beneath. But I stopped at a water-point where the water gushed out of a huge pipe in a blessed strong stream into an iron tank. There were some British soldiers showering there, and I filled my jerricans and then showered under the roaring cold jet, soaping myself luxuriously, feeling my scalp slowly close back protectively over my head.

At a British traffic control post I picked up two Fighting French parachutists. They were travelling very light, each with just a small canvas bag. One of them, the shorter of the two, who spoke no English, wore cracked sun-glasses that gave him a blind and sinister look, like a character in a Fritz Lang movie, and for a moment I mistrusted them.

The taller of the two, a slender, handsome boy who spoke good English, sat next to me and rattled on quickly and nervously as I drove. They had been in Giraud's army, he said, had volunteered in January for the Commando Corps, expecting immediate action, but they had trained for five months and had seen no fighting yet. They suspected that it was because of their well-known de Gaullist leanings, and they had gone over to de Gaulle in Algiers. By this time I was reassured about them and said mildly that there were troops in America who had been training for two and a half years without seeing action.

* Private Shaw recounts here some of the incidents of a drive in a weapons-carrier along roads still scarred by the battles that had been fought back and forth over them between the British Eighth Army and Rommel's Afrika Korps until these crack German troops—and all the others in North Africa—were finally defeated. The author had been ordered to take the "weapons-carrier, trailer, and equipment" from Algiers to Cairo.

The tall one brushed this aside and launched politely but firmly into an analysis of what was wrong with the American attitude towards the French in North Africa. It was a little hard for me to understand his school English, in the bumping and squealing weapons-carrier, with the wind howling past our ears, but I gathered that he was disappointed in Roosevelt and suspected that the "business interests," as he called them, in America were sympathetic to fascism in France. "Let them know," he said, shouting to be heard over the wild roar of our progress over the desert, "that we will never permit it. France will never permit it, never—"

I tried to explain that the situation was complex and I accepted the official explanation of military necessity, and that I for one trusted Roosevelt implicitly and doubted whether there would be much sympathy in America for fascism any place. But he was one of those rare linguists who speak a foreign tongue better than they understand it, and the wind and noise made it impossible to communicate accurately with him; so I resolved to wait for a calmer time.

I found out, however, wind or no, that he was a Socialist ("We differ from the Communists in that we are always dependable to our ideals, even if it causes us to lose power"). His good friend sitting uncomfortably on the tool box, squinting into the sun through the sinister-looking cracked dark glasses, was a Royalist. "That is the beauty of de Gaulle," the Socialist roared happily. "Everybody can fight for him. He is not a political movement. He merely wishes to fight the Germans. Even Monarchists can fight for him, and Monarchism has been dead since 1789." He clapped his Royalist friend jovially on the back, and the Royalist smiled back, lost in the English conversation.

We turned off at the border of Tunisia and Tripolitania and camped next to the sea on a promontory, wild and rocky, that had been an artillery emplacement some months earlier. We undressed and walked out into the water for a swim, but the water was very shallow, even after we'd walked 300 yards. So we merely splashed around a little and came back.

I opened the gin and grapefruit juice. The Socialist wouldn't touch it, but the Royalist drank it happily, sighing happily in French, "The first gin that has passed my mouth in a year. Do you believe it?" I found out that he had been a commercial artist and draftsman in Algiers, and the Socialist had been a law student.

The Socialist insisted upon being allowed to prepare the dinner of fried chicken and onions. "The French," he said, browning the onions, as he put it, to get the essence out, "the French are a nation famous for cooking. Permit me."

While he crouched over the fire poking at the onions and criticising the processed butter that is put up for the American army, he asked me how it was possible that John L. Lewis was not in jail and told me he had an American book along with him, written in English, "Sons," by Pearl Buck. He explained to me who Pearl Buck was and her connection with China. "An excellent woman writer," he said consideringly. He said that he was glad he was going over to de Gaulle, that there were too many of the old Vichy officers in Giraud's army, some of them practising sabotage. I was curious about that and asked him just what sabotage they were practising. "The American army," he said firmly, "has given uniforms for the outfitting of the French army in Africa, no?"

"Yes," I said.

"The American army gives to its troops six shirts like the one you are wearing." He stirred the chicken and onions furiously. "It gives to the French army six shirts for each man. But how many do the men get—? Two."

"The American army," I said gently, "only gives two such shirts to each man. And I'm sure it wouldn't give more than two apiece to the French."

"Ah—" he paused reflectively for a moment. "I have heard different. And then there is the matter of the watches."

"What watches?" I asked.

"Every American soldier is given a watch by the army. The French, too, were given a watch for each soldier by the Americans. None of us got a watch, not one, they were withheld—"

I marvelled at these fairy tales of American lavishness and said that only navigators and pilots in the air force ever got watches from the army, and that if these were all the signs of sabotage he could find in the French army, I didn't take it very seriously.

He shrugged and said there were other examples, equally bad, but the chicken was ready and we ate huge helpings of it, sighing happily and unpolitically over it.

After dinner, they sang French songs for me, some of them very dirty, and some of them lilting and sweet. The Socialist was a musician, a violinist, he said, not good, he said, but a lover of Mozart. He had a firm, agreeable, certain voice, and he sang charmingly, moving nervously about in the sand with his bare feet, as the night came on over the dunes and the wide sea grass, and the cooking fire burned lower in the old artillery emplacement. First he sang a song about a girl called Anetta, who met four young men on the road, and what steps they took to please her, and the original and extreme manner in which the fourth finally pleased her. Then he sang a song about the knights of King Arthur's Round Table—first in French, and then, still singing, translating excellently and spontaneously into English, never losing the meter or the melody, about the knight who wished to be known to posterity merely as the king of the drinkers, and to be placed upon his death with his mouth under what the Socialist called "the fountain of the wine barrel," and so face eternity happy.

The song died down, and we watched the moon rise out of the sea, conscious suddenly of the vastness of sand and sea about us, conscious of being far from home, conscious of the men fighting that night not very many miles away over the water. A Beaufighter droned seawards, high above us, the grumble of its engines small and lost in the sky.

We made ready for bed. I lent them my extra blanket since they were travelling only with their "toilet affairs," which included essence of mint in a small bottle to sweeten the brackish desert water when necessary.

Naturally, at a time like that, in the spreading night, before

bed, under the sober glory of the moon on the wild seacoast, our thoughts turned towards the gentle topic. I asked the Socialist if he was married. "No," he said emphatically, "I have made myself cold to all proposals."

I asked why he had made himself cold to all proposals. "It is not," he said, "that I am not attracted to the pretty face and the pretty figure. On the contrary. But I have made myself cold, because I search a peculiar type. I search a girl beautiful, intelligent, with a firm moral foundation. Not respectable," he cried hurriedly. "Not what Americans call 'respectable,' I would kill such a girl. A firm moral foundation," he said. "It is a different thing."

"I understand," I said.

"It is difficult to find," he said a little sadly. "A girl of such qualifications."

"Yes," I said.

"Are you married?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, looking bleakly at the moon as I dropped onto my cot. "I wish my wife were here now."

The Socialist grinned. He waved his arm around him to indicate the luxurious manner in which I travelled, the well-equipped truck, the cot, the bed roll, the ingenious packaged foods. "Doesn't the American army," he asked, "also supply women in tins?"

I laughed and he giggled at his wit, and the Royalist asked for a translation. The Socialist translated, and the Royalist was still bursting out into appreciative chuckles as I fell asleep—

In the morning, we got off to a late start, because the weapons-carrier refused to budge, and we waited an hour while the Socialist walked all the way to the road and got hold of a water wagon driven by two South African Bantu soldiers, who towed us until the motor turned over.

After we had driven about an hour, the Socialist suddenly turned to me. "Is Harry Hopkins a reliable man?" "I think so," I said. He nodded thoughtfully and sat back, reassured.

On the way into Tripoli we picked up a British soldier with a huge bandage on his arm. It was nothing, he said indiffer-

ently, just a desert sore that refused to heal. Everyone got them. He was from an anti-aircraft battery that had a three-year record of 270 German planes brought down in England and Africa, against the loss of twenty killed and three guns destroyed. "Fair exchange," he said cheerfully, "isn't it?"

It was his day off and he was going into Tripoli to see a movie, and once more I was amused at the ordinary process by which the names of dark, romantic, historic, distant towns, where pirates have hung from the battlements to be eaten by crows, have become merely places in which it is possible to get a shower and see Betty Grable.

In Tripoli we stopped in the main square to say good-bye. Arab children were swimming in the huge fountain under the bronze hooves of Mussolini's sculpted horses, with soldiers of all armies standing around watching them, amusedly, eating Italian pastry at eight small pieces to the dollar. There was an extra on the streets of the British army newspaper, the Tripoli "Times," about the invasion of Sicily. All was going well, and there was an air of jubilation and confidence about every soldier in town because of it.

The Royalist went off and bought me a pound of fresh dates as a present for my hospitality, and the Socialist stood around shaking hands with all the Frenchmen who came through the square. To the French in places like Tripoli and Tunis, it was still a kind of miracle to see other Frenchmen in the uniform of a fighting army, and they smiled widely and possessively at French soldiers and shook their hands lovingly and with gratitude.

I was determined to do something about the heat, and among us we rigged up a shelter-half over the driver's seat to shade me from the sun. The Royalist was very deft and competent about it, while the Socialist stood around, willing, but not much use, and I couldn't help grinning to myself and thinking that, although my politics were much closer to the young law student's, I would much rather have the Royalist fighting on my side.

I shook their hands and said, "Vive de Gaulle!" and they saluted bravely, and I left them standing there before the huge fortress wall from which Mussolini had reviewed his troops at a different time. They looked very clean and dashing in their new uniforms, holding their small canvas bags with their toilet affairs in them, and deep in my heart I hoped that the parachutes would always open for the believer in kings and the singer of the knight of the Round Table who wished only to be known as the king of drinkers.

I drove out of Tripoli at high noon, but cool, owing to the shelter-half flapping wildly overhead and pulling at the twine I had used to secure it. I had to stop every hour or so to make adjustments, but the cover and the shade against the blasting sun gave me a feeling of great luxury as I wound past the flat, cactus-fenced date palm groves of Tripolitania. In every small field there was a well, with a weary and despondent team of a camel and a bullock dragging the water slowly up in a canvas bucket under the cries of a bored and slow-moving farmer. For the hundredth time I thought of how much agony and weary muscle the introduction of the small one-cylinder gasoline pump would spare the men and beasts of Africa.

Outside a convalescent hospital I picked up a British soldier who was rejoining his unit. He was a large, very powerful looking, smiling man, with the painfully red sunburnt look that some of the British haven't been able to overcome even after they've been out here three years. He had been sent up to get some glasses and he put them on proudly, the steel rims and clean glass giving the tough, square face an absurd look of studiousness. He had been all through Alamein and had been sent back because of boils and "a generally run-down condition." He had been what he called a "lieborer" on the docks in the East End of London before the war. His muscles stood out like granite ridges on his arms, and I got a grim picture of Alamein from that—bad enough to run this squat giant down. I asked him about Alamein, but he wasn't interested much in talking about it. He had been at Knightsbridge, and that, he said, had

been the worst. I notice that all soldiers have a tendency to talk much more about their defeats and bad times than their victories. There were only forty left in his company, after Knightsbridge, the ex-laborer told me. "Jerry caught us," he said, "and really laid it on us."

I dropped him at his camp, which was a fine one, along the sea, where these men who had been mauled in the desert heat for three years, racked by tank and cannon, torn by machine gun and mortar and bayonet, now rested, bathing gratefully three and four times a day in the sea twenty yards in front of their tentflaps.

Just before stopping for the night, I went into a petrol-point and got the latest news from one of the three soldiers in charge, as we filled my tank. He was a lanky, rawboned cockney who stuttered painfully. When I asked him for the news he gave the Russians top billing. "Un-un-Uncle J-Joe's tramping th-them d-down near K-Kursk," he said, quoting a two-o'clock broadcast. "An-and ev-everything's g-g-going a-a-according to schedule in Sicily. Y-your chaps've taken 7,000 p-prisoners."

"Well," I said, "we've really being doing pretty well out here, our side, haven't we?"

"D-d-disgusting," he said. I looked at him in surprise. He spoke with great passion, his stutter getting more and more furious. "S-s-scandal-lous! Three y-years for this job! G-getting Jerry out of Africa. Th-three l-long years!"

He slapped the cap over the gas-tank funnel loudly and stalked off.

There was a British ordnance company staging for the night near-by, and their cooking fires were burning as I pulled in next to them.

After I had eaten, I was visited by one of the mechanics from the company. He was freshly shaven, and his hair was neatly plastered down. He was wearing only shorts, as the night was warm, and, like most of the desert troops, was as brown as mahogany from the sun, so that he made me think of the beaches of California, where the huge young men used to lie day after day all summer, intertwined with the large, shapely girls,

browning slowly, wandering into the water from time to time to ride the surf.

The mechanic was from Manchester, he said, and had worked there for the Manchester Corporation, Department of Sewers, 47 hours a week. His job was waiting for him when he got back. He was married and had a "nipper" eighteen months old whom he'd never seen. He showed me the photograph. A stout solemn child stared soberly out at me from Manchester.

His father had been in Africa since the campaign in Crete. He had come out in nine days, in a destroyer commanded by Lord Mountbatten, the first ship to make the run of the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Alexandria. They had changed course every four minutes and had been bombed in the Pantellerian Straits. The man from Manchester had watched from the lavatory, where he was shaving. He had been put into the barracks at Alexandria, and all night long the men who were being evacuated from Crete kept coming in and dropping on the cots and on the floor and falling dead asleep, almost before they had finished lying down.

Since then he had gone up with the Eighth Army in all its campaigns, working on wounded tanks—sometimes so close behind the field of battle that they could see a tank being hit and would go out and drag it back themselves.

Like all the British, he was very much impressed with American equipment, especially our transport. He hoped to see America, on the way back from the war, and then settle down comfortably with his wife and nipper, for the rest of his life, working for the Manchester Corporation, 47 hours a week.

The next day the weapons-carrier started to act up. The accelerator seemed to jam, and I couldn't slow the machine down—an uncomfortable condition when you're going over roads that have been bombed for three years and that are full of holes and lined by still live minefields on both sides. At a petrol-point I pulled up behind an American truck, and the two Americans in it smiled at me and listened thoughtfully to the wildly racing motor. Without a word, one of them—a lanky, studious

looking sergeant—took out a screwdriver, and threw up the hood and began to work on it. I had fiddled with the carburetor, I told him, and the springs, all to no avail.

"It's the bushing," he said, twisting delicately on two small screws. "In this model, when the motor gets hot, it swells and jams. We've been making our own bushings, out of steel, for these trucks."

The unpleasant shaking roar died down, and the sergeant showed me how to attack the seat of the trouble when it happened again. I thanked him and we decided to stage together that night, on the other side of Marble Arch.

I waited for them at Marble Arch—a hideous monument that Mussolini, in his sunny days, had erected to mark the completion of the long road across his Libyan empire. Some Australian soldiers were clambering around on top of it, and one of them had crawled out into the niche where there is a great reclining nude male figure in bronze, sandwiched in strangely in the marble, below a long, grandiose Latin inscription.

"How would you like this baby in your arms?" the Australian called down to his sergeant at the base of the monument. "What a pair of knockers." He pretended to try to toss the immense thing over, and gestured lewdly, amid great shouts of laughter from his friends.

On the base of the monument, men from all the units that had passed that way had written their names. Scotchmen from the Highland Division had put their names there, and two brothers from the Midlands and a soldier by the name of Hamid from India and a man called Goldfarb from Palestine. I was sorry that it could not be arranged to bring Mussolini across the sea for one evening to stand in the shadow of his vain-glorious monument and read the assorted names and watch the playful and vulgar Australian with the statue, and ponder upon empire.

My friends came into view and we stopped a few hundred yards down the road in a staging area and made our dinner. One of them—a small sandy-haired boy—was from Missoula,

Montana, and the sergeant was from Spokane. The boy from Missoula was married, but his brother had been hit at Pearl Harbor and had died on December 24, and he had enlisted. He told me this with a strange little embarrassed smile, as though he didn't want to sound melodramatic, and quickly broke off and asked me if I'd ever been to Missoula. I had been there and spoke well of the pretty little city, which pleased him, and I remembered an excellent restaurant there, where the waiter had invited me to go trout fishing with him the next day. The waiter had also said that he had come from Fall River, Massachusetts, but would not return, because Fall River, the entire East, in fact, was not democratic enough for his tastes. The boy from Missoula smiled and told me that the restaurant had since been turned into a night club, but the food was still wonderful.

We spoke a little about Spokane, and the Columbia River valley, which I had last gone through in early summer, when everything was warm green and the cherry orchards were loaded with deep black fruit. The sergeant from Spokane said quietly that it was the most beautiful place in the world. He asked me if I had seen the dam, and I told him I had, when it was about half finished.

"My father used to say that the government was crazy," the sergeant said. "They'd never use a tenth of the power they would get, it was just a waste of the people's money. My father was a Republican. But he just wrote me that there're factories going full blast all over the place, using every ounce of power that comes out of the river. My father's still a Republican, but no one can say a word against Roosevelt around the house—"

They were from an Ordnance Company that had been down in Eritrea, working on captured Italian small arms, which the sergeant said were very good indeed. They had liked Eritrea. They had liked the Italians, prisoners and civilians alike, with whom they had worked. Some of the civilians, they said, had been buying American war bonds before they left. Every weekend the sergeant and two other soldiers had gone out hunting. There was no domestic meat to be had. So they supplied the

mess each week with gazelle and kudu. Gazelle tasted somewhat like venison, he said, but was a little rich for a constant diet.

They were very much interested in the news from Russia, but queerly bitter about the British. They had come over in a British boat, where they had eaten only twice a day, both times mutton, badly cooked as far as their American taste was concerned. And in Eritrea the British had been running the show, and the Americans had hit restrictive measures that had rubbed them the wrong way. I was a bit surprised at their bitterness, because most Americans who've been connected with the Eighth Army, even when they don't particularly like our British cousins personally, are quick to declare their utmost admiration for them as soldiers.

"I suppose it's different," the sergeant said, "if you get to know the ones up front. We've just met the rear-line boys and desk-wallopers."

They were going into Cairo, where they would be for five days, before returning to their unit. They each had ninety pounds apiece on them of their friends' money, to stock up on the luxuries of Cairo, mostly liquor, to bring back with them.

We opened a huge can of peaches and sat there munching on them, grateful for the American canning industry, watching Mussolini's monument fade slowly into the night sky.

I drove alone all the next day. The desert is empty over wide stretches these days, except for the wreckage of war, the tin cans and the smashed planes and the up-ended, stripped trucks, and the burnt-out tanks, rusting in unbelievable profusion for nearly two thousand miles.

This is a land that seems to have been conceived for war—wide, flinty, inhospitable, with no green fields to be torn, no pleasant villages to be broken by the blind clash of armies. This is a natural and awful cemetery for steel and canvas and men, and it seems almost inevitable now that it was used for so long as battlefield and dump heap by the armies of Europe.

At mid-afternoon I passed a group of airfields. Huge flights of Liberators were coming home from Italy, seeming to move

slowly and wearily and implacably in the bright sky. The only air raids I have been in have been at night, when I could not see the planes standing above me, but I could imagine, riding beneath the roaring planes, the terror that must strike your heart to see those grim fleets above your head and know that they are bent on your destruction. They look, up there, and sound, unswervable, invulnerable, and because of their distance and your lack of communication with them, pitiless.

I climbed up the winding, dangerous road to a green, high, hilly plateau which stands, fertile and surprising, out of the surrounding desert. This pass and others like it were the scenes of bitter attack and bitter defense. Trucks, at other times, in endless columns had wound up and down through it under air punishment, and blindly, without lights at night. The fences on every curve had been broken at one time or another by trucks that went out of control to be smashed in the gorges below.

This is very beautiful country here, green and silvery in the African light, with wheat fields and olive groves and vineyards, and the classic, burnished leaves of laurel and laburnum glorifying the landscape. It was here that Mussolini put out his best efforts at colonization in Libya, and the small, identical villas dot the land, white and comfortable, in close regularity, each with DUCE painted large across it, and "Ente Coloniale Libia," and the number of the house in large letters for all the world to see and admire. On many of the houses, there is also painted "Duce Vinceremo"; but the Arabs have come down from the hills, out of their tents, to live in the houses, paying no heed to the brave sentiment. On the large community houses, which are handsome, well-planned buildings, with churches and hospitals and meeting halls in clean white stone, there is painted, "Credere, Obbedire, Combattere!" But it took more than paint—and the Italians neither believed, obeyed, nor fought; and desultorily the Arabs reap the crops the colonists industriously planted. The climate is fresh and cool, with a sea wind sweeping off the Mediterranean lying gloriously at the feet of the steep stone hills.

It was very pleasant to drive on the fine road through the on-

coming twilight, and I turned in late, into a fold in the hills where I saw a company of British troops camping for the night.

It turned out that they were Palestinian troops, on the move. I discovered this from a large blond boy who spoke English with a German accent. Others drifted over, attracted by the American star on the weapons-carrier, most of them to tell me that at one time or another they had been in America, and to ask hopefully about relatives in the American army.

It was dark by this time, and off to one side some of the men had gathered and begun to sing. From all over the camp others wandered over until everyone was there, and almost everyone singing. The songs were the songs of new Palestine, strong, militant, triumphant, very much like some of the Red army songs I had heard in Russian movies, very beautiful as the two hundred strong voices rang them against the rock hills. "The Valley," they sang, praising their most fertile farmland, and "Rejoice, you are Jews!" They sang powerfully and sweetly, in the face of the war-time night, and the ghettos of history and the long rows of Jewish graves across the world this year.

In the morning, the men of Palestine left before I did, and when I went to start the weapons-carrier, once more nothing happened. I went across the road, where there were some Indian troops stationed, and a huge, delicate-featured, handsome, bearded Sikh sergeant major who spoke English, with a clear, flute-like musical lilt, assigned a soldier who spoke no English to tow me out. With smiles and gestures, that was accomplished, and I unhitched the tow chain, which was fast becoming my most valuable piece of equipment, and started out.

The road into Tobruk from there is terrible, cracked and sharp with stones, and early in the afternoon, as I stopped to buy some eggs and a melon from an Arab who had set up a little stand right in the middle of the barren desert, I heard a rear tire blow out. I jacked the weapons-carrier up, after buying the eggs, with a kind of insane patience, but I couldn't get the bolts to move on the wheel. The Arab and his child also tried to help, taking off their shoes to get a better purchase against the wheel,

but to no avail. An R.A.F. truck stopped and two drivers sweated over the wheel with me for fifteen minutes, but the metal remained as stubborn as ever. I sat down on the running board and ate the small green melon, prepared to spend the rest of the war in the company of the Arab and his son. But the last two trucks of a three-truck British convoy stopped, and a Scotch driver took one look at the wheel and went back to his tool box and took out a pick handle. With that added leverage we broke the mortal grip of nut on bolt. I thanked them and they went on, and I slowly changed the tire, with the polite but Oriental and uncertain assistance of my Arab friends.

I went into Tobruk and was issued another tire and tube by the British. But the tube had a broken valve, and I finally just threw the whole thing into the trailer and pushed on, hoping that no new tires would collapse. I wanted to get away from Tobruk, which is the saddest city on the African continent. There was not a single building standing unscarred and whole in all the city. The long-necked harbor was crowded with the wrecked hulks of bombed ships, among which the troops stationed there now swim. There was an uneasy and baneful quiet hanging over the place, as though the memories of the awful, long-drawn-out siege and the quick, tragic surrender, the next time, somehow colored every voice. The place is in ruins, and other places in North Africa are in ruins, and ruins are nothing special in the world today. But there is a great deal of life going on in Tobruk, of one kind and another, and somehow it always makes me feel that this is a skeleton sitting up and behaving as if it were still alive. Of all the places in Africa where men have fallen and their machines been wrecked, Tobruk and its surrounding peninsula are most heavily populated with broken and burnt-out tanks and planes and trucks, and the huge cemetery outside of town is filled with men who endured the worst agony of the war on this continent, only to die and be buried on this stony plain. There are many cemeteries along the road and many single graves, heartbreaking and lonely, but the cemetery at Tobruk, which I have seen twice, makes me want to

weep. As I passed I saw men standing soberly in the evening before the graves of their friends, moving slowly among the crosses.

I pulled up the hill away from Tobruk and went along the road until I saw the trucks of the men who had come to my assistance with the pick handle earlier in the day. They were bringing airplane motors down to Alexandria, and this road was nothing new to them. They had been on it, under the wings of enemy bombers a great deal of the time, for nearly three years, when the Eighth Army was fighting here. Now, a lance-corporal and two privates, they were entrusted with this valuable cargo over a thousand desert miles, and each time, without fail, without delay, they brought their cargo across half a continent.

We became very friendly and sampled each other's tobacco, and they brought out a huge tin of biscuit for me to sit on. That was the only thing it was useful for, said the corporal, who had two shining rows of false teeth in his mouth—since a man with plates could make no headway with British biscuit. I gave them some of my C ration stew, which they pronounced “wizard,” and they gave me some of their excellent tea, and we talked about the roads of New Mexico and Texas and Arizona, straight for hundreds of miles, a truck driver's heaven. We opened a large can of fruit salad, which they said they would only have back home as a special treat with condensed milk for Sunday tea.

The Scotchman had been pressed into service to drive a bus that was used as an ambulance in Glasgow when Glasgow was badly bombed, and the memories of those deadly nights with the wounded packed into the back of the bus, wet with blood, while the bombers still roared overhead, still were with him, and he looked uneasily at a two engine transport droning overhead, as if all planes somehow were really his enemy.

I told them how much I'd come to like the British since I'd come to Africa, and how I'd taken to drinking tea, and that when I got back to the States I was going to have my wife serve me with strong tea, brewed with cream and sugar, before I got

out of bed in the morning in the British style. As a joke, the next morning, they made tea before I awoke and served it ceremonially to me in my cot, as I lay there half-asleep under the wide desert sky. I drank it with relish and they watched me, grinning.

Later they towed me to start me moving and I pulled away from them, feeling that here in these plain, hard-working men was hidden the final secret of our victory.

I swam that noon at Solum, where the village on the flagon-shaped, brilliant blue harbor, at the foot of the Cyrenaican plateau, no longer exists after the years' long fighting. A few shells are left of some of the buildings, masts stick up from the shining surface of the bay—that is all. A small Arab boy watched me take off my filthy clothes, stained with oil and grease and all the dust since Algiers, and held my towel while I swam. As I dressed he asked me where I was going.

"Cairo," I said.

"Cairo," he said longingly, although he couldn't have been more than five. "*Quais* (which means *good*). Many canteens."

I agreed that there are many canteens in Cairo, which by now had a certain powerful attraction for me, too, and pushed on, only to be stopped just as I had passed the last of the bad road, by a clanking under the hood, a sighing and dying of the motor, and finally by the smell of burning. I opened the hood and looked despairingly at the motor, cursing the manufacturers, cursing the men who had decided to send me, alone, by road across Africa. There had been a short-circuit, and the oil pump had broken and had spurted oil all over the motor, and the battery had blown one of its posts out and was still sending up acrid fumes.

I felt very tired and put upon, and I sat down on the running board with my mind blank of anything but self-pity—trapped among the glaring sands on a completely empty road. But about an hour later a British truck came by and stopped, and an Indian corporal helped me attach the tow line and dragged me along the road for about thirty miles to a Greek Spitfire squadron, where the oil pump was fixed by an English liaison ser-

geant, who worked with an admirable and wonderful mechanic's patience.

I asked him about the Greek squadron. He said they were wonderful pilots, but the ground crew was just fair. I asked him if he could speak Greek yet and he said, "No. I can just swear in Greek."

We talked about the latest news, and he said something that I have heard again and again from British enlisted men. "We owe our lives to the bloody Russians. If it wasn't for them, we wouldn't be here now."

I asked him how long he'd been out in Africa.

"Two years and eleven months," he said.

"That's a long time," I said.

He stopped working and looked out across the desert. The sand was blowing wildly in the wake of a taxiing Spitfire. "Long time," he said harshly. "That's a bloody lifetime."

Then he shook his head and went back to whistling, and in fifteen minutes he had the weapons-carrier ready. I had no battery any more, but given a tow, I started and sped down the road, the machine looking for all the world like any other weapons-carrier, sound and in full possession of all its faculties.

I couldn't get another battery that night and spent the night miserably, alone, in a courtyard of a pleasant, bombed-out summer resort village.

The next day I was served with the inevitable tow and made for Cairo, three hundred miles away. The road was good and I kept the engine going and the miles disappeared gratifyingly behind me, as over and over in my mind I decided where I was going to go for the first Tom Collins, and how much ice I was going to ask for, and disputing in my mind whether to take a hot or cold bath when I arrived.

Outside Alexandria I picked up a young British soldier, who was on his way back from leave. He was a radio operator in the R.A.F., had joined a year before the war, when he was seventeen. He was cheerful and garrulous, like a little boy, and he told me of Greece, where he had been with a squadron of

Gladiators, a slow old biplane model that the British pilots flew magnificently against tragic odds.

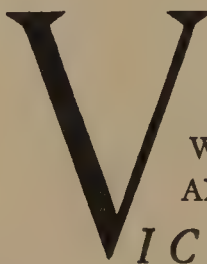
"They did well enough in the air," the radio operator said, "but Jerry kept coming over and bombing us every five minutes and we lost everything on the ground. You'd look in one direction and you'd say, 'Here they come,' and your mate would look in another direction and he'd say, 'No, there they come,' and you'd both be right, they'd be coming in all directions." He smiled. He was very nice looking and lively. "Things have improved since then," he said.

He had been evacuated from Greece direct to Alexandria. He was congratulating himself on not being sent to Crete, as so many of the men had been, when he was put on a transport and taken over to join a squadron there. Three days later he was again evacuated, by destroyer, with the Germans just a half hour behind him.

"I got some wizard photographs," he said. "But the censor kept them all."

I asked him what he was going to do after the war. "Stay in the army," he said, "until I see how things are. And marry my girl in Coventry and have bags of kids." He grinned.

We were near Cairo now, and we went into an inn alongside the road for a drink. We drank to the bags of kids of the young radio operator and his girl back in Coventry, and I felt, looking at him, cheerful, ready, unbroken by defeat, a veteran at twenty-one, confident of the future, that our side had not done badly and would not do badly later, in peace or war.

FOR  BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
ICTORY

AMERICA AND THE BEVERIDGE PLAN

BY E. WIGHT BAKKE

SOCIAL security provisions in the United States have grown piecemeal, in response to varied pressures, and in accordance with varying philosophies of individual, industrial, and governmental responsibility. The result is that there is no common agreement as to whether we need these services to the extent proposed, how they fit into the pattern of our social economy, or what the next developments should be. Since our objective is not clear, we are not sure what road to travel. We Americans, as is often observed, are an active, energetic, and inventive people. But we are not inclined to spend much time considering the meaning of our actions or the major premises of our thought. The result is that, like Santayana's fanatics, we frequently redouble our efforts when we have forgotten our aim.

Not only are our objective and our path of progress poorly defined but, as citizens, we are subjected to a confusing variety of glowing promises, exhortation, advice, and predictions of doom from interest groups, reformers, and experts concerning the consequences of government activity in the provision of social security. We are told by one group that a social security program is an essential requirement for the survival of our system of private enterprise and individual initiative, that it is necessary in order to maintain and improve our human resources and to develop continuing loyalty to democratic government. We are warned by other groups that such a program will involve costs and taxes which will dry up the springs of enterprise, reduce our standard of living, and destroy ambition; that it will result in deterioration in the quality of medical treatment; that it will destroy the American character by making us more intent upon security than upon opportunity; and, in general, that it will undermine the American way of life.

Sincere individuals who have no vested interest in the outcome of debate and action can be found who are acutely concerned about such matters and share the positive convictions of some of these groups. The lack of clearly defined objectives and the surfeit of conflicting counsel leave most citizens, however, plagued by a vague sense of worry and an uneasy conscience about their civic responsibility for supporting or opposing such measures as are presented for their consideration.

Few individuals or groups deny the necessity in modern industrial society for community action to alleviate the human distress and social unrest resulting from the common hazards of life which are beyond the control of individuals and for which those with low and irregular incomes are unable to make adequate provision. Moreover, most of us recognize that the demand for safety in a competitive world is not limited to wage-earners; that it is but one manifestation of a determined search for that security which currently appears to be a desirable and necessary objective to people in all walks of life in all industrially mature countries. The desire of workers for pensions and for health and unemployment insurance is no more an indication that they have lost their interest in opportunity and economic progress than the desire of investors for various forms of private insurance, for corporate financing with limited liability, and for bankruptcy laws, or the preference of managements for "live-and-let-live policies" towards their competitors, is an indication that they have lost their interest in such ends. The demand for social security is definitely not a pathological symptom of moral decay unless the whole trend of our time is considered to be pathological.

Nevertheless, if we are intelligently to appraise alternative details in a program of social security or, indeed, to consider the wisdom of any program at all, we shall require perspective as to the nature and implications of such a program. Over a year ago in Great Britain, the government published and encouraged wide discussion of what has come to be known as the "Beveridge Report." That Report, although primarily devoted to details of a system of social security for Great Britain, furnishes

such a perspective. Sir William Beveridge has spent the years since 1910 in close association with social security measures in Britain and other industrial nations. The major value of his Report for America does not lie in its detail as to benefits, contributions, or administration. Its greatest value lies in the fact that its author has thought through and presented clearly the major objectives, values, and implications of a system of social security in a democracy. We may disagree with that conception, but no intelligent man can ignore it. In view of our own lack of clear objectives and of our confused thought, to examine that conception is perhaps the most important way in which we can profit from Sir William's labors.

The basic premise upon which the "Beveridge Report" rests is that the guarantee of minimum economic security for all citizens is the function of government. That premise troubles many Americans, for it appears to run counter to a traditional reliance in our society upon the individual and to a predilection against interference by government in the process. Our difficulty arises out of the fact that we fail to distinguish two economic objectives—the achievement of a maximum standard of living and the protection of a minimum standard of living. Neither Britons nor Americans wish to deviate from a major reliance upon the productive enterprise and initiative of individual citizens for the achievement of the first objective. No government which desires to retain the loyalty of its citizens has been able to escape a major responsibility for achievement of the second. No matter how much dependence is placed upon the capacity of the individual and upon the resources of those to whom he is bound by ties of blood, function, or contract, every society in its corporate capacity has had, for its own protection, to make residual provision for the maintenance of all its members at a minimum level consistent with the conscience and resources of the community.

The expectation has been great in this country that the energy, initiative, and thrift of individuals applied to the utilization of great natural resources would result in a degree of individual economic success which would require infrequent ex-

ercise of this function of government. Yet local, State, and national governments have had to stand ready, through their relief systems, to alleviate the consequences of individual failure.

Not only the conscience but the self-interest of the community dictated that concern. Moreover, both the conscience and the self-interest of citizens in every major industrial country in the world have created an awareness of a government responsibility that extends beyond the mere provision of protection from starvation and freezing of those who, because of exceptional misfortune, physical, mental, or moral unfitness, were unable to produce the means of their own support. In these countries, including our own, the proportion of the population subject to the hazards of a predominantly industrial and urban way of life—hazards beyond the control of individuals—includes those whose ability, usefulness, and initiative are well above the average. Such people are not paupers in spirit and resent the necessity of humbling themselves by declaring themselves paupers in fact. Nor is it in the best interests of the community that they should be required to do so before community devices for economic security supplementary to their own individual efforts are brought into action. Those subject to physical and spiritual deterioration because of lack of opportunity to earn and because of the impact of accident, illness, and premature old age, constitute the group upon which we must depend for the efficient functioning of our economic, domestic, religious, and political institutions. They and their children are a large part of the most precious of all the community's assets, its human resources.

Fully aware of the primary importance of employment, production, individual foresight, and thrift in achieving economic security, Sir William Beveridge, nevertheless, clearly recognizes that such factors have not reduced want, and the unrest resulting therefrom, to insignificance. That objective he believes can be reached only by corporate action through the agency of government directed specifically at the inadequacies in our system of distribution which produce the want.

The Beveridge plan frankly places upon the national government the responsibility for guaranteeing minimum economic maintenance to all the people. The guarantee is implemented not only by relief on proof of need but by a system of guaranteed benefits premised on the rights of free citizens to protection from the common causes of acute economic distress, and premised on the concern of the community for the maintenance and improvement of its human resources.

Step by step, the analysis of the problem in the "Beveridge Report" moves through the critical experiences in the lives of citizens in which this responsibility of government comes to a focus. The plan starts with the encouragement of marriage and the begetting of children, through marriage grants and maternity grants. Additional maternity benefits are available for three months to working mothers. For every child under 15 years, with the exception of the first, children's allowances are provided both while the breadwinner is earning wages and when he is out of work. For all the family, complete medical and hospital services, and household help if the housewife goes to the hospital, are provided, and burial grants are made at death. If these or other benefits require supplementation or are not available in certain cases, public assistance is to be provided on proof of and to the extent of need.

That is the framework of general protection for families, whether or not the breadwinner has full employment. Under such measures, the family has a minimum security as long as the earning capacity of the breadwinner remains unimpaired by the hazards of unemployment, disability, accident, or old age, or as long as the structure of the family is not destroyed by death, desertion, or separation.

With respect to protection against the interruption of earning power, the breadwinners are divided into two groups—(1) employees and (2) others gainfully occupied, chiefly self-employed people and professional workers. If an employee is laid off, he receives unemployment benefit with dependent's benefit for his wife, if she is not working, and for the one child not covered by children's allowances. If he wishes to move to some

place where the chances of work are better, transportation and temporary lodging grants are available. If he must stay away from his work because of illness, disability benefits of the same amount and nature are payable. Both unemployment and disability benefits continue as long as he is not earning wages, subject, after 26 weeks, to certain requirements with respect to the acceptance of such work, re-training, or physical rehabilitation services as may be appropriate. If industrial accident or disease interrupts his earning, he receives regular disability benefits for 13 weeks and thereafter an industrial pension geared to his previous earnings and the degree of his disability until he reaches retirement age. Upon reaching the age of 65 if a man, or of 60 if a woman, the employee may retire from work on a retirement pension, which includes dependent's benefit for a wife not gainfully occupied.

Breadwinners who are self-employed and lose their work may not have unemployment benefit, of course, but benefits at the same rate are provided for 26 weeks to enable them to re-train for another job, and they may receive transportation and lodging grants while in training. Disability benefits are paid to them only after 13 weeks of disability. They are eligible for retirement pensions of the same nature and amount as employees.

Re-training benefits and retirement pensions are available to all regardless of whether they have previously been engaged in gainful work or not.

But now suppose the economic structure of the family is broken by the removal of the breadwinner through death, desertion, or separation. The widow or grass widow must carry on. If the death was due to industrial accident or disease, an industrial grant is made to the survivor. In any case, for 13 weeks the widow receives a widow's benefit plus children's allowances. If she has young children so that she cannot go to work, she thereafter receives a guardian's benefit so long as this condition remains. If she is able to seek gainful work, she may have re-training benefits for 26 weeks to fit her for her new job. If she is subject to disability which prevents work, disability

benefit is payable. At the age of 60 she is eligible for a retirement pension. Unless the separation occurs through the wife's fault, the grass widow has the same rights to benefit as a natural widow.

Such, in brief, is the structure of protective services, according to the Beveridge plan, to be built as a foundation for the productive efforts of British citizens. The objectives and interests behind this plan have a different emphasis from those which dominate our efforts in America. I am not ready to say that its emphasis is more sound than ours, but I do believe we should raise that question.

The major objective of the Beveridge plan is not *to make the individual happy or comfortable*; it is *to make the nation secure*. The first objective does not exclude the second, nor are the two inconsistent. But the appeal of this program is not primarily "What I get out of it as an individual." As taxpayers, as employers, as workers, Britons participate under its terms in a co-operative enterprise to secure the nation against the deterioration of its human resources and the social unrest which occur when the common hazards of life push individuals into acute economic distress.

The conception of national security is clearly demonstrated in the provision of marriage and maternity grants and children's allowances towards the end that the human resources of the nation may not be reduced through fear of the economic consequences of childbearing.

The conception of community security is further shown in the emphasis on the contribution made by the measures to maintaining the physical efficiency and high morale of the workers upon whom the nation must depend for a major part of its productive energy.

The participation of each group in building the funds with which this result in national security is to be accomplished is not in proportion to what they may expect as individuals to get out of it. What anyone takes out is merely enough to assure the nation that all its citizens have a common minimum of economic goods. Workers and employers pay what amounts to a

flat per-capita tax, the workers according to the number of weeks they work, the employers according to the number of "man weeks" of labor they use. Taxpayers contribute to those benefits which are to be paid from the general treasury in proportion to their ability to pay.

Nor is their participation in accordance with some assumed degree of responsibility for creating the hazards against which the nation seeks protection as is the case in merit-rating schemes in unemployment compensation in this country. The very simple and, I think, on the whole, accurate conception of the causes of economic distress is that they are inherent in the social and economic organization from which we all jointly benefit, and for which we are all jointly responsible. Any nice assessing of individual responsibility is inconsistent with the size and scope of the forces that actually produce the problem with which the nation must wrestle. The justification for the contribution of all towards the defeat of the common enemy at home is, therefore, essentially the same as the justification for the contribution of all towards the defeat of the common enemy abroad. The defeat of this common enemy of economic distress is recognized as the major objective justifying the co-operation of the individual with the plan.

This primary emphasis on the security of the nation is made clearer if we consider certain other emphases which distinguish the approach to it in the Beveridge plan from our own. With the one exception of the industrial pension granted if an industrial accident cuts short the worker's productive life, the standard of life guaranteed by the benefits of this plan is at a *subsistence* level, not at the level of the sort of creature comforts the worker customarily enjoys.

In Sir William's own words, "To give less [than subsistence], if the individual has no other resources, means paying for unemployment or disability in lower physical efficiency; this is more costly to the community than paying in money. To give less, because an individual has other resources, means applying a means test. . . . On the other hand, to give by compulsory insurance more than is needed for subsistence is an un-

necessary interference with individual responsibilities. That means departing from the principle of a national minimum, above which citizens shall spend their money freely, and adopting instead the principle of regulating the lives of individuals by law."

The clear implication of the Beveridge philosophy is that the responsibility of the nation in its corporate capacity is limited to guaranteeing this "minimum floor" of economic maintenance to all its citizens. Whatever differential they can build above this floor as a result of their individual initiative, ability, foresight, and thrift through earnings and private insurance savings, or other investment, is up to them. The benefits provided, therefore, are at a flat rate geared to the size and requirements for subsistence of the family for which the individual is responsible, not to the level of his customary earnings as our American social insurance benefits tend to be.

We should face this question squarely. Is it the business and responsibility of government to guarantee differentials in standards of living, or to guarantee a minimum level of subsistence? I am ready to say that in a system of free enterprise any differentials which an individual enjoys should be the product of his own ability and foresight, not the result of a government guarantee. If his earnings have been comparatively high and regular, his standard of living while he is unemployed, disabled, or old, should be better than that of those who have earned less, not because government guarantees him benefits proportional to his former earnings but because he has had greater opportunity, and perhaps also greater will, to save and to insure himself privately against the hazards of the future.

Another significant emphasis of the Beveridge plan is that protection is afforded under it to individuals as *citizens* rather than as *industrial workers* alone. It is understandable that American social insurance which was patterned after workmen's insurance and particularly workmen's compensation should develop benefits to which men become entitled by virtue of, and in proportion to, connection with industrial em-

ployment. Moreover, in highly industrialized nations, a large proportion of whose citizens are gainfully occupied in this way, the resulting coverage meets a major portion of the problem. But even in Britain, the workshop of the world, when men sit down to analyze the problem of economic distress and the protection of the nation therefrom, other groups of citizens must be considered. There are children who are not earners, there are farmers and independent workers whose income is not from wages, there are housewives and mothers whose economic contribution is not a part of the business system. The Beveridge plan follows the pattern of workmen's insurance where such a pattern is applicable, that is, where the beneficiaries are wage-earners, but it rounds out the pattern to provide for the particular needs of these other groups, and to provide the nation with security from economic distress from whatever functional population group it arises.

The dominance of industry and work for wages in our economy should not blind us to the fact that the deterioration of our human resources and social unrest arising from economic distress are not solely the product of inadequate or interrupted wages from industrial employment. The structure of our economy provides a place for many forms of economic participation. Wage-earners are one, but not the only, group of citizens for whose minimum subsistence provision must be made in any comprehensive attack on acute economic distress. Any system whose benefits are limited to wage-earners incompletely covers the potential danger zones.

Another major emphasis in the Beveridge plan is the protection of the family and not the individual alone. The marriage grants, children's allowances, dependents' benefits, survivors benefits, burial insurance, comprehensive health facilities, all take account of the fact that in our society the family rather than the individual is the economic unit.

There was a time in the early days of our nation when we should not have had to be reminded of this fact. If we stopped to think, we should not have to be reminded of it now. The importance of this truth has slipped into the background with the

decreasing dominance of agrarian life, with our emphasis on individualism, individual initiative, achievement, and earning. But the truth remains that the stability and success of our industrial civilization depend not only on the efficiency and worth of individual producers, but on the utilization and distribution of their product through the families of which they are a part. The economic community from the point of view of distribution is not so much a group of individuals as it is a group of families.

Again, it is true that any system of social protection which focuses on adequacy of income for the individual breadwinner meets a major part of the problem. But no such system can assure the community of freedom from economic distress unless it has been constructed from the point of view of maintaining the economic security of the family. We have been slow in this country to turn our eyes from the problem of the individual wage-earner to the problem of family maintenance. We have resisted dependents' benefits in our social insurance and are still troubled about the level of benefits resulting from them. We shall probably oppose marriage grants, maternity benefits, children's allowances, and complete and free health services for some time to come—until such time as we view our problem from the point of view of community and family rather than individual economic security.

The premises of a social security philosophy outlined in the foregoing pages are consistent with the point of view taken by Sir William Beveridge with respect to the cost of the system he proposes. Although he develops very elaborately the probabilities of money costs, he is concerned as much with the alternative real cost to the individuals, families, and the nation of not instituting such a system as with the money cost of doing so.

Discussion of the cost of a social security program in America usually ends in confusion for several reasons. No one can now make more than a guess as to what the ultimate cost will be. We have limited ourselves almost entirely to the effect of costs upon productive enterprise: the effect of pay-roll taxes on prices and volume of production, the effect of workers' con-

tributions on purchasing power, and the effect of income taxation on the availability and utilization of venture capital. Very little attention is given to the degree to which the money costs represent not a change in amount of our expenditures but a change in the budgeting according to which the expenditures are made.

The total eventual cost of the social security program envisaged by the Wagner-Murray-Dingell Bill and the National Resources Planning Board Report plus veterans' pensions has been estimated by one interest group opposed to the program as 20 billion dollars a year. Others have set the figure as low as 7 billion dollars a year. All agree that the expenditures will be large. Almost anyone could make an individual estimate between these two figures, or even beyond the top amount, by answering the following questions in his own way. (1) What pressures will be applied for expanding coverage and services and for modifying benefit rates? (2) What stimulus will be given to such pressures by movements in the general price level? The extent of some risks against which insurance is provided, such as old age, can be more or less accurately predicted. The extent and volume of other risks such as unemployment or temporary and permanent disability cannot be accurately foreseen. What estimate shall be used? The varying assumptions made by individuals in their answers to these questions leave considerable scope for variation in figures of cost. After listening to or reading such estimates, the average citizen may feel as dispirited as did the interpreter for a Chinese statesman who lectured for an hour before the League of Nations Assembly, in Chinese. His status commanded attendance, but his words were understood by very few. When he stopped, his interpreter, realizing that the audience was already exhausted, compressed the English version of the speech into a single sentence: "China is a very large country and has very many great problems."

Of some things we can be certain. The expenditures will be large. The taxes on employees may amount to as much as 6% of their pay, and on employers to 6% of their pay-roll. These

funds will undoubtedly have to be supplemented out of the general treasury, possibly to the extent of half the total acquired from these sources. Withdrawals from purchasing power, additions to employers' costs, taxation for the contributions of the general treasury, of such magnitude, and the subsequent distribution of funds in the form of benefits are bound to have a major impact upon the choices of consumers, the demand for labor, the volume and direction of private investment, and the fiscal policy of the government.

It is not the purpose of this article either to discuss and criticise the details of our social security program or to make predictions as to its specific consequences. The purpose is rather to set forth principles and a framework of thought from which intelligent discussion of such details can be carried on.

Sir William Beveridge's Report makes a contribution to that purpose with respect to costs by suggesting considerations which may well govern our own thought on this matter.

In the first place, even if we could anticipate that the total "social security budget" would be, say, 20 billion dollars annually, it is meaningless to talk of the burden of social or even industrial cost unless we could predict the size of the national income for the same period. Would 20 billion dollars be one-fourth, one-fifth, or one-tenth of that national income? If the utilization of our resources and man power is at a high level, resulting in a large national income, any given burden of cost will require a lower tax rate than if we have idle resources and men. Moreover, the absolute size of the burden resulting from unemployment and temporary disability will be lower. The cost, therefore, must be considered as related, in absolute amount, to the degree of employment of men and resources and related, as to the burden it imposes, to the size of the national income resulting from such employment. Both considerations emphasize the inseparable dependence of such a system of distribution upon the efficiency of the nation's productive forces.

The cost to the workers through contributions would not, in the aggregate, involve a net addition to their expenditures. Billions are now being spent by them directly for doctor bills,

medicines, hospital care, and so on. Insurance contributions would largely replace such expenditures. Young people are contributing in money and in kind to the support of aged parents. This expenditure would be reduced. Relatives are helping to support widows with dependent children. This burden would be reduced.

If we had no fire insurance in this country, should we consider the premiums required to effect such a scheme a net addition to the aggregate costs to property-holders of meeting losses from fire? Should we not rather consider insurance to be a wiser and more orderly distribution of the aggregate costs than the method of letting each holder of property face the maximum possible cost if his property were destroyed by fire?

Certainly from our estimates of cost, there should be subtracted, to a large extent, the expenditures already made by workers to meet the hazards, the burden of which would, under an adequate social security plan, be met from insurance funds.

Sir William Beveridge indicates awareness of this function of the social security program in providing a new system for the distribution of expenditures: "Abolition of want cannot be brought about merely by increasing production, without seeking to correct distribution of the product; but correct distribution does not mean what it has often been taken to mean in the past—distribution between the different agents of production, between land, capital, management and labor. Better distribution of purchasing power is required among wage-earners themselves, as between times of earning and not earning, and between times of heavy family responsibilities and of light or no family responsibilities."

The taxes paid by employers are less obviously offset by proportionate benefits. The contention is frequently made that a 6% addition to hourly rates would be fully recovered in increased physical fitness of workers, in energy released by reduction of worry, by a decrease in turnover and hence a decrease in training costs, and in the provision of a steadier and therefore more easily predictable market for goods. Whether

or not there is merit in this contention, many serious students agree that, in the long run, the employer's costs in any case are transferred to the pocketbooks of his workers, his customers, or his stock-holders. Since the taxes are to be compulsory and universal, there is, as a result of the taxes, no differential disadvantage between firms within the nation in the short run save that which arises out of the varying proportions of labor to total costs. Sir William Beveridge justifies taxes on the employers very briefly, but in words which will be approved by a large number of American employers: "At whatever reasonable point the employer's insurance contribution is fixed, it is a small part of his total bill for labor and of his costs of production; it is a sign of an interest which he should feel and does feel in the men whose work comes under his control."

The cost to the general public through taxes and possibly through higher prices is offset by a reduction in other costs attributable to the same hazards for which provision is made in the social security program. Some of these present costs reduced by social security benefits are obvious and clearly demonstrable, such as relief given by charitable organizations and municipalities. But Sir William Beveridge has a concept of social costs which goes beyond those definable in monetary terms. The cost of making or failing to make provision for the basic physical efficiency of all members of the community and for their freedom from the fear of want is already present. Unemployment and disability are already being paid for unconsciously. The costs to industry and particularly to the community are realized, although not quantitatively expressed, in reduced productiveness of the nation. It would be no added burden, and indeed it would result in a net reduction of the burden, to provide for them consciously and in a way designed to increase the human energies available and improve their effective utilization.

The costs to workers, employers, and the public represented by the taxes levied to provide benefits are not, therefore, the net costs. The definite aggregate money expenditures now made in other ways to deal with the same hazards must cer-

tainly be, to a large extent, subtracted before a net figure is available. Moreover, allowance should be made for the intangible but real social costs of not dealing with these hazards in a systematic and effective way.

In the light of these considerations, it will be seen that the Beveridge plan and the social security program embodied in the Wagner Bill and the National Resources Planning Board Report do not substitute security for initiative and individual enterprise in the economic system of the two nations. Security arising from an orderly distribution of the products of initiative and enterprise is an essential element in improving the nation's productive efforts. Security through the means of social insurance and allied services is a means of accomplishing that objective consistent with the circumstances and problems of industrial life in a democracy.

In their sum the provisions of these plans, if adopted, would announce to the citizens of the nation that they are to join in a co-operative security enterprise which aims to guarantee that every one shall start his competition for differential achievement from a minimum level of economic sustenance. By his own ability, initiative, and foresight he can build above that level any economic status for himself and his family of which he is capable. The nation's productive achievements and the nation's wealth will reflect the degree of his success. But if he fails to maintain that status, owing to the varying, and inescapable commonly experienced hazards of modern life, he will fall no farther than that floor of economic security. From there he can make a new start.

The freedom from anxiety and from the deterioration of body and mind achieved through such co-operative enterprise, is an essential ingredient of persistent and hopeful initiative and energy upon which depends the nation's productive capacity, the essential foundation of economic and social security.

NIGHT WATCH

BY WALTER BERNSTEIN

THE merchant crew of the freighter, *Censored*, on which I have been a guest of the United States Army for the past two months, has a saying that anyone who would go to sea for fun would go to hell for pleasure. The crew always repeats this adage after submarine alarms, and it is usually echoed by the Navy gun crew, when it gets time, and by the ship's ten passengers, when they have crawled out from under their beds. This does not mean that anyone aboard the *Censored* feels he is taking this trip for fun; it is just that the truism has a certain grisly significance when you are travelling a hostile ocean and carrying a cargo of high explosive.

Like many other freighters running between Allied ports, the *Censored* belongs to one of the dispossessed United Nations and only narrowly missed becoming part of the German merchant marine. She is a young ship, capable of outrunning most submarines. The members of her crew who were aboard in peace time say that the *Censored* was especially handsome for a freighter, with bright coloring and clean, strong lines. At the moment, all the beauty of the ship is in her function. The paint job has been covered up by the anonymous gray best suited for contemporary ocean travel; the sleek lines are broken by such necessities as anti-aircraft guns; the decks are jammed with ugly packing cases. Even the passenger cabins have been made into small-scale dormitories. Most of this living space is taken up by the Navy crew, which is regarded, along with the war materials in the hold, as vital cargo. The rest of the space is occupied by a highly expendable supercargo, consisting of eight brand-new second lieutenants and two slightly worn sergeants, en route to foreign service.

As one of the noncommissioned passengers, my only as-

signed duty has been to keep out of the way of the crew. However, the captain soon suggested that the passengers stand watch along with the Navy men, and we went to work. Our post was on a spacious deck that commanded an excellent view of the bow and what looked like all the water in the world. One of the gun crew shared this post with us and a ship's officer patrolled the bridge below. We were all equipped with life-jackets, binoculars, and phone sets with which we could communicate with other Navy men standing watch. It was generally frowned upon by the naval ensign in charge of the gun crew to use the phones for anything except business; if we spotted something we were to check it over the phones with the other lookouts or else convey the information in a loud voice to the officer on the bridge. In case of an actual engagement, we all had specific duties at the guns.

We stood our watches at two-hour intervals, usually during the day. We were used at night only in extremely dangerous waters. One night I happened to pull the watch from four A.M. to six A.M. At those times we were usually awakened fifteen minutes early by one of the sailors, but the day before we had received reports of two submarines operating around us, and I awoke all by myself at a quarter to three. We were sleeping in our clothes; so all I had to do was put on my shoes. Then I took my life-jacket and went out on deck.

It was very dark outside; there was a moon, but it was behind some clouds. I stood there for a while, watching the phosphorescence of the water, and then someone came up and stood beside me. It was the Navy coxswain, a short, black-haired boy from Missouri. He said he had just checked the forward watch and was going to check the after watch, and would I like to come along. I said I would. "Can't tell what those boys will do," the coxswain said, leading the way to the stern. "Some of them, it's their first trip out, and they might of fell overboard."

We picked our way through the cargo along the deck. The coxswain first inspected the big gun. Then we walked over to the starboard side, where a sailor was looking out over the

water. He did not notice either the coxswain or me. We walked up behind him and the coxswain said, "Hey!" The sailor spun around, pulling at his earphones. "Just wanted to see if you were asleep," the coxswain said mildly. "Gawd," the sailor said, "I thought you was the German Navy." "This is his first trip," the coxswain said to me. "Five months ago he was the Rowboat King of Cape Hatteras." "Aw," the sailor said. "Bet you wish you were back there now," the coxswain said. "You ain't tellin' no tall tales," the sailor said.

The coxswain made sure that the sailor's phones were in order, and then we walked across to the port watch. The sailor there had seen us coming and was prepared for the coxswain's special greeting. "He's a great kidder," he said to me, indicating the coxswain. "Last time he come up on me I like to fell off the ship." "That wouldn't be the first time," the coxswain said. I asked him what he meant and he explained that this sailor had fallen off the last ship he had been on. The sailor nodded modestly. "Right in the middle of a goddam convoy," he said. "Well, you better not fall off this ship," the coxswain said. "They'll just throw you a life-belt and keep right on going." I asked the sailor how he happened to fall off, and he said he was sitting on the rail and must have dozed. "I was certainly surprised," he said. He was an Italian boy from New Jersey, and this was his second trip. "The first trip was nicer," he said. "We had nurses on board."

Just then the moon broke through, shone for a moment and then was blotted out again. "Goddam moon," the sailor said. "That's all we need with two subs around," the coxswain said. "That's a regular searchlight." We watched the sky now as well as the water. The clouds were thinning out, and the moon seemed to have a good chance of breaking through. "It's a full moon," the sailor from Jersey said. "Just right for loving." There was a sound from his earphones and he listened intently. "Who's that?" the coxswain asked. "It's Allen on the number three," the sailor said. The coxswain moved closer, trying to hear what was said. "Does he see anything?" he asked. There was a moment in which none of us moved,

and then the sailor relaxed. "He says you should send him up a woman," he said.

We stayed with the sailor for a while, then the coxswain suggested going to the sailors' recreation room for a smoke. It was forbidden to smoke on certain parts of the deck because of the cargo we carried, and naturally forbidden to smoke anywhere outside at night. I followed the coxswain back through the dark, the ship silent and heavy around us. Twice I bumped my knee against life-rafts; the *Censored* had these scattered all over the decks, ready to float loose if the ship went down. We went through a passageway, climbed a ladder and came out on one of the shelter-decks. The recreation room was part of this deck that had been enclosed to make a bona-fide room. It was equipped with a long table, benches, a bookcase with about a hundred books in it, and lockers for the gun crew. On one wall were diagrams of friendly and hostile aircraft. A pair of boxing gloves lay on one of the benches, and there was an old phonograph on the table. We sat on one of the benches, and the coxswain sighed loudly. "These damned submarines," he said. "I ain't had no sleep since we left port." I asked him how many trips he had made, and he said that this was his third. Before that he had been in the fleet, stationed on a destroyer. His face lit up when he talked of the destroyer. "You got protection on one of those things," he said. He did not mind being in the Armed Guard, which is the branch of the Navy that supplies gun crews to non-Navy ships, but he preferred the fleet. He explained that the actual work was easier on a merchant ship; the only thing he didn't like was the way the Armed Guard had received its nickname. Other sailors call it the Suicide Squad. "It's too much like being on a clay pigeon," the coxswain said. "You meet up with a sub one night and maybe you're on a dead pigeon."

I asked the coxswain if he had seen any action, and he said he had seen a little. As he did not seem disposed to talk about it, I didn't press him. We sat there talking about the Army and the Navy, and he mentioned that the last trip he had made was on a troop transport. I asked him how he liked the

Army. "Those crazy bastards," he said amiably. He smoked for a while without saying anything. Then he said, "We sunk a sub one night, and they slept all the way through it." He shook his head. "You know about that sub—it surfaced right in the middle of the convoy and nobody could figure out why. Can you imagine coming up smack in the middle of a convoy? The tin cans just blasted the tail off him. They blew that sub right out of the water." He shook his head again. "I can't understand why a sub would do a thing like that. It just doesn't make sense."

We talked for a while longer, until it was time for me to go on watch. The coxswain said he was going to turn in, but didn't seem too optimistic about actually sleeping. I left him yawning and went out on deck. After a few minutes to get used to the dark I went up the ladder to the bridge and then up on top of the wheelhouse. The lieutenant I was to relieve was standing on the port side, talking to the ship's officer on watch. The Navy lookout was on the starboard side. I asked the lieutenant if anything were stirring, and he shook his head. "Not a thing," he said, a little regretfully. He took off his earphones and binoculars and handed them to me. Then he straightened the bars on his jacket, said good-night and went off below. He was a very new lieutenant who had been commissioned straight from civilian life.

I put on the phones and slung the binoculars over my neck. "I hope that moon stays in," the ship's officer said. He was one of the junior officers, a heavy, blond young man who was always playing with the ship's cat. "We came into Malta on a night like this," he said. This was the first I had known of the *Censored* having gone to Malta and I asked him about it. "Oh, yes," he said. "This ship has been bombed plenty." He spoke with a heavy accent and pronounced both b's in bomb. I asked if the *Censored* had ever been hit. "We got one burst in the stern on the Malta trip," he said, "but the only damage was to destroy the cots that the gun crew had set up for sleeping on the deck." I asked if the hit had been from a bomb and he laughed. "Oh, no," he said. "It was from one of our own

destroyers, trying to hit a torpedo plane." He explained that as torpedo planes come in very low, there is much cross-fire from the defending ships. "But mostly we were attacked by high-level bombers, and they did not do much damage." He did not say anything for a moment, and then he said, "They do most of their damage on the women."

He stayed up for a few minutes more, then went down to his post on the bridge. When he had gone, the sailor on watch came over. "You know about that guy," he said. "He's got his wife in Java and ain't heard from her since the war started." He clucked his tongue sympathetically. "Lots of this crew got their families in these here occupied territories," he said. This sailor was another Italian boy, with a long nose and eyebrows that met in a mess of black hair. On the back of his life-jacket he had painted TONY FROM BROOKLYN. When he heard that I was from Brooklyn, he smacked his hands together. "Man," he said, "that's God's country!" We walked up and down, while Tony explained why the Dodgers had fallen apart last season. Every so often, instead of just walking, he would hop around and start shadow-boxing, although he would always stop when he got to the side and give the water a good look. I asked him if he had ever done any fighting. "That's my god-dam life," he said simply. He bobbed and weaved for my benefit and jabbed the air with a couple of fast lefts. "I always got my mitts up," he said. "It's my habit. Every time someone comes near me I got my mitts up." He hooked the air with the left and crossed the right. I calmed him down enough to discover that he had been starting a professional boxing career when war broke out, and had already had one fight in Hartford, Conn. "It was at one of those places like Coney Island," Tony said. "One of them expeditions." I asked him how he made out. "I lost on a technical," he said. "The other guy was too hep for me." He then proceeded to tell me about the fight in detail. He was halfway through the second round when one of the voices over the phone said, "Tony." Tony stopped bobbing and weaving. The voice said, "I see a light off the port beam."

Tony straightened up quickly and we both walked over to the port side. I couldn't see a thing. Tony said over the phone, "You're nuts." "The hell I am," said the voice. "I seen a light." "That Allen is always seeing things," Tony said to me. We watched the horizon; there was no light so far as I could see, and then suddenly there was a pin-prick of light that shone for a second and went out. "Oh, man," Tony said. He leaned over the side and called down to the ship's officer. A moment later the officer was up with us, carrying a long spyglass. He looked through the glass at the spot we indicated, and the light came on again while he was looking. It must have been just over the horizon, and it shone for only a second. The officer put down his glass and, without saying a word, went below. "He's getting the captain," Tony said. "And I am getting the ensign." He went over to the alarm buzzers, which were set near one of the guns. There were buzzers to give the general alarm, to call the gun crew from its quarters, and to call the ensign from his quarters. Tony buzzed the ensign, sending the three dots that were code for the letter S. This was the signal for submarine or surface craft; for planes the signal was a dot and a dash for the letter A.

By this time everyone on watch had seen the light. "I seen it first," Allen was saying over the phones. "The rest of you jerks is blind." The light was still visible, but did not seem to be getting any brighter. It might have been a ship on the horizon, but no ship would be showing a light if it could help it; and we weren't near any land. "Maybe it's a lighthouse," someone said over the phones. "Maybe it's the Brooklyn Paramount," Tony said. "I seen it first," Allen was saying. "You jerks wouldn't see anything unless it hit you."

I watched the light flicker on and off and then watched what was happening on the bridge. The captain had come up: he was a huge man with an enormous belly and a shaved head, and his feet were always in patent leather pumps. He was talking to the junior officer. "We're changing course," Tony said. I looked back and saw our wake gleaming in the dark. We were making a half circle, moving away from the light.

The ensign was on the bridge now—a tall, slender, soft-spoken Virginian who looked a little like Robert Montgomery. He had formerly been the head of the research department of a college library. He had his own binoculars and was looking at the light through them. Finally he put them down and came up the ladder to where we were standing. He said something to Tony in a low voice, and Tony turned and went below. “We can’t seem to make out what the light is,” the ensign said to me. “We’re changing course to see if it will follow us. We should lose it in a little while.” He did not seem particularly worried, but neither was he very cheerful. We stood there, watching the light. “It might be a friendly ship with a porthole open,” the ensign said. There didn’t seem to be much to say if it weren’t a friendly ship. Tony came up the ladder, followed by the coxswain. “When I get into port I’m going to sleep for three days,” the coxswain said. “I don’t think it’s enough to justify gun stations,” the ensign said, “but we’ll stand double watches for a while.” The coxswain nodded and went off. The rest of us turned back to the light, but it had disappeared. “Must be over the horizon,” the ensign said. The moon had apparently given up any idea of coming out, but the sky was getting lighter. Up on the bow I could see the new men climbing into the pill boxes to stand the extra watch. “I guess I’ll check the guns,” the ensign said, half to himself. He nodded rather absently and went below. The light was still not visible, and I could not make up my mind whether I felt better or worse because of it. So long as it shone we could see what was coming after us. I remembered the coxswain’s words about why he preferred a destroyer. “I would feel a lot better if we was carrying a load of wood,” Tony said.

The ship was turning again, and the light fell farther astern. The ensign was up on the bow, talking to the coxswain. The captain had been joined on the bridge by the chief officer—a small, dour-looking man—and they were drinking coffee out of large glasses. The junior officer was with them, looking through the spyglass. It was much lighter now; back

of us the horizon was turning pink. The wind had picked up, though, and the ship was digging into the sea. Tony had his eyes on the water, but he was shifting his feet back and forth against the roll of the ship. "Improves the footwork," he said. "I think everyone should know how to defense yourself."

The light was definitely gone by now. I looked through my binoculars and couldn't see anything, and then I looked again and saw something, and someone said over the phones, "It's a ship." It was a ship, all right. I could see the top of the mast over the horizon. They had already seen it on the bridge; the captain was looking through the spyglass himself. The ship was off the port quarter, where the light would have been. It was not far enough over the horizon to tell anything about it. The ensign was on the bridge, signalling Tony with his hand. Tony nodded, went over to the alarm buzzer, and rang for the crew. "Gun stations," he said to me. In a moment I could see sailors cutting across the deck cargo and climbing up the ladders to the pill boxes. The coxswain was already up on the forward gun, wheeling it around to face the other ship. All the sailors were wearing life-jackets, and a few were wearing helmets. They looked very businesslike and efficient. The other ship was off the port beam; we had changed course again. I could see some of the superstructure through my glasses. "It looks like a Liberty," Tony said. "It better be a Liberty," said a voice over the phones.

Everyone was watching the ship. It was coming slowly over the horizon, barely moving. The gun crew was at full stations now, the guns still elevated in their rest positions, but the covers off and the ready boxes open. On the bridge the captain and the ensign were looking through their glasses at the ship. The ensign was wearing a set of phones, ready to transmit any orders to the guns. Everyone who had binoculars was watching through them. Then the ensign put down his glasses, and after a moment the captain put his down. They smiled at each other. "It must be a Liberty," Tony said.

After a while the ensign came up to our post. "It's a Liberty ship," he said. "You can tell from the silhouette." I asked him if that were what we had seen during the night. "I guess

it was," he said. "Someone must have left a porthole open. It's lucky we weren't a submarine."

I stayed on watch for another half hour, watching the Liberty ship through my glasses. It was soon visible without the glasses, moving very slowly away from us. At six o'clock, one of the lieutenants came up to relieve me. He was very annoyed when he discovered that he had missed some excitement. It was too early for breakfast; so I went down to the galley and had a cup of coffee. Then I went on deck. The sailors had their hammocks strung across part of one of the decks, and I lay down in a hammock and tried to sleep. A Navy poker game had already started in one corner and in another corner sat a very thin sailor dressed in faded blue denims. He was playing a guitar and singing in a high, mountain tenor. The other men called him Slim; on the back of his life-jacket was painted COLUMBUS, GEORGIA. Slim was wearing a pair of dark glasses against the sun, and someone had pinned a sign on him saying, "Blind—He cannot see because his eyes are closed." His cap was face up beside him, and every time one of the poker players took a big pot he would come over and drop a coin in the hat and Slim would say, "Bless you, brother, bless you." He was singing a song which I knew as "When the Saints Go Marching In," but he had changed the words somewhat and was singing:

When the Yanks go marching in.

Lord, I want to be in that number

When the Yanks go marching in.

Allen, the sailor who had first seen the light, came off watch and flopped into the hammock next to me. He was a round-faced boy who could not have been more than eighteen, and he spoke with a thick Southern drawl. "Boy," he said, "they don't have nothin' like that in High Point, North Carolina." The Liberty ship was now almost out of sight. Slim was singing a slow, sad song about his old Southern home by the sea, and Allen was lying back in his hammock with his eyes closed, beating time with his foot. "High Point, North Carolina," Allen was saying. "Good old High Point, North Carolina." Then I fell asleep.

THE REVIVAL OF E. M. FORSTER

By E. K. BROWN

THOSE of us who have long admired Mr. Forster and hoped that his work would have the permanent life of distinguished minor fiction—the kind of life that Fromentin's "Dominique" has had in France and "The Country of the Pointed Firs" in America—have found 1943 a white milestone. For years Mr. Forster had been scarcely a name to the general reader, and critical comment upon him except as a theorist about the novel had been scanty and commonplace. Within the year came reprints of four novels, "A Room with a View" and "The Longest Journey" from New Directions, "Where Angels Fear To Tread" and "Howards End" from Alfred Knopf. The fifth of his novels, "A Passage to India," preserved its place, with a temporary eclipse because of the shortage of paper, in the inexpensive Modern Library series. A penetrating and essentially sympathetic estimate, the first book on Mr. Forster to come from America, was brought out by the eminent Arnoldian, Professor Lionel Trilling. From some critics of the extreme Left there was faint praise, there were even a very few rude outcries; but otherwise the reception of the reprints and the estimate was no less delightful to the faithful reader of Mr. Forster than their appearance. To-day he stands in this country as the greatest living English master of the novel.

The spurt in Mr. Forster's reputation is the more notable, and the more surprising, coming when interest in his admired, and admiring, friend Mrs. Woolf has receded. Through the later Thirties it was apparent that her fiction was not wearing well. "The Years" was a disappointment, appearing, as it did, to surrender her peculiar virtues and to abandon her peculiar methods, and to win in compensation little beyond the range of

a dozen novelists of the time. Some of us thought that nemesis was at work as Mrs. Woolf, who had been so supercilious towards the formula of Galsworthy, tried in this book something he had often performed—and was, at best, but moderately successful. “Between the Acts” was far from a sufficient offset for either the flatness of “The Years” or the imperfections now felt so acutely in Mrs. Woolf’s earlier and more characteristic fiction. The almost fretful delicacy of touch, the arch and even coy quality in her humor, her style, and even in her manipulation of incident, narrative, and character, told against her; the implied scheme of moral and social values was no longer found to be stimulating to the conscience or liberating to the imagination.

The present decline of interest in Mrs. Woolf—a trend which time may, of course, reverse—has had no full parallel in the reputation of the master experimenter of the Twenties. Still, “Finnegans Wake,” the labor of fifteen years, has had no impact comparable with that of “Ulysses”; viewed as a whole it has been less formative, perhaps even less impressive, than some of the parts published much earlier, “Haveth Childers Everywhere” and “Anna Livia Plurabelle.” Since its publication the comments on Joyce’s work as a whole have struck notes of firmer and sadder reservation than modern-minded critics had sounded before. It is far too early to say that the Joyce chapter in English or American fiction has closed; but it is safe to say that the culminating pages of the chapter have been turned.

The deaths of Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Joyce in the early months of the war seemed to symbolize the end of a movement and a period in English fiction. Yet now the third great experimenter of the group—the third distinguished novelist of the life within, of peculiar states of being of peculiar people—stands higher than ever, in this country at least. This, then, is the moment for some thought about the qualities of fiction so unexpectedly and so vigorously revived, and about its chances for permanent life either in a somewhat small circle or among readers generally.

In a preface to a novel that no one reads any longer, even in France, Paul Bourget speaks interestingly of the novel of ideas, and links it with the name of Balzac. Balzac, he says, was addicted to the novel of ideas, the novel occupied with what goes on within the mind. By the novel of ideas Balzac, I think, understood something much more definite: for him it was a novel illustrating a theory about what goes on within the mind, and indeed about life in general. Such an approach to fiction, rare among our less speculative English novelists, has its peculiar dangers—dangers clearly seen and strongly felt by George Eliot, our first, and I should argue, our greatest novelist of ideas. In a letter to Frederic Harrison she spoke of “the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh”; and of “the sort of agonizing labor to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture—to get breathing individual forms, and to group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience—will, as you say, flash conviction on the world by means of aroused sympathy.” I know of no other presentation of the plight of the novelist of ideas which can compare with this for clearness and suggestive power. Everyone is familiar with the weight George Eliot carried, as she sought again and again to lend the breath of life to her master altruists, to make the noble ideals of her version of Comtism flash conviction on the Victorian world; and the figures she intended to be so moving and winning remained stiff and absurd, while the irrelevant Mrs. Poyzers, the deplored Casaubons, the muddled Lydgates breathed with overflowing life.

Since the time of George Eliot the novel of ideas has had honor in England: she was almost what Lord David Cecil calls her—the point of junction between the old novel and the new. Of the old in her dependence on typed characters and clean and complicated plots, she was of the new, as he says, because she explored depths in her main personages which would have gone unsounded by Fielding or Thackeray, and also, I should add, because she put forward a detailed redemptive theory

about life. At the centre of a George Eliot novel there is a stretch which might be compared with Paul's experience on the road to Damascus, if in addition to his regeneration he had been provided with the Athanasian creed. In her works the way to salvation is always neatly codified. And so it has been with Meredith, with Hardy, with Samuel Butler, with Wells, and with Forster.

In our time, perhaps the subtlest effort to write the novel of ideas in England has been Forster's. He would writhe to hear it, but he is the lawful issue of George Eliot. He has been more clearly conscious of the danger to vitality in characters that the novel of ideas offers, and far more cunning in his means of parrying the danger. For instance, in "The Longest Journey," he has his redemptive character safely in his grave before the book begins. How much better it would have been if all we had been allowed to see of Will Ladislaw was an exquisite miniature such as we are shown of some of his female relatives! Or a lock of that wonderful curly blond hair! If we could have been spared Will's taking his careless elegant ease on the fur rug by Rosamond Vincy's fireside, or trying to say profound things to Dorothea Brooke! The great man in "The Longest Journey," Anthony Failing, used to live in Wiltshire; and as we approach the house on the downs, we see his widow sitting in her arbor and beginning to write a memoir of her husband. The horrible heartless old woman begins: "The subject of this memoir first saw the light at Wolverhampton on May the 14th, 1842." She scores out the dead words and begins again: "The subject of this memoir first saw the light in the middle of the night. It was twenty to eleven. His pa was a parson, but he was not his pa's son, and never went to heaven." Mr. Forster is determined that right from the beginning he will make the reader feel the lash of the world's whip, and the force of the world's snigger against his ideal characters; they are not to be plaster saints, they are to have qualities which will seem disagreeable or laughable; and so, he hopes, as Balzac did, we may find them believable, breathing beings.

He used the same means in another early novel, "A Room

with a View." The redemptive character, old Mr. Emerson, lives in an English pension at Florence. Two culture-seeking English ladies arrive and are upset to find that, instead of the rooms with a view over the Arno they had been promised, they have been installed in rooms on the wrong side of the house. Mr. Emerson's rooms are on the Arno side, and he offers them. Everything in his way of offering them from his appearance, through the tone of his voice, to the state of mind he expresses is wrong in their conventional eyes. They do take his rooms, however; all that one of them can do is bar the shutters and search the room for a dangerous hidden entrance; but the other, over whose unformed being so many forces are to play during the novel, "opened the window, and breathed the clean night air, thinking of the kind old man who had enabled her to see the lights dancing in the Arno, and the cypresses of San Miniato, and the foothills of the Apennines, black against the rising moon." Mr. Emerson may not be so impressive as George Eliot's Dinah Morris, that admirable unbreathing statue, but like her, he gets his way, and unlike her, for a moment he inspires belief. His absurdities make him life-size.

But we do not continue to believe he breathes. He becomes only an eloquent voice encased in a body which appears to have no integral relation to it. I can fancy Mr. Forster taking stock of Mr. Failing and Mr. Emerson and deciding that they would not do. I can imagine him saying that there was something rootless in their spirits, something a little too suggestive of the kindly prosing idealism of the scientific socialist of the late nineteenth century, something too close to the Labor intellectual. At any moment, we fear, they might begin to talk with the bombinating eloquence of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Those books, I can imagine him saying, must be re-done, and one must go a great deal deeper in the new versions. It seems to me that "Howards End" is the re-doing of "The Longest Journey," with a far deeper redemptive character, and the world of business substituted for the smaller world of public school masters and their wives. "A Passage to India" I take to be a re-doing of "A Room with a View," with the deepest of

all Mr. Forster's redemptive characters, and the English in their life-and-death relation with the major peninsula of India replacing the English in their superficial relation with the minor peninsula of Italy.

Before we look at these later novels, on which I believe Mr. Forster's claims will more and more depend, there is another type of character, not quite redemptive, which we must understand and value. This is the Panic being, first entering his fiction in the earliest of his novels, "Where Angels Fear To Tread," in the person of Gino Carella. Gino is not a wholly satisfactory portrait; but he is a much more living type of the natural man than the gamekeeper in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" or indeed any of Lawrence's glorifications of huge limbs, curt speech, and unquenchable sexuality. Gino can be charming, but he can also be stupid, cleverly cruel, and abysmally self-centered. He is a sort of Pan, fighting civilization with the weapons of "those childlike ruffians, his ancestors, who flung each other from the towers" of their hill towns. Gino is just a sketch for the portrait of the natural man in Stephen Wonham in "The Longest Journey." Stephen Wonham is a pure expression of the novel of ideas: he is nature—an illegitimate child, a farmer and wanderer over the downs, with that antique harshness and egoism which mark the male nature symbols in the poems of Robinson Jeffers. He has just that disgust and fear for the symbols of civilization that Jeffers's men have: the spire of Salisbury Cathedral frightens him just as the bridges over California rivers frighten the wild men in Jeffers. And yet for Mr. Forster, a supremely civilized being, a devotee of tradition, Stephen Wonham is in some degree exemplary. "Look how much better, how much wiser, how much surer than my conventionalists, my intellectuals, this animal is!" Mr. Forster is always telling us. This is because Stephen, within his narrow range, is better in relations with others than the civilized and the conventional can be. But do we believe in Stephen? Does he breathe? He is much more flesh and blood than the Emersons and the Failings. Still the idea obtrudes very often in Stephen, just as the idea obtruded in

Hawthorne's faun. Not from Stephen can we take conviction that Mr. Forster can set in the framework of a novel of ideas a movingly real breathing being. For this conviction we must look to two women characters, who will have something of Stephen in them, and something of Mr. Emerson and Mr. Failing, and something else too, something more precious and more vivid. We must look to Mrs. Wilcox in "Howards End" and Mrs. Moore in "A Passage to India."

Mrs. Wilcox we shall meet at the beginning of "Howards End." The page in which she comes before us, by which she is realized for us forever, is so admirable that I wish to give it in full. I think it can be put beside that high moment in "The Ambassadors" when Strether, in Gloriani's garden, the finest people in Europe walking and talking in the alleys and the bells of a seminary sounding from beyond the wall, appreciates the thinness of life in Woollett, Massachusetts.

The novel has a running start, and some background is needed if the beauty of the page is to be seen in its splendor and power. One of the Schlegel girls has come to stay with the Wilcoxes, and has speedily become engaged to the younger Wilcox son; she has wired the great news to her sister, and their aunt, dear meddlesome old Mrs. Munt, has hurried down to the Wilcoxes' country place to survey the ground; at the station Mrs. Munt was met by the elder Wilcox son; and supposing he was to be her nephew-in-law she has congratulated him, thus giving him the first news of what was afoot. Driving from the station she and the boy have fought a stiff battle, and the moment he comes within speaking range he shouts out to his brother:

" 'Paul, Paul, Paul, is there any truth in this?' "

" 'I didn't—I don't—' "

" 'Yes or no, man; plain question, plain answer. Did or didn't Miss Schlegel—' "

" 'Charles dear,' said a voice from the garden. 'Charles, dear Charles, one doesn't ask plain questions. There aren't such things.' "

"They were all silent. It was Mrs. Wilcox.

"She approached just as Helen's letter had described her, trailing noiselessly over the lawn, and there was actually a wisp of hay in her hands. She seemed to belong not to the young people and their motor, but to the house, and to the tree that overshadowed it. One knew that she worshipped the past, and that the instinctive wisdom the past can alone bestow had descended upon her—that wisdom to which we give the clumsy name of aristocracy. High-born she might not be [she came of yeoman stock]. But assuredly she cared about her ancestors, and let them help her. When she saw Charles angry, Paul frightened, and Mrs. Munt in tears, she heard her ancestors say, 'Separate those human beings who will hurt each other most. The rest can wait.' So she did not ask questions. Still less did she pretend that nothing had happened, as a competent society hostess would have done. She said, 'Miss Schlegel, would you take your aunt up to your room or my room, whichever you think best. Paul, do find Evie, and tell her lunch for six, but I'm not sure whether we shall all be downstairs for it [they were not].' And when they had obeyed her, she turned to her elder son, who still stood in the throbbing, stinking car, and smiled at him, with tenderness, and without saying a word, turned away from him towards her flowers.

" 'Mother,' he called, 'are you aware that Paul has been playing the fool again?'

" 'It's all right, dear. They have broken off the engagement.'

" 'Engagement—!'

" 'They do not love any longer, if you prefer it put that way,' said Mrs. Wilcox, stooping down to smell a rose."

In no space at all character has been shaped and colored; we have been taken to a plane far above the normal level of human relations. Mrs. Wilcox is not always on that rare plane. She can be a quite simple and even dreary creature, complaining of the service on the railway, and worrying about Christmas cards. The great point is that when she ceases to be dreary and soars, she takes us with her: we believe in her. Mr. Somerset Maugham, after expressing warm admiration for the art of

Mr. Forster, finds it necessary to make a heavy reservation. He says: "He can create characters that are freshly seen and vividly alive: then he makes them do things that you know very well, so roundly and soundly has he set them before you, they couldn't possibly do. . . . You don't believe." What Mr. Maugham objects to, I am sure, is the soaring, such as Mrs. Wilcox has done in the page quoted. Probably he has been too devoted a reader of Anatole France to accept the plane to which Mrs. Wilcox soars as a part of life.

It is certain—this may be said in support of Mr. Maugham's doubts—that words were not framed to express what goes on when a character reaches this plane. Mrs. Wilcox shies away from words: her failures to communicate her deepest insights have taught her that words are not her instruments. In trying to help the character who is most nearly sympathetic to her she flounders sadly and abounds in such phrases of desperation as "I almost think" and "I only meant." Her gentle charm becomes a veil over depths, and so it is best to leave her and turn to her more sharply featured sister character, Mrs. Moore in "A Passage to India."

Mrs. Moore is by much the most wonderful of all Mr. Forster's wonderful old women, not so softly appealing as Mrs. Wilcox but more solid a being, more startling to the imagination, and more richly satisfying to the lover of reality. On her I should most surely base the claim that he has involved in a novel of ideas a character who is at once a complex and effective symbol and a genuine human being. There is just as rare stuff in her as in Mrs. Wilcox—it is not quite the same stuff—and she undergoes a rare type of experience beyond the gamut of Mrs. Wilcox; and yet she remains a visible being, with a jolly red face and a mass of fine white hair, and a piece of sure humanity.

She will come before us best if we see her at the moment when she is called upon to rise from her seat among the other English personages and begin her great experience. With her son's fiancée she has come to a tea party given by an unconventional education officer so that the two women can touch India.

India is represented by a Mohammedan doctor, superficially Europeanized, and an old Brahman, Professor Godbole. One of the pleasures Mrs. Moore had been promised was that Godbole would sing. The party has taken a rather unsatisfying course: no revelation of India has appeared. At the very close, just as the English women are about to leave, Godbole sings. The song was a maze of noise, now and then it took on rhythm, or the shadow of melody; but there was no continuity of either, and one might either suppose that it was something primitive and insignificant, or be devastated by an impression that it was shot through with meaning so deep that a Western personality could not seize it. Mrs. Moore took the second interpretation; from the moment she hears the song, she is struck with unphraseable intuitions, jaded, muddled, eager to escape from the network of personal and social relationships, ready to die. All through the next great scene of the novel—its central scene for plot—Mrs. Moore reveals, one by one, the phases of feeling I have mentioned. And as she reveals them she does not cease to be a real personage. We do not cease to believe in her. She is veiled from us, we grope for her, but we do not give up the conviction that she is a human being. This, it seems to me, is Mr. Forster's triumph. And round about Mrs. Moore, just as if he were bearing in mind George Eliot's formula, he has grouped other characters, Indian and English, who are breathing individuals (as well as palpable symbols) and set them in fruitful relationships, and drawn about them a fiercely vivid setting, also symbolic. Throughout the scene—it is, of course, the cave scene—symbol and reality interfuse.

In these two scenes he has exhausted his power. All that Mrs. Moore can do henceforth is to depart and die. She will remain throughout the rest of the book as an inescapable presence, as Mrs. Wilcox did. It was hard to believe in the shade that Mrs. Wilcox cast after her death: some of the characters pleaded with us to believe in it, the plot emphatically demanded belief; but the shade was not impressive to the imagination. Mrs. Moore's shade is also invoked by some of the characters; it almost dominates plot; and, what is much more,

there are beautiful moments which irresistibly compel belief. There is the moment when the Mohammedan doctor, meeting a younger son of Mrs. Moore for the first time, years after her death, appreciates that she was the greatest experience of his life; and there is the moment when the education officer, married to her daughter, confesses that all his labors towards liberality of mind and spirit have left him on the poorer side of a chasm which separates him from his wife and his wife's mother; and there is the moment, equally long after Mrs. Moore's death, the rarest moment of all, when Godbole in the ecstasy of adoration finds that this old English woman, met only once, is the surest link between him and the One. In the felicity of his invention here, and in the vitality with which he endows the scenes in which it flowers forth, Mr. Forster appears to show his gift as a novelist of ideas at its purest. Here he comes within reach of the author of "*La Recherche de l'Absolu*."

What of the conventionalists who abound in these novels, as foils for the characters who have been considered? Do they come to life? There can, I think, be no doubt that the atmosphere of conventional groups carries conviction. That pension in Florence, the house at the public school in "*The Longest Journey*," the club at Chandrapore in "*A Passage to India*," are richly human in the manner of the *Maison Vauquer*. The individuals do not live so fully. So great is Mr. Forster's impatience with conventionalist women he seldom makes them credible: Agnes Pembroke, in "*The Longest Journey*," the two Herriton females, in "*Where Angels Fear To Tread*," Evie Wilcox, are just a few lines dashed down in hasty anger. The best of the conventionalists are men. In Mrs. Wilcox's husband and in Mrs. Moore's elder son, there is a sturdy vitality such as George Eliot could impart to her worldly clergy or gentry and Thackeray to the best of his club men.

This is a severe limitation, and there are other limitations in Mr. Forster's handling of character. If I were seeking to express by a single image the effect that his novels make upon a responsive reader, I should compare them to narrow dark paths

across a world of light, paths irradiated for a moment now and then by splinters shooting through the darkness. In one of his short stories—a parable as most of them are—he likens life to a road, lined on one side by a hedge through which an occasional plodder finds his way into a superior level of being. Before one reaches the middle of any of his novels, one has a distinct sense of two levels on which one cannot focus at once. This notion of inability to focus is a favorite of his. Contrasting George Eliot and Dostoevski he says that for her God is on the same plane as chairs and tables, but for him the focus changes as one leaves the tables and chairs, and comes to God. In a comment on Mrs. Wilcox, made by a sympathetic character, the image comes again—and the two passages are separated by fifteen years: “She and daily life were out of focus; one or the other must show blurred. And at lunch she seemed more out of focus than usual and nearer the line that divides daily life from a life that may be of greater importance.” The collection of short stories to which he gave the title “The Celestial Omnibus” is a set of illustrations of this image. They are beautiful parables, but like all parables they rest on an enormous and incredible simplification of material. *Life is not in the least like that!* we say as we read these stories, just as we say this in reading “Mosses from an Old Manse.” We do not keep on saying so as we read the novels, but we do say so at important crises in each of them. Notice the queer way in which Mr. Forster approaches the fact of death. At the end of an early chapter in “The Longest Journey”—Mr. Trilling has seized on this before me—an athlete, Gerald, has boasted of his strength. The next chapter opens: “Gerald died that afternoon. He was broken up in the football match.” Surely this is all too close to the tone of Mr. Failing’s widow. Again and again, death is touched with this light, unfeeling hand. When Mrs. Moore dies aboard the homeward bound *P. and O.* it is just as quietly and coldly done. In “To the Lighthouse” Mrs. Woolf, whom Mr. Forster so warmly admires, kills her main personage in a single clause in the middle of a long sentence which is set off from the main course by brackets. Here are striking instances of the way in which the

novel of ideas can fail: it fails because a theory which the novelist is illustrating is inconsistent with reality as we know and appraise it. We do not feel about death as the authors of these sentences feel: our feeling may not approach the frenzy of Dickens, but we cannot go along with Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Forster. Their failure here is the same as Hardy's when he sinks hag-ridden by his theory of an actively malevolent fate.

Whatever a novel may or may not do, it must be realistic. It is as true to-day as it was when Brunetière said it, that the end of fiction is the realistic representation of life. When the great datum of a novel is inconsistent with such a representation, however lifelike some of its scenes and persons may be, the novel is ruined. A novel is not saved by a great theme. No theme greater than Mr. Forster's opposition between two levels of being can be conceived. The weakness is in failing to find adequate vesture for the theme, in letting the bones obtrude. Mr. Trilling has remarked on the inadequacy of Mr. Forster's secondary characters to the ideas they incarnate. Speaking of "A Passage to India" he says: "To represent the official English as so unremittingly bad, and the Indians as so unremittingly feeble is to prevent the story from being sufficiently worked out in terms of the characters." I should like to put in a good word for McBryde among the English, and for Aziz among the Indians. (Godbole I assume Mr. Trilling did not have in mind at all in making the criticism.) Still, as a general objection to "A Passage to India," and to the other novels, Mr. Trilling's remark holds. What is criticised here is the same inability, of which other instances have been given, to animate character, to create realistic form, credible form, moving form.

The answer to the central question, Can Mr. Forster give us a realistic representation of life? is not a simple one. Often his fiction falls into unrealism: Mr. Maugham is right in some of his moments of discomfort. Still, the creation of Mrs. Moore, and in only less degree of Mrs. Wilcox, is a very notable achievement in fiction. To some readers it may seem that Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilcox are like genii which now and again

swell out of the slender vases in which they are contained, and take on forms so huge and vague that the eye cannot focus on them as wholes. Perhaps genii which perform in this fashion are not the best material for fiction; but the reader who can focus on them as wholes will return to the scenes in which they reach their full grandeur in quest of a pleasure that is to be found in no other novels.

For the strange silence which has followed "A Passage to India," a silence broken by essays, pageants, and a suggestive biography, I find a ready explanation. I believe that Mr. Forster appreciated that his ideas were not only agonizingly difficult to incarnate, but inappropriate to the novel, and that he elected to retain the ideas—it is stupid, perhaps, to speak of electing, for doubtless the decision was inevitable—and to abandon the novel. Lest it be thought that I am becoming too speculative, I shall now cite the best of witnesses. After he had read an article of mine upon his ideas, written some ten years ago, he said, with his usual generosity: "It is a great novelty to be written about like that. I have been praised for my character drawing, sense of social distinctions etc., but seldom for the things which really interest me, and which I have tried to express through the medium of fiction." That sentence mirrors a state of mind in which the ideas are more important than the characters, the plots, or the settings. It is very near to the state of mind reflected in the letter from George Eliot to Frederic Harrison. Such are the struggles of the novelist of ideas. I do not think it is hard to understand why such a person should cease to be a novelist.

The present revival will doubtless fail to make of Mr. Forster a major figure in fiction, a figure comparable with Conrad; but the art he uses is so delicate at many points, and the ideas he expresses so wholly admirable, that we may delight in any movement to make the works more widely read and the man more deeply honored.

THE TREE REMEMBERED

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE stone mounts, ledge by ledge,
Where the swift blue river flows,
To the sky, and at the edge
Of height the cedar grows.

Its trunk is bare and scarred—
Here wildcat winds must pause
Age after age for hard,
Swift sharpening of their claws!

Its boughs are richer green
Than softer soil has grown—
Or but appear so—seen
Above the worn bare stone.

Its roots are hidden deep
In crevices below—
Like memories I keep—
Where nothing else could grow.

We must accept the thing
That something of our own
Keeps us remembering—
Though it has groped from stone!

DRAMATIC EXPRESSION AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLES

BY MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

THE broadening of horizons that has marked the spread of Euro-American contacts over the world during the past century has left no phase of human activity untouched. In perspective, indeed, this aspect of the contemporary intellectual scene may be regarded by future historians of ideas as the most important single development of our time. It became a convention, however, to regard native societies in far parts of the earth as present-day representatives of ways of life long since given over by our forbears. It was essential, we felt, to study their traditions, their technical skills, their arts, because in coming to know their institutions we would be able to fill out the great blank spaces in the canvas that depicts the development of man before historic times, and thus obtain clues to hidden phases of our own past. "Primitive" folk, that is, were regarded, in the strict etymological sense, as primeval peoples—simple savages whose conservatism had permitted them to keep the ways of earliest man.

Today, though echoes of this point of view are still heard, primitive peoples are more often recognized merely as folk who never devised ways of writing. That their past is as long as ours, that their institutions are subject to the same principles of change and their conventions different rather than simpler or more naïve—these conceptions are becoming commonplace. This is an important advance in our thinking, for we are thus freed to use our knowledge of the cultures of these folk to give us the missing dimension and attain proper perspective in our understanding of the ways of man.

Thus, for example, in considering dramatic expression, we need no longer seek the pseudo-historical origin of the dra-

matic arts in the rituals, songs, dances, and mythological representations of primitive peoples who inhabit the far reaches of the earth. Studying the data as we find them, we see how, like all the arts, the type of expression we call dramatic can take on innumerable forms. It differs from people to people; among the same group, it varies from age to age. An understanding of how in a given society the drama has changed provides an excellent beginning. But our comprehension will not be complete unless we realize the range of dramatic expression in societies of varying degrees of complexity, among large groups and small, where economic and political institutions differ and the natural setting varies in all conceivable ways.

Quite aside from the sense of variety we gain from considering these cultures, still other values are to be had. These arise from certain characteristics which mark off all such societies when they are, as a group, contrasted to our own. This does not mean that we are abdicating the caution taught by years of intensive study, the lesson learned in the hard school of first-hand field investigation, that these groups are so dissimilar that no single rubric fits all of them. If the truth be told, the differences between them are enormous. The dissimilarities between the ways of life of Eskimos and West Africans, of South Sea Islanders and Pueblo Indians are quite as great as those between any one of these folk and ourselves. Yet all non-literate groups, from one general point of view, may be contrasted with the historic societies. For they do lack the specialization in the major concerns of their members which marks off the literate cultures; and this is especially true where, as in the American and European areas, the knowledge of writing has been supplemented by a machine technology.

A primitive society, then, is not only one without a written language. It is also, characteristically, one where the economic base does not permit the development of specialists in the degree to which this process has occurred among ourselves. Perhaps as a correlate of these facts, we find that primitive groups are smaller in absolute size than literate ones; and they thus present us with a series of unified configurations we can use as a

background against which to project our own fragmented way of life. Because they are small, the student is enabled, so to speak, to see around them; to obtain a more complete picture of an entire culture than is possible in the case of the enormous population masses with which we are familiar. The analysis of primitive groups also helps us to understand individual reactions. For here we can see how each member of a society incorporates in his own life the many facets of his culture he must master as a member of an unspecialized group; how from this he gains satisfactions he can attain in no other way; how seldom he is a mere spectator, how often a participant in its activities.

In considering the drama, the point is crucial. For the problem of participation pervades the thinking of all students in the field—the relation of drama to life, which is the sociological problem; how much the spectator projects himself into the play by identifying himself with the action and reactions of the characters, the psychological; the extent to which the drama must be faithful to reality or merely suggest it, which opens the entire field of the conventions of theatrical representation. The very fact that these phenomena are so much a unit among primitive peoples in itself suggests not only processes and mechanisms but possible integrations and orientations in our own drama, where diverse strands must be brought together as a single, smoothly functioning whole.

One further point must be made here. Students of primitive societies have been few and, because of the historical development of their science, their interests have been pointed towards the more strictly sociological aspects of the cultures they study. We know much about relationship groupings, totemic systems, world philosophies of primitive groups; a considerable amount, even, of their music and graphic or plastic art. But of their forms of dramatic expression we know only what can be gleaned from ethnographic accounts of rituals and dances of various sorts, descriptions whose primary intent is to explain other phenomena.

These, however, do permit certain generalizations. Let us

take the question of the relationship of the drama to life, considering it in terms of the relatively slight degree of specialization in primitive societies and, by analogy, the significance of this in the particular segment of culture we term the graphic and plastic arts. It is to be indicated that the distinction we draw between pure and applied art is unique to our culture. No other society—certainly no primitive society—knows this distinction; just as in no primitive society could the controversy over functionalism in art ever be raised. From this comparative point of view, then, we may ask what we really mean when we distinguish between pure and applied art. Are the pure arts not those that are withdrawn from life, the applied those more closely related to everyday experience?

In primitive societies nearly all art is applied art. Most graphic and plastic art among primitive peoples consists of embellishments of articles of everyday use—paintings on pottery, carved designs on canoe paddles, motifs woven into baskets. Art appreciation, among primitive peoples, does not have to be formally taught. Some individuals do more beautiful work than others; some respond to beauty more readily and are emotionally moved more deeply than others, but all understand the styles, the place of art in their culture.

It is in art as in religion, which, in our society, is also frequently removed from life, labelled and put away in its special compartment, to be taken out by those whose special training fits them for the purpose, on those special occasions when the exercise of their functions is held proper. In primitive societies, religion is immediate, a vital force in dominating behavior, a part of life. It is a part of life as art is a part of life, and as dramatic expression is a part of life.

The role of our theatre in broaching and emphasizing problems in living ordinarily side-stepped by the average person, does not have to be taken into account in studying the drama in primitive societies. For where drama is a part of life, a psychological toughness is engendered, especially since compensations are social, and culturally determined; this, in turn, is closely connected with the fact that the supernatural beings to

whom these folk look for support and guidance, are so real to them. To the extent that primitive dramatic performances reinforce an escape mechanism, they do so in terms which merit and receive social understanding, since the tales they tell are known to all, or have ends understood by all. Thus in primitive societies the spectator, as often as not, is participant and actor as well. "Theatre," in the sense in which we understand it, does not exist. The primitive stage has no need of the proscenium.

The dramatic urge in primitive societies seems to express the drive to reaffirm the deepest sanctions of living. One hesitates to use the term magic, yet almost no other can be applied to the compulsions of the rituals that are the finest expressions of primitive drama. The myths declaimed and acted, the choreography of the dances, the rhythms of the drums not only call forth their responses from participants and onlookers because of their aesthetic values; they give assurance that the rains must come, that the crops must be abundant, that calamity cannot befall. In a way, this resembles our own reaction to a deeply moving dramatic presentation that gives a sense of identification with a problem which, more or less unconsciously, we feel as something close to our own experience. It is as if we were participating in the action, as the primitive man or woman actually does take part in the figures of a dance, the telling of a myth, the acting out of a totemic sequence.

We shall understand this better, perhaps, if we turn to an example of the dramatic expression of primitive folk, the sequence recently described by Mr. F. E. Williams, government anthropologist of Papua, in his work "Drama of Orokololo." The cycle comprises the *hevehe* rites, which mark the various stages in the making and destruction of the magnificent coconut-frond masks associated with the sea monsters believed to inhabit the coastal region of Orokololo Bay where, at the head of the Papuan Gulf, some three days by coastal boat west of Port Moresby, New Guinea, the Elema folk live. It is hard to discover any parallel in our civilization, we are told, for this ceremony that often lasts for two decades. "There is feasting and crowding together of people; the jollity of rehearsals and ini-

tiations; brilliant spectacles and pageantry—enjoyed by the onlookers and still more by the actors; the humor of the *eharo*; and the bliss of the dancing women.” But the cycle must be regarded as primarily serious. The “real dramatic interest” it holds, “contrives to renew itself up to the very end.” The author’s summary helps us understand why this is true:

“Every episode is played out with theatrical effect. *Hevehe Karawa*, the monster rising by night from the sea; dancers and *eharo* brilliantly thronging the arena; Yellow Bark-Cloth Boys bursting out of the silent *eravo*; the ethereal form of the first *hevehe* standing at dawn on the threshold; all these and a score of others—fire-fight, procession, slaying of the leader, retreat of the spirits, conjuring of the sea-monster, casting out of Iko—constitute one long dramatic sequence. It is a drama adorned by spectacles, pageantry, and *coups de théâtre*, and abounding in comic relief, but not without its solemn passages and even its moment of tragedy.”

It is impossible, here, even to sketch this intricately organized rite, for to do only this, and to give its meaning for the people, requires the entire book from which these excerpts are taken. The theatrical effects obtained can, however, be grasped in the description of a single episode, the Fire-Fight:

“The bathers, men, boys, and girls, were seen gathering for a moment about the bright fires by which the scene was illuminated. They seemed to be drying themselves, and as they did so, they joined spontaneously in the chorus which rose to tremendous power. But they had something else in view, and this was merely an interlude, all were arming themselves with bunches of dry, inflammable coconut leaves, one in each hand, in readiness for the Fire-Fight.

“Now they divided themselves into two parties according as they were associated with the east and west sides of the *eravo*, and faced each other across the fifty yards open space directly in front of it. Across this space a rough hurdle of bamboo poles had been hastily run up while the bathe was still in progress, and it now stood as a flimsy frontier between the two forces.

“Suddenly on the east side all the torches seem to flare up

simultaneously, and a moment later those on the west also, making perhaps 200 in all. The foremost on either side dash forward and shatter their torches on the hurdle, so that they seem to burst in a shower of sparks. Reinforcements charge in regardless. In a moment the barrier is broken down and the two sides mingle in a welter of flames and flying sparks. They pursue one another around and about with screams of laughter, striking, dodging, and clashing their weapons together, while lighted torches, flung spear-fashion from the hand, travel through the darkness in blazing arcs, like meteors. For a few minutes the battle rages in the village, and then with one consent the combatants turn on to the broader spaces of the beach and the black distance is soon alive with darting and circling points of fire. Meanwhile the village constables have been blowing their whistles in a well-meant effort to restore order, though happily they are completely disregarded and their shrill blasts only succeed in adding a frolicsome tribute to the revels. But in a few minutes more the thing is all over. The remaining torches are dashed out on the sands, and all return to the village."

Though the theatrical quality of this performance is clear, it raises certain questions that call for probing. Should we use the term "dramatic" to describe it? Can it be thus classified with our own theatrical performances? Does not the presence of spectators as well as participants vitiate the statement that in primitive societies this distinction is blurred to the point of negation?

Let us return to our analysis of the term "primitive," especially to the point that the difference between non-literate societies is of the same order as the difference between any one of them and our own. It must first be recognized that except for the fact that certain peoples do not have writing, and possess economies based on handicraft rather than power machinery, the dissimilarities between all societies are relative. Primitive groups are relatively small, but they vary in size from bands numbering only a few families to kingdoms encompassing a million or more inhabitants. Their isolation, their conserva-

tism, the complexity of their institutions are never absolute either among themselves, or compared with ourselves. And the degree of specialization they manifest—a matter to which in the final analysis all the questions just raised refer—is also relative.

Thus participation in dramatic representation may range in primitive societies from complete participation to representations given by trained, specialized performers before spectators whose only role is to watch and appreciate; that differ only from those familiar to us in that they are not performed in a theatre. We may contrast the initiatory rites of the Australian aborigines, which no one except candidates and those who have already been through the experience may witness, and wherein all have roles to play, with the elaborate dance dramas of Bali, with their highly trained, professional performers, whose entire lives are pointed towards these occasions.

The degree of specialization in a given society rests on sociological and economic bases that must be taken into account. Sheer population size is important. Where the group carrying a body of traditions is small, each member must individually master the entire culture of the group. There is no place for specialists, because there is no time for specialization. As concerns the economic factor, where there are fewer hands, production will be less, not only absolutely but proportionately. The smallest societies cannot afford specialists; in larger aggregates resources are sufficient to release some persons to specialize. The larger the group, the more effective its technological skills, the larger its corps of specialists, the more restricted the field of competence of each specialist.

This phenomenon holds further implications. When we ask ourselves what kinds of specialists appear in societies where the economic level permits only a minimum of specialization, we find that these specialists fall into two categories, those who direct the society as a whole—the rulers—and those who are expert in controlling the supernatural—the priests. As we move to societies with more resources, the support of these specialists becomes more adequate; there are not only more of them, each

concerned with a diminishing segment of his field, but they have aides of various sorts. Chief among these is the pageantry which surrounds the public expression of the sanctions, mythical or social, that validate their positions and justify the functions they perform.

One trait all forms of dramatic expression have in common, whether simple or complex, whether performed by specialists or the group as a whole, whether manifested in the open-air performances of primitive folk or in the modern theatre. All performances, that is, have form and structure; all manifest the unity which is the distinguishing mark of any artistic product. There is a beginning and an end. There is a plan. There is a point to be made, an effect striven for. Furthermore, all such performances occur at specific times; however they may be integrated in primitive society with other aspects of living, they are clearly differentiated from the ordinary round of life. They are something special, unusual; they may partake at times of the recreational aspects of comedy, or of the thought-provoking, challenging nature of tragedy. They involve planning and preparation, their actual presentation varies the customary routine.

The primitive drama likewise is marked by plot, an important expression of this formal element. It enters when one least expects it. The dramatic element in what seems a simple dance, on further study may be found to have the elements of complex dramatic organization. It is not chance that in West Africa, English-speaking natives use the word "play" to designate their dances, and any of the wide variety of the dances in the area may be taken as an instance of the drama in these performances.

One learns, let us say, when among the Ashanti of the Gold Coast, that a dance is to take place the next afternoon. The village is small and remote; the dancing space open to the glare of the hot sun, with but little shade to protect the spectators, drawn from other villages. As one arrives, the drums are sounding, and the dancers are already circling the enclosure. There are perhaps ten or twelve of them, some men, some

women. All are in a state of possession, or approaching this condition. A shriek is heard—and a woman falls to the ground, rolls along it, attempts to get up. Others come to her assistance, but she signals for a stick; then, painfully rising, begins to crawl about the enclosure, barely able to use one foot. Another dances violently about the circle, arms swinging, facial muscles working, pausing before the drums to dance back and forward, back and forward, always facing the instruments whose tone is the compelling voice of the god. The rhythms of the percussion orchestra, the massed voices and hand-clapping of the singers, the vividly colored silk and cotton cloths of the spectators, the red of the earth and green of the forest background, the constant movement of dancers and attendants and, over all, the brilliance of the afternoon sun—these are the settings for the action to follow.

One man, a priest, now becomes possessed. All follow his magnificent dancing with an intentness that reveals tensions hitherto unremarked. He goes about the dancing space several times, dances to the drums, circles again and then, with a cry, breaks out of the ring and runs into the village. Some—but only those qualified—follow him, and from them soon comes a shout echoed by the spectators as the drums take up the beat with renewed vigor and those left behind bend to their dancing with ever more energy. The woman with the staff throws it from her, dancing as energetically as the rest, to be joined by the priest, who, returning with something in his hands, leads the others in dancing to the drums until he is escorted to the cult-house. The dance lasts well into the night, but the priest does not rejoin the dancers; the end of the dance comes when there are no more possessed by the gods.

A simple enough rite, this. Yet, if one reaches beneath outer form and touches the meaning of the performance, the dance becomes an episode in a representation to expunge evil which threatened the village and to attain a peaceful way of life. For some time before this dance, misfortune dogged the group. Crops were bad, houses burned, children died. Divination revealed magic laid against the people. The dance, which

brought the gods of the village to the heads of their worshippers, was to seek out and drive away the evil. When the god of the priest possessed him, he became a being incarnate who revealed the hiding place of the charm that actuated the evil. This was why tensions mounted with his possession; why the shout announcing that the cause of ill had been found was echoed in the vigorous dancing of the devotees remaining behind. The situation was resolved; the plot had worked to its conclusion. But for all its simplicity of form and directness of line, the dramatic quality of the dance was of the highest, carrying performers to the point of possession and holding spectators bound by it.

Plots may vary in complexity of organization, and where, as in Polynesia, rituals act out parts of a mythological system as complicated as is that of these islands, the story of a given performance may rival in intricacy of organization and delineation of character those with which we are familiar. One essential difference between such representations in primitive society, and our own, follows upon the presence or absence of writing. The drama of primitive peoples has been developed by the people; for us, a play is something written by one specialist for others to stage. Much of primitive drama consists of ceremonies which act out myths of various kinds; or recapitulate group experience; or comprise rituals demanded by the current system of belief to achieve ends held imperative for survival, such as insuring rainfall, or ends deemed desirable. Perhaps the only analogies in our culture are survivals of earlier rites such as weddings, christenings, or funerals, wherein lay persons play their parts in what were once full ritual dramas.

One instance of how a group can "act out" an aspect of their past was encountered as an interlude in an African rite performed by a group of Negroes in Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. This dance took place at night, the worshippers circling about within a rectangle bounded by the benches on which spectators were seated. As the drums finished the rhythms for a deity that had just "departed," they began to beat the "Anansi

story" motif, the accompaniment for the social dances that lighten the seriousness of the principal concerns of the evening. Spectators who had been sitting joined the ring of dancers, and circled about close behind each other until one of them shouted, "You'll have to get up early tomorrow. There's a lot of work!" The character was that of the overseer; the action had thrown back to the time of slavery. Now the dance slowed; groans were heard, "crutches" appeared, and each, as he passed the "overseer," protested his illness, or his pain, or some other reason for being excused. Finally the "overseer" looked at the hobbling dancers, and asked, "Today's Friday, isn't it?"

"No, Master, today's Saturday."

"Then tomorrow's Sunday?"

"Yes, Master."

"Then I was mistaken. You'll not have to work, and you'll get an extra ration of salt fish."

The change in tempo was too spontaneous to have been rehearsed, though these people must have danced it innumerable times. "*Tamara Sonde!*" they sang in unison, and then, to the quickened tempo of the drums, they repeated the phrase as a chorus to the recitative of the leader, "Tomorrow's Sunday! Tomorrow's Sunday! Tomorrow's Sunday!" Away flew crutches and sticks, bent backs straightened, limps turned to vigorous dancing. In this dance play, these Negroes were re-enacting a page from their history with a skill, a degree of verisimilitude not to be excelled by the trained actor.

The Indians of southwestern United States offer many examples of ritual drama in highly developed form. The Navaho Night Chant, for instance, is a particularly intricate and prolonged type, wherein the sense of the dramatic is given freest rein. A less elaborate expression of the Navaho's deep-set love of beauty is sufficient for our purpose—a simple curing "sing" or a private sand painting. The "sing" is an all-night affair; its setting, the inside of the dimly lit hogan. The patient sits facing the priest, who leads the singing, continuing without interruption until the climax at dawn, when the door is thrown open and the priest steps outside to perform the concluding rites

alone. The sand-painting sessions similarly work to their climaxes with the destruction of the beautiful, stylized images of the gods made on the floor, by the sweeping up of the colored sand on which the one for whom the rite has been given has been placed to obtain power from the spirits and their aid.

The Pueblo Indians have the same feeling for drama in their ritual. The snake dance of the Hopi is perhaps the most famous of these rites, though this very fame has brought so many outsiders that the reverent tone of the ritual is usually all but lost in the excitement when the priests dance with snakes between their teeth. Far more in keeping with the tone of the ritual drama, most of which the public may not witness, is the antelope dance of the preceding day when, with fewer strangers about, the beauty of the setting can be appreciated, the music heard, the movements of the priestly dance followed.

In Zuni, too, dances have this dramatic quality. To stand atop the high communal dwellings and watch masked figures appear in the distance, to see them advance into the pueblo and there dance until they disappear into their kivas, to watch the antics of the clowns and observe how attentively their every move is followed by those on the roofs engenders a response that is akin to the emotion felt when listening to a fine theatrical performance, a well-staged music drama. The organization needed to produce these dances, the amount of preparation needed to achieve the performances, and the mythological sequences that furnish their plots become clear when the various published analyses of these rites and of the characters taking part in them are read.

In considering the ritual drama spectacles connected with religious rites it is important not to take the point of view, often encountered, that the dramatic expressions of primitive man are all ritualistic. Why this hypothesis has been accepted so widely is understandable. For one thing, ritual performances bulked large in the early stages of our own drama. For another, dramatic expression is in fact much more frequently found in association with religious than with secular rites. And finally, since cause and effect are so closely related here, few students

have been on the watch for secular drama, even where they have been conscious of the drama as a subject for study.

In many instances, the matter turns on how a given performance is classed. We may consider another dramatic spectacle of the Ashanti people, half religious, half secular—the Kwaside rite. This is held once a month, and its purpose is to strengthen the “stool,” or throne, of the ruler of a village, a province, or the Ashanti kingdom as a whole. Here the pageantry is so lavish as to beggar description—the golden ornaments, the palanquin in which the chief is carried to the market-place as his drums, sounding rhythms of praise to his ancestors, precede and follow him, the great state umbrellas, twirled by their dancing bearers, and the throngs of subjects that, excluded from the preceding rituals inside the compound of the chief, line the route and crowd the market-place where the dancing groups compete for the ruler’s approbation. It may be argued with cogency that this rite is secular, since it is an integral part of native political life; with equal validity that it is religious, in that it figures in the ancestral cult. The student of the drama, naturally, does not make such a problem his primary concern. Yet it is of some importance, if only because the accepted position tends to focus attention on religious rites to the exclusion of secular ones.

Secular drama, it is true, does customarily take on humbler forms than religious performances. There is less pageantry, a smaller group; yet drama is none the less present. Let us take as an instance an evening of story-telling in a West Indian village. The setting is the hut of some member of the community, in front of which the story-teller and his audience, many of them children, sit about in dim lamp light or in the brilliance of the moon. “*Cric-crac!*” begins the leader, and points to some member of the group who “pulls a riddle,” demanding an answer from his neighbor. The session is fairly begun, and after the riddling those who do not know the answers pay their penalties in tales they must tell. One story concerns the spider-trickster Anansi, perhaps telling how, because of him, knowledge spread over the world; or how he got the best of a larger

but duller-witted comrade; or how, as in the Tar Baby tale, he paid the penalty for his misdeeds.

As the story unfolds, the teller acts out each detail of the developing plot. His voice becomes high and whining when the trickster, in difficulty, pleads with those who can, to aid him; it is stern when the victor in a contest speaks. But the audience, whites of wide-open eyes gleaming, is more than audience. The tale is broken by exclamations, and from time to time a song sung by one of the characters enters—a song which the audience, now fully participating, carries as a chorus to the solo of the story-teller. It is an humble occasion, but it has all the elements of theatre; the story furnishes the plot, and the acting is superb. Properties only are lacking, but they are no more needed than by the *diseuse*, who holds her audience with a monologue despite the bareness of the platform on which she stands.

One further point is to be made concerning the drama in primitive society. If the unified character of primitive life has made drama an integral part of the daily round, this fact has, by the same token, wedded manifestations of the dramatic art the more firmly to other artistic forms. Song, dance, myth, poem—all these are integrated closely in performances of primitive peoples when they worship their gods, bury their dead, marry, or celebrate other events in their life cycle. Just as poetry exists only as the words to music, and music and words are essential parts of the dance, so all these contribute in giving to the dramatic performances of primitive folk their aesthetic appeal and artistic validity.

Numerous instances are available of the poetry with which drama is embellished; two examples may be taken from the rituals of the West African Dahomeans. The first is from rites for the Earth God, the second from a funeral ceremony, in the English version of F. S. Herskovits:

Thy need is great,
And great our need to sing,
For days of trouble are upon us.
The bullock of Abomey

Says to him of Cana,
It is the day of trouble;
The carrier of grain,
Says to the bearer of salt,
Thy load is heavy, brother,
And this the day for carrying;
The bearer of the dead
Says to the carrier of ladders,
It is the day for carrying loads,
It is the day of trouble.

Leader: Do not weep,
Nothing stays Death
Nor the day of its coming.

Chorus: Death troubles us—o!
Death troubles us.

As the flies fret our backs,
Returning, and returning,

So Death troubles us—o!
Death troubles us.

As the pigeons alight
On a housetop,
And dance, and dance,

So Death dances—o!
Death dances.

Ai—yo!
Ai—yo—o!

In addition to music, poetry, and dance, moreover, we must not forget the contributions of the graphic and plastic arts to the drama of primitive groups—the bewildering variety of masks, of costumes in all forms and of all kinds of materials, of other paraphernalia of various sorts. All these are used in combination with other art forms, and do their part in carrying on the action and providing the setting that make drama of the total performance.

TRENDS IN SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY

BY GEORGE VERNADSKY

THE magnitude of the Russian war effort can scarcely be overemphasized. As the Red armies blocked the *Wehrmacht* at Stalingrad, and since then have fought their way westward to the Carpathians in heroic thrust after thrust on a thousand-mile front, their successes have been watched in the United States with ever-rising admiration. And yet that feeling has not always been pure and undiluted. Admiration was at times touched with anxiety. Whether from fear of communism or from distrust of Russia as a great and little-known power—the old Bear who walks like a man—some people seemed to be disturbed by the spectacle of Russia's onward march and were even more worried by their inability to predict Russia's diplomatic moves. They vacillated between saying that the U.S.S.R. might yet overrun and communize all Europe, when the Russians were making a brilliant advance, and hinting that Stalin was about to conclude a separate peace with Hitler, when the advance stopped until fresh troops and materials could be brought up.

Such an attitude of mistrust or misgiving towards Russia on the part of outsiders is, of course, no new phenomenon. As long ago as 1845, a Russian religious philosopher wrote with regard to foreign opinion of his fellow countrymen: "The ill will of other peoples towards us is based on two causes: the deep difference in the spiritual and social development of Russia and Western Europe; and their unconscious resentment against that independent force which has dared to demand and has received equal rights in the community of European nations. . . . We cannot expect any real love or fraternal feeling; but we should at least expect from them some regard."

This historic misunderstanding and ill-feeling between

Russia and the world around her increased in the decade after the Revolution of 1917, when the U.S.S.R. was separated from the Western powers by barriers of social and political prejudice against a dictatorship of the proletariat on our side as well as by suspicion of "capitalistic" ways on the part of the Soviets, and by travel restrictions on both sides. However the blame for this situation might be assigned, the result was that neither side knew very much of the other when we suddenly found ourselves fighting together against a great common enemy in Europe. We are still so fighting, but thanks in generous measure to the remarkable performance of the Red armies as well as the prodigious efforts of Russian civilians, victory is now assured to the United Nations, and we are already looking ahead to our common task of making and keeping the peace.

With this in mind, one of our first efforts must be to form as clear an idea as we can of Russian policy and to avoid all possible misunderstandings in the future between ourselves and this major partner in the conflict. We shall have to try on our side honestly to understand the Russian point of view as well as to study Russia's historical and diplomatic background. Without at least some knowledge of that background we cannot rightly assess Russia's present aspirations or adequately interpret their meaning.

Looking back to the initial years of the Russian revolution in order to compare properly the Russian mentality of a quarter of a century ago with that of today, we can hardly find words with which to gauge accurately the tremendous change between the Russia of Lenin and Trotsky and the Russia of Stalin and Molotov.

The Soviet experiment which started under the banner of International Revolution, has now reached the stage of socialism for domestic consumption. Until the formal dissolution of the Communist International in 1943, few outsiders had realized whither Russia was moving, and the news, therefore, caused a great sensation. In the period between the two world wars, the general impression of Americans as well as British

people was that while the Western world was undergoing great and constant changes in both economics and international politics, Russia remained a massive block of immutability. Actually, behind her screen of Marxist ideology and internationalist formulas Russia, too, was constantly on the move. The first Five Year Plan, inaugurated in 1928, had seemed to signalize a revival of militant communism. The resolutions of the Sixth Congress of the Communist International—pompous but rather vague—were understood as a step in the same direction. What was not understood at the time, was that all this new outburst of communist energy was to be applied to Russia's domestic reconstruction only. The slogan now was "to build socialism in a single country." From then on, this "single country," that is, the Soviet Union, absorbed most of the energies of her leaders.

The Japanese advance in Manchuria in 1931-32 and Hitler's advent to power in 1933, both events constituting a menace not only to Russia but also to Western democracies, resulted, for a time, in an attempt at a closer understanding between the Soviet Union and the "capitalist" countries. The American recognition of Russia, granted in 1933, was followed by Russia's joining the League of Nations (1934) and the signing of the Franco-Russian and Russian-Czechoslovak alliances (1935). As is well known, for various reasons, no durable *rapprochement* between Russia and the Western democracies followed at that time, and the Franco-Russian alliance, which proved to have been stillborn, was quietly buried in the slough of "appeasement" on the dead-end road which led to Munich.

The news of the dissolution of the Comintern—except for certain doubts expressed about the sincerity of purpose in the Soviet leaders—was received with feelings of relief among all the United Nations. However, its full meaning as well as its impact on Russia's policy and the international situation was not sufficiently realized at the time. Those of us who welcomed the abandonment by Russia of her support to the Comintern should now draw all of the necessary conclusions and

thoughtfully accept the new situation. Ceasing to be an international communistic menace, Russia has become, by various steps culminating in that act, a national state (multi-national, of course, from the point of view of the ethnic composition of the Soviet Union as well as from that of her constitution). In the period of her internationalist ideology, Russia could afford not to emphasize her interests as a national state, such as boundaries, economics, and strategic railways, access to the sea, and so on. All those interests seemed to be merely matters of temporary accommodation—just so many petty problems to be solved (eventually) in the future world of international communism. However, after the shift from internationalism to the policy of the “building up of socialism in a single country,” Soviet leaders assumed new responsibilities for the success of collectivism as a national Russian experiment, which immediately set them worrying about precisely those petty problems—about boundaries, railways, access to the sea, and all the other problems to be faced by every national state or multi-national empire.

If we mean to be fair to Russia and to live in friendship with her, we shall have to understand her new approach to historical realities and to accept whatever is sound in her claims as a national state.

Russia's national program may be summarized in three points: (1) restoration of the 1940 boundaries; (2) establishment of friendly alliances with neighboring states, especially the Slavic ones—revival of Pan-Slavism; (3) recognition of Russia's equal position, on the same footing as other major powers, in any discussion of European affairs.

Let us examine these points in turn. First, as to the frontiers of 1940. In all his statements from the beginning of the German-Soviet war, Stalin has made it perfectly clear that the Soviet government considered all the territories within the boundaries of the Soviet Union as of June 21, 1941, as an integral part of that Union. Nor can there be any doubt that in this case Stalin is the mouthpiece of the Soviet people at large. Essentially, these frontiers are nothing else than Rus-

sia's boundaries as they were on the eve of the First World War in 1914.

After the Russian revolution of 1917 and the chaos of the civil war from 1918 to 1920, the Soviet government succeeded in restoring the pre-war boundaries of the Russian empire on the east and on the south—but not on the west. Her western provinces were taken from Russia by the Germans in accordance with the terms of the Brest-Litovsk treaty, March 3, 1918. After their subsequent victory over the Germans, the Allies did not restore this territory to Russia: Bessarabia was assigned to Rumania, and the three Baltic provinces were organized as independent states. The Allies suggested the now famous "Curzon line" as the boundary between Poland and Russia, but when Poland, disregarding this advice, attacked Russia, the Allies did not intervene. As a result, Poland proceeded to win the war and annexed Western Byelo-Russia (White Russia) and the Western Ukraine. Finland was a special case, the Soviet government, at Lenin's suggestion, having voluntarily granted her independence as early as December, 1917. A treaty to that effect between Finland and Russia was signed on March 1, 1918. It should be observed that the United States government did not support Great Britain and France in their policy of withholding from Russia her former western provinces. In a note of September 2, 1920, Secretary of State Colby stated clearly that the United States would be ready to recognize the 1914 western boundary of Russia except for Finland and "ethnic Poland." Thus, when the Soviet occupation of "Eastern Poland"—that is, of the Western Ukraine and Western Byelo-Russia—was greeted with indignation by a large part of the American public, the Soviet government might have invoked the Colby note of 1920 if it had chosen to do so.

Comparing Russia's western boundary as of 1914 with that of 1940, we can see that the two are identical in the case of Bessarabia as well as in that of the Baltic states. Northwest of Bessarabia lie two West Ukrainian provinces—Northern Bukovina and Eastern Galicia. Both of them were outside the

boundaries of the Russian empire, but they were incorporated into the Soviet Ukraine in 1940. Behind this move is a long and rather complicated history. In the Middle Ages, these two provinces had been part of the Kievan Russian federation. Galicia was seized by Poland in the middle of the fourteenth century. Bukovina was conquered by the Ottoman Turks in the sixteenth century. Much later both Galicia and Bukovina were annexed by Austria: Galicia, from Poland, in 1772; and Bukovina, from Turkey, in 1775. After the First World War and the collapse of the Austrian empire, Bukovina was occupied by the Rumanians. Galicia was, for a while, organized as an independent republic, known as the People's Republic of the Western Ukraine, but in 1919 Galicia was seized by the Poles, and, after voicing mild objections, the Allies finally (in 1923) acquiesced. The diversity of the historical and ethnic background of the country is clearly revealed in the variety in the spellings of the name of the capital of Eastern Galicia. That name is Lvov in Russian (both mediaeval and modern); Lviv in Ukrainian; Lwow in Polish; and Lemberg in German.

During the period of the Polish occupation of this area (1919-39), the Ukrainians in both Galicia and the adjacent Volyn (ceded to Poland by the Soviets in 1921) waged a desperate, though losing, struggle with the Poles in their attempt to maintain Ukrainian cultural institutions, such as schools, libraries, and co-operative societies. While there were about 2,500 Ukrainian schools in Eastern Galicia in 1924, less than 500 were left by 1935. A quota for Ukrainian students was introduced by the Polish government at the University of Lvov to keep down the number of such students. Over 100 Greek Orthodox churches were destroyed by the order of the Polish government in Volyn in 1938. No wonder that the Ukrainian peasants heartily welcomed the Red army troops in 1939.

While in the case of Bukovina and Eastern Galicia the Soviet boundaries were expanded westward in 1939 as compared with the 1914 boundary of the Russian empire, the Soviets

have no claim on that part of Poland proper ("ethnic Poland") which was within the boundaries of the Russian empire in 1914—that is, the so-called "government general of Warsaw," known, because of its shape on the map, as the "Polish salient" at the time of the First World War. Immediately after the Russian revolution of 1917, the Provisional government of Russia proclaimed the independence of Poland, the establishment of the exact boundary being referred to the future Russian Constituent Assembly. Following the same line, Stalin in his statement of December, 1941, expressed the belief that a "strong and independent Poland" is essential for the stability of Europe. Some critics found a contradiction between this statement and the occupation in 1939 of what was then the eastern part of Poland. There is no such contradiction. It may be asserted in good faith that to be strong, Poland should be free from the hostile minorities of alien ethnic groups in that area. The Polish-Russian problem has always been, and still is, complicated and confused by the connection, in certain Polish circles, of the problem of Poland's independence with Polish claims on Lithuanian, Byelo-Russian, and Ukrainian lands—all of which were historically parts of Poland in the period prior to the eighteenth century partitions, but none of which is Polish from the ethnic point of view. Strictly speaking, there is no Polish-Russian problem as such, but there exists a Ukrainian-Polish and a Byelo-Russian-Polish problem, both of them easy to solve on a purely ethnic basis. In any case, the boundaries of 1940 in these regions are much more justifiable than those of 1914.

Farther to the north is the Finnish problem, which has also had a long history. As a result of Peter the Great's protracted war with Sweden (1700–1721), not only the region of Ingria with the Neva basin but also the Karelian isthmus and the district of Vyborg were annexed to Russia. Ingria had been colonized by the Russians in the Middle Ages and had been controlled then by the Republic of Novgorod; in the late sixteenth century it had been lost by Russia to Sweden. Peter the Great's action merely restored to Russia one of her old

possessions. He committed Russia to more than that, however: at the mouth of the Neva River he built his new capital (now Leningrad), which made the annexation of both the Karelian isthmus and the district of Vyborg necessary from the strategic point of view, to protect the capital from any further Swedish attack. In 1741 Sweden declared war on Russia hoping to retake what Peter had won, but was defeated, and in the peace treaty two years later, ceded an additional portion of Finland with the cities of Nyslott, Villmanstrand, and Fredrikshamn to Russia. The areas acquired by Russia in 1721 and 1743 came to be known as "Old Finland"; they constituted only a small part of the future Grand Duchy, now the state, of Finland. As a result of another Russian-Swedish war, in 1808-09, the rest of Finland was ceded by Sweden. The Russian Emperor of the time, Alexander I, was a liberal who had corresponded with President Jefferson seeking information about the Constitution of the United States. In accordance with his liberal opinions, Alexander I granted a constitution to the newly acquired Finnish provinces organizing them politically under the name of the Grand Duchy of Finland. In 1811 Alexander, following the advice of Speransky, an outstanding Russian statesman, transferred "Old Finland" from Russia to the Grand Duchy.

Thus, all parts of Finland were united and were to enjoy a far-reaching autonomy until the time of the Russian revolution. When Lenin decided to grant independence to Finland, some of the Russian army and navy leaders advised him to keep under Soviet control that part of "Old Finland" which had been annexed by Peter the Great in 1721. They pointed out that, as long as Finland was an autonomous part of the Russian empire, there had been no danger to St. Petersburg and Kronstadt from the Finnish side, but with the complete independence of Finland the situation would be changed and Russia would have to devise special means of protection for her second largest city. Lenin, however, ignored this advice of his military experts, and, in signing, on March 1, 1918, a

peace treaty with the friendly socialist government of Finland, he not only did not raise the question of the status of "Old Finland" but even agreed to cede to Finland the port of Petsamo. (Petsamo had never been part of the Grand Duchy of Finland; this region was colonized by Russians in the late sixteenth century.) Then in the civil war which developed between the Finnish Reds and the Finnish Whites, the Whites asked the Germans for help, and with their assistance General Mannerheim crushed the Reds in the spring of 1918. As the Soviets, with civil war at home on their hands, were not in a position to intervene in Finland, they eventually had to sign a treaty with the unfriendly White Finnish government, according to which Lenin's concessions to Finland were approved.

Until Hitler's coming to power, the Soviet government had nothing to fear from Finland, but as the German aggressiveness showed itself on the increase everywhere in Europe, Soviet leaders became more and more worried about the proximity of the Finnish boundary to Leningrad—a fact which would make any efficient defense of that city in case of a German attack through Finland well-nigh impossible. With this in mind, in the year of crisis, 1939, the Russians offered to exchange with the Finns a larger territory north of Lake Ladoga for the strategic Karelian isthmus so necessary for the defense of Leningrad against Germans. Failure of the Finns to comply resulted in the Soviet-Finnish war, which actually was the first move in the Soviet-German conflict, although at that time, owing to the paradox of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact, Germany was not in a position to intervene in favor of the Finns, and the outside world not realizing the inevitability of war between Germany and Russia naturally interpreted the invasion of Finland at that time as a move in favor of Germany. It will be noted that the Russian-Finnish boundary of 1940 almost coincides with the frontier of 1721. At the end of the war of 1939, only that part of "Old Finland" which had been acquired by Peter the Great was re-annexed

by Russia. That the Soviet government had no inclination to go beyond that line, and no intention of annexing the whole of Finland, was proven by its armistice offer of March, 1944.

To sum up the boundary problem—the western frontier of the Soviet Union in 1940 is essentially the frontier of 1914 (that is, Russia's historic and natural frontier), greatly improved from the point of view of international justice by allowance for the independence of both ethnic Poland and the bulk of Finland. In trying to understand the present Russian foreign policy, all this historic background must be considered.

We should likewise take account of the great difference in the position of national minorities in the old and in the new Russia. Lenin used to say that the Russian empire was a "prison of peoples." This is certainly a polemic exaggeration. The position of national minorities in the old Russia was no worse—even if no better—than in Austria-Hungary or Germany. The Finns—except for a brief period (1899–1905) of an attempt at Russification—enjoyed a considerable degree of autonomy and had their own parliament; the Poles fared much worse, but even they, like other minorities, were not excluded from representation in the Russian Duma. In the Caucasus and the East, the native tribes had been allowed to keep their traditional customs and clan organization. It was only the Jews whose status in the old Russia was seriously undermined by legal restrictions, such as the pale of settlement and the quota for Jewish students in high schools and colleges. Jewish merchants and college graduates had, however, the right to reside everywhere in Russia, and there were Jews among the members of the Duma. While, on the whole, the position of national minorities in the old Russia was not so bad as is usually represented, most of them resented the predominance of the so-called "Great Russians."

Under the Soviet régime, there is no longer a nationality problem in Russia, since there are no restrictions whatever on the ground of national origin. The development among the different national groups of their traditional cultures, far from being hampered, is whole-heartedly sponsored by the Soviet

government—provided, of course, that the principles of collectivism are recognized. In this, however, there is no discrimination since the Russians themselves are in the same position. Within each of the constituent republics of the Soviet Union the same principle of racial equality is strictly preserved. Recently the authority of all of the sixteen individual republics has been greatly enhanced by the grant to each of the right to organize its own army and to manage its foreign policy. However, republican activities in each of these branches of government are to be co-ordinated by a federal committee.

Foreign discussion of this step towards decentralization has become involved with discussion of a much larger issue emphasized by recent military and diplomatic events—Pan-Slavism and Russia's alliances with the adjacent Slavic peoples, long known for their feeling for the Russian people.

In the first period of the Communist International, the Soviet government avoided exploiting Pan-Slavism in its policies. The whole trend of its diplomacy was towards internationalism. But with the revival of nationalism in Soviet policy came the revival of Pan-Slav interest. Of course, the new Pan-Slavism is in many respects different from the old. The old Pan-Slavism was sponsored chiefly by conservative groups in Russia; the Greek-Orthodox Church was considered one of its pillars. The new Pan-Slavism is democratic and even radical; while church affiliations are allowed to play a certain role, the emphasis is on the economic and general cultural ties. Furthermore, while the interest of most of the old Pan-Slavs was concentrated on the fate of the Balkan Slavs, it is Czechoslovakia that is the cornerstone of the new Pan-Slavism.

The attitude of the Western world towards Pan-Slavism is the same to-day as in the past. It has always been regarded, fairly or unfairly, as a weapon used by Russia to extend or increase her power. It is, however, unfair to consider the Pan-Slav movement solely from the Russian angle and to ignore Pan-Slav feeling among the other Slavic peoples. In the past it

was, of course, the oppression of the Slavs by the Turkish and the Austro-Hungarian governments which first caused them to look to Russia for support. At present, it is the German dogma of the "master race" coupled with the German policy of crushing the Slavic peoples both politically and culturally which has reawakened in the Slavs a determination to work for their cultural unity as well as for co-ordination of their military and political efforts. In the past, most of the attempts of the great powers to stop Russia on her path towards Slavic understanding have resulted, when successful, in stopping Russia only at the expense of the Slavs. Thus, the Russian drive to the Balkans was halted at the time of the Crimean War by leaving under Turkish control all of the Balkan Slavs, with no hope for early escape. Again, when after the Russian-Turkish war of 1877-78 Russia had made Turkey agree to the establishment of a big Bulgaria and to a substantial increase of the territory of both Serbia and Montenegro, the provisions of the Russian-Turkish treaty (known as the treaty of San Stefano) were so revised at the Congress of Berlin that considerable parts of the Slavic gains projected were cancelled by the European powers because of their fear that Russia would use the Balkan states as her tools.

The first congress of the new Slav movement met in Moscow late in 1941, and a permanent organization for strengthening cultural and other ties among the Slavic peoples was then created. A magazine called "*Slaviane*" ("The Slavs") is now published in Moscow with many prominent Slavic leaders, Benes among them, as contributors. As always, Slavic unity is threatened today by sectional discord among the Slavs themselves. There is the perennial Russian-Polish conflict, and the rivalry between the Old Serbian group of Mihailovich and the Yugoslav movement of Marshal Tito. Such centrifugal forces are, however, counterbalanced by the ever-growing feeling of Slavic solidarity on democratic principles.

Of all of the new European states created or re-created after the First World War—Slavic and non-Slavic—Czechoslovakia is the only one in which the democratic experiment

had begun to prove a success. Czechoslovakia is also more industrialized than other countries of Central Europe and than the Balkan states. It is obvious that she is destined to play an important role in the post-war development—both political and economic—of that part of Europe, and consequently in the Slavic world. It is a happy augury that Czechoslovakia was the first country to sign a pact of friendship with the Soviet Union in that area which is now being called the “Soviet security zone” as opposed to the term *cordon sanitaire* which arose from the First World War.

No certain predictions can be made at this moment about the future organization of the Balkan states. However, if Marshal Tito is the winner in the Balkan struggle, the establishment of a democratic South Slav federation, including not only the Serbs, Croats, and the Slovenes but the Bulgars as well, may eventually be the result. If we believe in self-determination of nations, we should approach the Balkan problems not from the point of view of the balance of the great powers but from the point of view of the needs and desires of the Balkan peoples themselves. If they, or at least some of them, desire to establish friendship with Russia, they should be given a fair hearing.

In the perspective of history, Russian diplomatic prestige appears at its peak at the time of the Emperor Alexander I, especially in the years immediately following the Napoleonic wars. There was then no difference in attitude between Russian and West European diplomats. This was partly due to the fact that the diplomatic corps of Russia was a veritable League of Nations in miniature, having as it did in its ranks a Pole (Prince Czartoryski), a Greek (Count Capodistrias), a Corsican (Count Pozzo di Borgo), and a Westphalian of semi-Jewish extraction (Count Nesselrode), not to mention the inevitable sprinkling of Baltic Germans. At that time nobody was shocked or suspicious if and when the Russians evinced an interest in the affairs of any other European country however distant from Russia's borders. The Duke of Wellington or even Lord Castlereagh had little sympathy with Alexander's

liberalism; Metternich considered Alexander a dreamer in need of guidance from a realistic politician, which guidance he tried to provide himself. But no one questioned the presence of Russian diplomats at international diplomatic gatherings even when the affairs discussed had no immediate relation to Russian interests.

In the course of the nineteenth century, two factors undermined Russia's international prestige. The first was her failure in that period to achieve the same rapid tempo of industrial development as did Great Britain, Germany, and France not to mention the United States. It was not until the middle of the 1880's that the real industrial revolution started in Russia and the rate of Russian industrial progress became more rapid than that of the industrial titans. This revolution received its greatest impetus from the inauguration of the First Five Year Plan in 1928, but it should not be forgotten that the foundations for it were laid in the 1880's. At the time few if any outsiders took due notice of what was going on in Russia; and in the same way, later on, even the gigantic achievements of the Five Year Plans were not fully realized until the present war. Indeed, until recently, Russia has always been considered a backward agricultural country.

The other reason for the decline of Russian international prestige was a series of military and diplomatic setbacks from the middle of the nineteenth century on. First came the Crimean War; next, the humiliation of the Congress of Berlin; and then, about twenty-five years later, the disastrous Japanese War. In the early part of the First World War, when a "second front" in Russia was essential for the Allies, Russian diplomats fared a little better. However, all that changed after the Revolution of 1917. In the summer of that year, when the Provisional government was in power, the Russians were merely snubbed as poor relations; after the Bolshevik *coup d'état*, and especially, of course, after the Brest-Litovsk peace and the annulment of foreign debts by the Soviet government, their status sank still lower than that. While Chicherin was able to cut not too miserable a figure at the conferences of

Genoa (1922) and Lausanne (1923), and the Soviet Union was admitted to the League of Nations, the Russians were excluded entirely from the fateful Munich conference; and the general attitude of the outside world towards Russia remained one of aloofness and distrust, finally to be replaced, at the time of the German-Russian pact in the summer of 1939, by distrust and fear.

During that period of mutual misunderstanding and apprehension, a habit became established in diplomatic circles of keeping the Russians outside the pale. Social habits, like personal ones, do not disappear overnight. The fact that the methods of the Kremlin are often very different from those of Downing Street or from our methods has been another reason for the continuance of this attitude.

There are people, both in this country and in Great Britain, who accuse Russia of endangering Allied unity by her insistence on solving some of the problems of Eastern Europe by unilateral moves; others, who are indignant at the thought that Russia might establish alliances with the Balkan states; and still others (or are they perhaps the same?) who first predicted that Russia would try to communize Italy and then denounced the exchange of envoys between the Soviet and the Badoglio government, suspecting in this move some nefarious design. As a matter of fact, the whole idea of the rising Russian menace is the result of ignorance, or insufficient knowledge, of the historical background.

If a strong Russia—which the Soviet Union certainly is to-day—seems something new and abnormal to many foreigners, this is the case mainly because in the past Russia's potential strength was realized by few. Too long people have thought of Russia as a weak and backward country—a "great humbug" in Palmerston's words. While her setbacks were overemphasized, Russia's capacity for recuperation, her innate vitality passed unnoticed. When the Crimean War revealed Russia's military weakness and technical helplessness, nobody was more candid about it than the Russians themselves. That war was followed by a series of important liberal

reforms which did away with many antiquated Russian institutions, replacing them by new ones, such as the local self-government councils and an excellent and entirely modern system of courts, for which, as Sir Bernard Pares has rightly noted, Russia received no credit. The weakness of Russian diplomacy at the Congress of Berlin was eagerly commented upon, but the fact that in the war which preceded the Congress, Russia had been victorious was soon forgotten or minimized. Idealistic motives on the part of Russia were denied, and her role in the liberation of Bulgaria was ascribed to selfish interests only.

While Russia lost nearly all of her navy in the Japanese War of 1904-1905, her army, although twice defeated by the Japanese, was potentially the stronger, but it was not until the eve of the Portsmouth conference that Russia had completed the concentration of her troops in the Far East; in the opinion of most military experts, Russia had then a good chance of victory. She signed the peace because of the desire of the Tsar's government to concentrate on domestic problems in view of the rapidly growing revolutionary movement. The Revolution of 1905, although only half-victorious, resulted in constitutional experiment. Russia's young National Assembly (*Duma*) was instrumental in promoting educational and other social programs and in carrying out a series of important reforms, so that by 1914 Russia was stronger than she had been in 1904—although still not sufficiently prepared for a major war.

According to a wide-spread interpretation of the First World War, Russia was routed in the field by Germany, and this caused the revolutionary outburst inside Russia. This is another example of misinterpretation of Russian affairs. It is true that the Germans won a spectacular victory at Tannenberg at the beginning of the war, and that in the summer of 1915 they succeeded in pushing back the Russian army deep into Russia, approximately to the Soviet-Polish boundary line of 1921. Russia, however, was far from being ignominiously beaten. The great retreat of the Russian army in 1915 was

the result not of failure of fighting power but of the lack of munitions and supplies. The retreat was in itself evidence of the great cohesion of the Russian army, of the superb quality of the Russian soldiers, and of the considerable skill of the Russian command. While the German attack in France in 1940 resulted in the complete collapse of the French army, the Germans did not succeed in destroying, in adverse circumstances, the Russian army in 1915. By September the front was stabilized; by June, 1916, stocks of munitions were to a great extent replenished, and, as the French and the Italians, both of them hard pressed by the Germans and the Austrians respectively, asked for a "second front" in Russia, the Russians, under General Brusilov, started a large-scale offensive which brought them to Bukovina (this spring a theatre of the operations of the Red armies) and by its pressure on Austria saved the Italians. About 400,000 prisoners were taken by Brusilov's armies, and the Austrian military machine was dealt a staggering blow. Actually the disintegration of the Russian armies in 1917 was the result, not the cause of the revolution.

In the circumstances, it was but natural that in the early years of the revolution Russia's past should have been subjected to wholesale criticism, and that nothing good was found in the "Tsarist army." That attitude has since completely changed, and in his first public statement after Hitler's attack in 1941, Stalin, wishing to undermine the legend of German invincibility, pointed out, among other historical examples, the fact that the Russians had beaten the Germans on many occasions in the First World War. Recently a patriotic historical novel, by Sergeev-Tsensky, has been published in Russia with General Brusilov as its main hero.

No nation can win a war and at the same time undergo a violent political conflict on the home front. This lesson the Russians have learned well. Even though some of them to-day may have certain doubts about their system of government, they will postpone criticism until after the war is won. They have, however, now much less ground than in 1917 for criti-

cism of the conduct of the war. In this respect, the Soviet government has proved to be much better prepared and more efficient than the Tsarist government was. Also, Russian industry, as the result of the miracle of the Five Year Plans, is now immensely stronger, and, in addition, the American lend-lease system to-day is much more effective than was the system in the First World War of having orders placed by the Russian government in the United States for execution.

If we desire to build up friendship with Russia, we shall have to grant the new Russia at least as much room in Europe as the old Russia had. We cannot do less. But we do not need to do more, if only because Russia herself does not ask for more. We should recognize Russian claims—so far as they are reasonable (and they are, so far, reasonable)—not grudgingly or suspiciously but in a businesslike and co-operative spirit.

The main task of our generation is to establish some kind of workable international agreement and understanding which will prevent wars. And without the participation of both Russia and the United States no such international agreement can be workable. Whatever the deficiencies of the Treaty of Versailles may have been, the absence of Russia from the peace conference and the refusal of the United States Senate to ratify the treaty were in themselves sufficient to undermine the validity of the peace of 1919. Such mistakes must not be repeated. This time all the allies must not only stand together in the war but work together in the peace.

Some critics of Soviet policy have feared that the Russians might develop an insatiable desire for expansion as the Germans did. It should be made clear to them that the Russian people are in an entirely different position, both actually and psychologically, from the Germans. First of all, the territory of the Soviet Union is so vast and so rich in natural resources that there is room for a population of many more than the 250 millions which some students say the Russian population will rise to by 1970. And, in spite of the rapid industrialization of the country in the last sixty years, the Russian output is still below the needs of the domestic market, not to mention the

foreign. While, by 1940, Soviet industries, in absolute figures of production, were second only to those of the United States, in per-capita production not only the United States but also Great Britain and Germany still exceeded the Soviet Union by a wide margin. Thus, the Soviet people have a pressing necessity as well as a favorable basis for peace-time work at home. Immediately before them is, of course, the tremendous task of reconstruction in the regions devastated by the Germans, where both industrial plants and the dwellings will have to be rebuilt. Thus, there is no reason for us to be afraid of that magic figure of a 250 million population which the Soviet Union is expected to reach in a generation or two. Those 250 million people will be kept very busy in their own country for years to come. To be sure, with the rapid growth of educational and cultural facilities in the Soviet Union, Russian science, literature, art, and music will become more and more important in world culture. The importance of the Russian language is already being stressed, and it may be expected to continue to rise and to receive wider recognition internationally. Is there any danger in that? Perhaps because I am a Russian by birth, I can see no harm in it.

So far I have discussed post-war problems mainly from the point of view of the Soviet Union as a national state. Of the major United Nations, Russia is the one Americans and Englishmen understand least, and few will deny that a thorough mutual understanding among the major United Nations is a prerequisite for any stability in the post-war world. Without due allowance for historical realities, no reasonable and practicable blue-print for the future can be made. Dreams may be alluring, but if we think merely in terms of dreams we shall too easily become cynical in case they do not materialize, and so give up any attempt to establish a better international order.

It is obvious that the only path to the future co-operation of all peoples runs through the mountain pass of a preliminary agreement of the major powers among the United Nations. By following this path, aided by such agencies of economic and cultural co-operation as the U.N.R.R.A. and the pro-

jected exchange of educational facilities, we should eventually be able to reach the broad plains of a truly international organization.

While the Soviet leaders are on the alert for the protection of the interests of their nation, they understand as well as other Allied leaders that conservation of peace with prevention of wars is the main condition for the enlightened development of any nation, not excepting their own. They have already signified their willingness to co-operate with other major powers by taking an active part in both the Moscow and the Teheran conferences. Since then a wave of pessimism seems to have swept over many people as to the possibility of preserving the unity proclaimed at Teheran. Here a word of caution is necessary. In view of the tremendously complicated task of preparing the way for a durable peace settlement in Eastern Europe, and of our lack of information as to the will of its peoples, moments of misgiving or confusion cannot be entirely avoided. Nor can the problems of international unity there and elsewhere be solved by any one conference or any one stroke. The important thing is to preserve an open mind for objective realities and to proceed with patience and understanding.

Meantime, we should remind ourselves that there are good reasons for trusting the sincerity of purpose of the Soviet government in its attempt to co-operate with other United Nations after the war. That there is no desire on the part of the Soviets to communize Europe has been clearly shown by the fact of the exchange of envoys between the Soviet Union and the Badoglio government. This move was followed by a significant shift in the attitude of the Italian Communist Party towards the Badoglio government which is in itself an interesting indication of things to come. According to a recent report, the veteran Italian communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, after returning to Italy from exile, declared that until after the end of the war the Italian communists will "consider the King to be not a person but an institution and therefore there is no question of changing this institution now."

After the war Italy, he declared, must be democratic—"and on democratic lines the country would be able to work out its own political destiny."

Even more direct evidence of the Russian desire to abstain from interfering with other countries' affairs was provided by Molotov's announcement on the occasion of the crossing of the River Prut—the Rumanian border—by Red army troops on April 2. Molotov stated plainly and unequivocally that the Soviet government had no intention either of annexing any part of Rumanian territory or of changing the existing social structure of Rumania.

Since it is the Communist Party which to a certain extent still rules Russia, its attitude may impress us even more than that of the Soviet government. Presumably, the party is supporting the cautious policy of the government, and the change just mentioned in the spirit of the Italian communists. It should be noted in this connection that both the nature and the composition of the Russian Communist Party have changed greatly during the last few years. First came the purge of the old Marxist doctrinaires like Kamenev, Zinoviev, and Bukharin. Then the admission to the party membership was made much easier. During the present war, the membership has been opened to all of the members of the armed forces. As result of all this, the party ranks have swelled rapidly. While until 1937 the party was a closed organization with a membership of not over two million, now there are over 25 million members in the party (including the *Komsomol*). The party has become a nation-wide institution. The rank and file of the party are now concentrating upon national defense and national reconstruction much more than upon the subtleties of the Marxian doctrine. And that doctrine itself is being gradually broadened, as may be seen from a recent article in the communist magazine "*Pod Znamenem Marksizma*" ("Under the Banner of Marxism"). The author of the article writes: "It would be naïve and pedantic to think that Marx and Engels could foresee and prescribe the concrete practical way of administering the law of value in the

interests of socialism." It is obvious that in the triple formula "Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism," the emphasis is now decidedly on the last, which is actually not an *ism* but a realistic program of policies. Former theoreticians have become men of affairs. It is well known that in Soviet industries the egalitarian experiments of the early days of the revolution were done away with long ago. Piece-work remuneration and bonuses are now the prevailing system.

In a general sense, collectivism has become part of Russia's national economy, and there is no reason to expect that the state will relinquish its control over both industries and agriculture when the war is over. However, further modification of collective methods, in order to increase individual incentive for work, is very likely to come.

Such a modified and nationalized collectivism constitutes no international danger. Russia's régime can be expected to co-exist peacefully with the capitalist régimes of other countries, in most of which, moreover, capitalism may eventually be modified or limited in turn. Thus, there are no insurmountable obstacles to post-war co-operation between the Soviet Union on one hand and Great Britain and the United States. What is needed to-day, in all three countries, is more mutual trust with greater realization of the grim alternative to co-operation: the abyss into which humanity would sink if another world war were allowed to develop. We shall win this world war as we won the last. We cannot afford to lose another peace. Like the war, the peace can only be won the hard way—by reciprocal sacrifice, mutual understanding, and united effort, with constant vigilance.

THE SAND CASTLE

By MARY LAVIN

JOHN was the oldest. He had straight black hair and a pale face. Emily came next. She had bright hair. Every summer she got gold freckles, but in the winter they went away. Alexandre was the youngest. His freckles never went away, but Alexandre did not mind. He did not mind about being fat, either, as long as he was getting big, one way or another.

One summer they went to Deever Shallows. Deever Shallows was a small seaside resort. It had a silver bay and a silver sea, and a fan of glittering silver sand. It had a cold white harbor and a bright green boat slip. There were things to do, every hour of the day, and the nights fell even faster there than they fell at home. You could dig for cockles and go down so deep with the spade that you came to jet black clay underneath the silver sand. You could skim stones on the shallow waters when the tide was out. When the sea was full and high, you could fish for periwinkles with a string and a pin. You could vault over the old pier stakes that stuck up in the sand like stunted trees. You could sit on the slimy boat slip and talk to the fishermen as they mended and dried their nets. You could pile up big stones and try to knock them down again with smaller stones. You could walk out to the end of the cold white harbor and look down over the sides at the great green tongues of the sea that licked up the walls. You could do This, and you could do That.

Emily and John quarrelled all day long because they could not decide between This and That. Even Alexandre was independent in his ideas for a four and half year old.

"What will we play today?" he said, on the second day, as they sat at their lunch in the window alcove of the hotel.

"You can play what you like," said Emily. "You won't play with us!"

"Why?" said Alexandre. "Why won't I play with you?"

"You're too small," said Emily.

Alexandre accepted this familiar insult. He stared at his plate. The tears began to splash on to the surface of the shining porcelain.

"Alexandre is not as small as you think," said Nurse. "He walked to the end of the pier yesterday afternoon, all by himself." She looked anxiously at Alexandre's tears that were falling on the plate, with the loud steady fall of the first raindrops that herald a thunderous downpour. "Tell them about your walk, Alexandre!"

Alexandre looked up, with such a jerk that two tears sped from his cheeks into the air on either side of him. He entered upon the narrative with vigor, and a complete faith in the fact that it would vindicate him from future charges of being too small to play with the others.

"I walked to the end of the pier," he said, "all by myself. Nurse sat at the other end. I walked to the very end, and when I got there I sat down on a seat." As he spoke he was impressed by the exactitude of his narration, but when it was over he became aware of a certain sparsity of detail, and, moreover, when he looked at his audience, he realized that he had held their attention to no purpose, for the story was ended and his audience clearly expected more.

"Well?" said Emily.

"What happened then?" said John.

Alexandre was humiliated. Desperately he tried to remember further incidents about the walk, but, although he called up a picture of the pier, it was a cold, straight pier, without turns or steps, and all he could see on it was himself, walking along towards the seat at the far end, and a solitary, dull sea bird. Alexandre was forced to fasten upon the sea bird.

"While I was sitting on the seat," he said, taking up the narrative after the most fragmentary and imperceptible pause, "a big bird came along and sat beside me."

"Did you catch him?" said John.

Fearing that evidence of the find might be expected if he

answered in the affirmative, Alexandre shook his head in negation.

"Before I had time to catch him," he said, earnestly staring at his listeners, "he ran way."

"You mean he flew away," said Emily, beginning to look somewhat incredulous.

"He ran away," said Alexandre, having learned that it is best to stick to the first story even if it is a poor one. Emily looked at John.

John fixed Alexandre with a fierce and unblinking stare. "How many legs had he?" said John.

"He had four legs, of course," said Alexandre, indignantly, but as he spoke he began to doubt his statement, and when at that particular moment a sea gull flew past the window, with no legs visible at all, his doubts became more serious.

"A sea gull with four legs!" said John, and he began to laugh.

"I knew he was lying all the time," said Emily.

Nurse looked up. "Emily! That is not a nice way to speak about your little brother."

"Make him tell the truth, then!" said Emily.

"Tell the truth, Alexandre," said Nurse.

Alexandre began again, but this time his voice was humble and broken by apologetic sniffing. "It's true that I walked to the end of the pier," he said, "but it's not true about the bird. There was a bird, but he just stood on the ground."

"Did you sit on the seat?" said John.

"I did."

"Did the bird come near the seat?"

Alexandre did not reply for a minute, and then he straightened up. "No," he said, "but he looked at me," and proudly, putting his own head to one side and shutting an eye, he showed how the bird looked, when it looked at him. "I am going to walk down the pier again today," he said, when he had opened his eye and straightened his neck again.

"You are not," said Emily at once.

"I am," said Alexandre.

"You will do as we say," said Emily.

The tears came into Alexandre's eyes again. Nurse frowned, and bit her lip. Nurse was pale, and there was a dark stain under the lashes of her young blue eyes. "Why are you children so difficult?" she said. "Why aren't you like other children? Why are you always quarrelling?" She paused, and then she brightened up. "Why don't you build a nice big sand castle?"

"A sand castle!" John was almost speechless with indignation.

"The sand is dirty," said Emily. "I heard a lady say that she saw fleas in it, hopping up and down!"

"Emily!" Nurse looked around hastily to see if there was anyone within earshot. "There are some things that are not discussed at table," she said.

There was silence then for a few minutes, and Nurse looked out between the stiff lace curtains at the far blue sea and the gray beach lit along its length with bright cockle streams catching the silver sunlight. When she spoke again it was softly, as if to herself. "Very few people can build a good sand castle. It takes skilful planning. It takes a strong steady hand."

Alexandre looked rapidly from Emily to John and from John to Emily, no doubt regretting that he could not look in two directions at the one time. Emily and John were looking at Nurse. But Nurse still looked at the sea.

"I could build the best castle that was ever built," said John.

Nurse continued to look at the sea. She said nothing, but she allowed a faint and supercilious smile to fashion itself at the corners of her mouth.

John addressed the smiling mouth. "I'll show you!" he said, angrily, and he beckoned to Emily. "Are you coming?" he said to her, and he strode out of the room. Emily strode after him.

Alexandre had some difficulty descending from his chair, and so he could not stride after them with arrogance, as he would have liked to do, because they were already going through the swinging glass doors of the vestibule, and he would have to run if he was not to be left behind altogether.

Outside the hotel, the air was bright and challenging. The

wind shook the red geraniums that stood in glaringly white urns on the terrace, and threatened to dash and scatter their petals all over the green grass.

Alexandre caught up with Emily. He drew a deep breath and pulled her by the skirt. "Wait for me!" he said, mysteriously, and disappeared around the corner of the hotel in the direction of the yards. When he came back he carried a rusty corrugated bucket in his hand. He had seen it some time previously and had been unable to devise a use for it.

"Where did you get that?" said Emily, enviously, stretching out her hand for it.

"Finders are keepers!" said Alexandre, retreating a pace or two, and putting the bucket behind his back.

"Oh, keep it!" said Emily, tossing her hair angrily, and she began to run after John.

They caught up with John in the long dune grasses that separated the hotel lawn from the flat sand on the lower shore.

"Here is a good place to build the castle," said Alexandre, setting down his bucket. The soft white sands lifted into streamers on the air. John glanced with contempt at Alexandre.

"Is that all you know about building?" he said, as he strode ahead, his feet sending up branching foam from the sand, as a clipper sends up sea foam.

"What is the matter with this place?" said Alexandre to Emily, in a whisper.

"You have to have wet sand to make the walls firm," said Emily.

"I could get water from the sea to wet the sand." Alexandre held up the bucket, and looked out through the handle at the tempting blue waters with which he would fill it.

"The sea is too far away from here," said Emily.

Alexandre put the bucket on his head, tilted it forward, and put the handle under his chin as a chin strap.

"If we were playing soldiers," he said, with infinite regret, "I could be the General."

"John is always the General," said Emily, scathingly.

Down on the hard, damp, corrugated ripples of the lower shore, John had taken off his coat. Emily sat down with her legs spread out. Alexandre sat on his upturned bucket. For a time John dug in the sand silently, mounding it high. Then he looked up and glanced around at the shell-strewn shore.

"Get me an oyster shell," he said to Emily.

Emily poked Alexandre in the ribs.

"Get him an oyster shell," she said, pointing to the cockle beds that were rippling with shallow water, blown by the wind. Alexandre sped for the shallows. They watched him as he went, and listened with satisfaction to the flat flapping sound that his feet made as he ran through the waters of the cockle stream and reached the far side where shells littered the sand. In a few minutes they saw him bend and pick up something, and then they saw him turn and run back across the flat and empty beach, starting a flurry among the feeding gulls, and splashing water up each side of himself.

"Is this right?" he shouted, holding up a great shell.

John put out his hand and took the shell without speaking.

"Do you want anything else?" said Alexandre, panting.

John did not hear him.

Alexandre turned to Emily. "Will I get another shell for you?" he said, politely.

But Emily was sitting with her legs spread out wide, and she was absorbed in the task of taking a lollipop out of her pocket. She had some difficulty because the lollipop had melted and become somewhat stuck to the inside of her pocket. She did not answer. Alexandre, however, had forgotten his question in the intensity of watching the lollipop emerge. His eyes opened wider and wider. As the lollipop came unstuck at last, he clapped his hands.

"Can I have a lick?"

Emily took a long steady lick of the lollipop and said nothing.

"Just one lick?" said Alexandre.

"Go away," said Emily, taking two short licks and one long, defiant one.

"Please!" said Alexandre humbly.

"Don't bother me!" said Emily. "Go away!" And she took up a fistful of sand and threw it at the pleading Alexandre. Alexandre pursed his lips. He made a dive upon the sand to gather a fistful of retaliation, when a more effective method of achieving his object occurred to him. He glanced up at the dunes to see that the setting was right, and seeing, as he hoped, that Nurse was sitting there, within earshot with her book and her striped sunshade, he threw back his head, and putting his hands to his face, gave a long thin, penetrating wail of anguish.

"There's sand in my eye!" he wailed. "Oh, oh, there's sand in my eye. I'm blinded. I'm blinded." And he began to stagger, very blindly, up the beach.

"Come back, Alexandre," said Emily urgently, and she pulled John by the sleeve. "What will I do?" she said, "he'll tell Nurse that I threw it at him."

"You did!" said John, without looking up.

"We'll be kept in after tea!" said Emily, warningly.

John looked up. He saw the lollipop in Emily's hand. He took in the situation. "Give him the lollipop," he directed. "That's what he wants."

Emily looked after Alexandre. He had paused momentarily in his blind stagger forward, and his wailing had lulled, as both of these strenuous efforts interfered somewhat with his hearing. When Emily made no answer, however, he began to lurch ahead once more and threw back his head with a view to louder wailing.

"Alexandre!" Emily stood up. "Alexandre!" she called, running after him. "Will you stop crying if I give you my lollipop?"

Alexandre turned around slowly, and came back with his tear-wet hand outstretched. He took the lollipop and sat down on the sand. Emily sat with her back to him. John resumed his work.

"Now, I am going to dig the moat," said John after a while, and he began to dig around the castle with both hands, throwing up sand on all sides.

Wildly the sand rose in the air. Lightly it floated downward again. It lay like a fine mist of rain on Emily's bright hair, and it drifted all over Alexandre, but he sat in beatific unconcern of it, although the fastly falling grains settled upon the sticky lollipop and impeded the progress of his bright, industrious tongue, that licked and licked incessantly.

"This will be the best castle that was ever built," said John, and he wiped his hand across his mouth leaving a whisker of sand upon his chin.

"Oh," said Alexandre. "John has a beard. John has a beard." And throwing away the lollipop stick, clean as if it had been licked by the briny tongues of the sea, he lifted a fistful of sand and began to decorate his own chin with blond whiskers.

"Stop that," said John, "we have no time to waste." He picked up Alexandre's bucket where it lay on its side forgotten, and he put it into Alexandre's hand. "Get me water for the moat," he said.

"The bucket is leaking," said Emily, disparagingly.

"He can run quick, so the water won't have time to leak out," said John.

Alexandre went off towards the thin sea waves, with his battered bucket swinging in his hand. Every time he left it down to chase a sea gull, or to poke his finger into a pool, John called out to him, and the sea birds rose in a flurry, and he picked up the battered bucket again and ran towards the waves with fresh vigor.

In a short while he was racing back, with all the fury of a full-blown wave racing for the shore.

"Is it spilling? Is it spilling?" he shouted, as he ran, not daring to take time to look behind him.

"Hurry! Hurry!" shouted John and Emily together, and they stood up and cheered him, as he dashed through the last cockle stream an inch ahead of the racing drops of water that seemed to be chasing him like a swarm of silver bees.

John rushed forward and caught the bucket from him and dashed the remaining water into the moat. Triumphantly the three of them flung themselves face down on the sand to lean

over the edge of the moat with pride and admiration. But in a few minutes the water began to steal out of sight between the grains of sand, and soon there was a defiant gleam of granite as the sand dried out again to a pale silver color. Then there was nothing left of the perilous water but a few iridescent bubbles.

"The water is gone!" said Alexandre, and the statement of this truth seemed to be more bitter than the truth itself for the tears welled into his eyes.

"What will we do?" said John, looking at Emily.

"We'll think of something," said Emily, and she got down on her knees and inspected the bottom of the moat. "Perhaps, if we put stones along the bottom it might keep the water from leaking away," she said.

Alexandre edged nearer. He sat down on his hunkers and began to root in his pocket. After a minute he produced a ball of silver paper, and began to tear off pieces of the thin tinfoil and lay them along the bottom of the moat.

"Look at the water!" he said, pulling Emily by the sleeve.

"It's just like water," said John, and he got down on his knees. "Give me some, Alexandre," he said. "It's just as good as water. You'd think it was water," and he began to line the moat upon the opposite side from Alexandre until the whole circle of the dike around the castle shone with fake silver water.

And so, gradually, although at first he wanted to work at the castle alone, John allowed the others to offer suggestions and give him help. When the artist first begins to shape his creation he is filled with a pride in himself and cannot bear to think that any hand but his could shape the perfection of the dream behind his brain, but as the dream emerges into a tangible form his selfish pride in his own power fades before a pure, unselfish pride in the thing he has created. Then he is willing and anxious to accept help from others, and is even ready, if necessary, to make the tragic abnegation of abandoning his task to other hands if those hands seem better fitted than his own to consummate the task.

Emily pinned back her hair. Alexandre took off his shoes.

Sitting with their legs spread out all three of them worked without talking. They patted and dug, they mounded the sand, they smoothed it, and they piled it high. And soon a noble castle, with a noble crenellated tower, rose out of the sand and stood between them and the sun. It rose so high, so proud, so tall, that it cast its own blue shadow on the pale sand.

"What kind of doors will we have?" said John. "We could have real wood for doors."

"We could have real glass in the windows," said Emily.

"I'll get the wood," said Alexandre. "I'll get glass." And he ran up to a bank of seaweed, higher up on the shore, where broken china, bits of glass, splinters of driftwood, tin, pearl buttons, shells, and empty bottles were tangled in the mesh of seaweed. He ran back with his arms filled and let fall a glittering cascade of treasures.

John began to pick out suitable pieces of glass, but all at once Emily clapped her hands. "I have an idea," she said. "We could have real doors and windows; that you could see through!" and picking up a shell she began to dig a hole in the side of the sturdy wall.

"Be careful," warned John. But the idea gripped him, and picking up another shell he began to tunnel into the castle upon the opposite side from Emily.

"Be careful," he called out, from time to time. "We are nearly meeting!" and indeed, even as he spoke, he felt something alive stirring within the castle, and a minute later he felt Emily's hot fingers underneath his own.

"Hurrah!" said John, and throwing himself on his face he peered into the tunnel. "Can you see me?" he yelled in delight as he caught sight of Emily's blue eye at the other end.

"Can you see me?" screamed Emily.

Alexandre jumped up and down. "Can I have a look? Can I have a look?" he yelled, but without much hope of being heard. He continued to jump up and down.

When at last the furious ecstasy of creation had wasted his strength John sat back and drew a deep breath of renewal.

"What do you think of it, Alexandre?" he said patronizingly.

But Alexandre was speechless. He jumped up and down more furiously, and all he could say, as he stared at the castle, was "Gosh." "Gosh!" cried Alexandre. "Gosh! Gosh! Gosh!"

But as Alexandre said "Gosh," a faint voice in his ears whispered it back again, slyly—"Gosh," and then, "Gosh."

Alexandre stopped jumping up and down. Emily and John stared at him suspiciously.

"Gosh," said Alexandre, once more, bravely, but while he spoke he put out a hand, edging near to Emily, and caught at her skirt. "Gosh," said the small white voice behind him, "Gosh, gosh, gosh."

They all swung around, with their lips apart, their hands groping out for each other. There, at their feet, were the thin white lips of the cold sea waves, saying over and over again, without even waiting, now, for Alexandre, "Gosh—" and then, "Gosh." "Gosh—" and then, "Gosh—"

John looked at Alexandre. Alexandre's ears were sticking out with excitement. His chin was pulled in tight. He stared at the waves, mesmerized with their words, and forgot the castle behind him. But when John looked at Emily her lips were pressed tightly together. John pressed his own lips together. Stronger than the bitter scent of the sour sea water that stole into his nostrils, was the first bitter foretaste of human impotence.

"What will we do?" he cried. "Our castle will be destroyed!" But while he spoke a combative spirit woke within him.

"We will fight back the sea!" he cried. "We will rout the enemy. Arm yourselves, my men! Arm yourselves." And taking up stones he led his men. "I am the king of the castle!" he cried, and missile after missile was hurled into the water, breaking the faces of the pale waves, but unable to silence their chuckles of triumph or stem their relentless advance. The

green regiment outnumbered even the stones on the shore, and soon the defenders had to lay down arms as the castle keep began to collapse with a slow sliding of grain after grain.

Tears shone in John's eyes. Big blue tears ran down Alexandre's red cheeks. But Emily's eyes were tearless, and they seemed to have taken on the angry agate color of the sea.

"There is one thing left that we can do!" she said, and she bit her lip and looked at the castle. "There is one thing left to do!" She turned around and looked at the boys. "I am the queen of the castle!" she said, in a loud voice, and raising her arms like a bird lifting his wings for flight, she leapt into the air, and landed with both feet upon the crenellated tower of the castle, which crumbled to dust around her.

Her feet sank into the streaming sand. She raised them heavily, one after another, and rivers of sand ran lightly over the white knobs of her ankles. Her dress belled out like a tulip. Her bright hair blazed.

"Now, you can't have our castle!" she cried to the greedy, reaching waves.

John and Alexandre looked on uncomprehendingly for a moment. Then they, too, ran forward and, jumping into the air, landed upon the castle, and began to leap up and down.

"Gosh!" said Alexandre. "Gosh! Isn't this great? Isn't this the best game ever?"

They jumped and jumped, all three of them, while the waters stole around their feet, with swirling foam, and writhing seaweed, and millions of grains of sand travelling restlessly.

And soon they forgot the reason why they were jumping, and they began to see who could jump the highest, and who could make the biggest splashes in the rising water. And as they rose up and down, in their hearts also, there rose and broke, and rose again, and broke, the silent waves of a wild intuition that was carrying them forward, nearer and nearer, to the shores of adult knowledge—those bright shores of silt.

NEW BOOKS IN REVIEW

ANATOMY OF WORLD DISORDER

HOW NEW WILL THE BETTER WORLD BE?, by CARL L. BECKER, *Alfred A. Knopf*.

CARL BECKER's anatomy of world disorder, so refreshingly free of prophecy and pretension, will not overly please the more solemn ameliorists. For one thing, it is too witty, and there will be something disquieting to them about his ironic affection for the much-maligned human race, for whose salvation he refuses to prescribe a panacea. His balanced and persuasive discussion of how little new the better world will be is not for those vociferous planners, all filled with learning and each flourishing a formula or two for instantaneous cosmic betterment. Such readers can scarcely be expected to welcome his conclusion that, inasmuch as 1919 saw "all of the words, resolutions, pledges, binding treaties, and solemn covenants," required to start the better world off, what the present occasion most urgently needs are specific agreements for the solution of specific problems.

The Stout-and-outers will not agree with some of his views on Germany. His tough-minded common sense will distress some generous idealists, while the radicals will regard it more suspiciously as a species of conservatism (and probably correctly) because of his emphasis on tradition, historic continuity, and organic growth. Conservatives, meantime, will worry over his views on collectivism and the New Deal; and internationalists generally will bridle at his conclusion that nationalism, the sovereign state, power politics, and imperialism, in one form or another, will remain with us as problems still to be dealt with in the world of tomorrow.

The only people, therefore, who should with propriety welcome Mr. Becker's urbane contention that while there is not too much good sense and good will afoot in the world, what there is of it has done us most good, are the enormous masses of responsible, intelligent, and sorely perplexed men and women who wish humanity well without knowing what to do about it. To them the author says in substance: think hard, wish for the best, and work for it; and if we have "sufficient intelligence and moral sense," we shall emerge better off (but not too much so, immediately) than we are now—pro-

vided we do not allow ourselves to relapse anew into normalcy or merely to drift into disaster.

Worse, however, than reverting to the normalcy of wars abroad and plowing under at home, or drifting unconsciously into disaster, is the futility, the momentous danger, of naïvely expecting too much and too soon from the post-war world, and at too cheap a price, as we did for our sins in the 1920's. It is to save us from such glittering but dangerous panaceas for mankind's ills that Mr. Becker writes his wise if astringent words. The sentiment of nationalism, he says, will not be abated, nor the power of the sovereign state completely curbed; it was only by invoking that emotion and using that force that Britain succeeded in 1940 in holding Hitler at bay. Power politics will not be abolished, and imperialism will not come to an end after D-day; for without these irreducible ingredients and stakes of organized states, there is nothing, only empty phrases. To the extent that the great victorious powers will wish to modify these forces in accordance with their real or fancied national interests, they will be modified—aided by the intelligence and moral sense of good men and true, in making the adjustment of the interests and the operations of the forces less selfish than before and more dedicated to the mutual benefit of both states and peoples.

This is not too much certainly to hold out for humanity, but to think and act in these terms is doubtless wiser than to give ourselves a shot in the arm now and to suffer the inevitable reaction afterwards. Mr. Becker, being something of a vicarious veteran of humanity's reverses on the field of noble endeavors, prefers to take men as they are, and can be, rather than as they ought to be.

LEO GERSHOY

THE COMING OF WAR IN THE PACIFIC

TEN YEARS IN JAPAN, by JOSEPH C. GREW, *Simon & Schuster*.

FOREIGN RELATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES: JAPAN, 1931-1941, 2 vols., U.S. Government Printing Office.

MANY reviews of Mr. Grew's book will be written before its interest is exhausted. It is concerned almost entirely with diplomatic and official matters. These, however, were of unusual and tragic importance. Together with the State Department's two massive volumes, it is an indispensable record of the events in Japan which converted the European war of 1939 into a true world war. By long odds it is the most important book on its subject which has yet appeared. No

one who reads it can be left with any doubt as to the precise Japanese quarter where war guilt lies. Peace was the American policy, not peace at any price but peace at any reasonable and honorable price. After Armageddon had begun in Europe, peace in the Pacific was worth a high price. With skill, tenacity, and transparent good will, the American ambassador worked for peace to the last second of the eleventh hour. There were hopeful phases, but, in his words, our diplomacy was "defeated by trends and forces utterly beyond our control. . . . Japan has become part of a system which aims to wreck about everything the United States stands for."

The high point of Mr. Grew's narrative is its description of a still little-known episode—the desperate, foredoomed effort Prince Konoë made, backed by the Emperor, to arrange a Pacific conference in Alaska. The effort failed because when the test came it was not the prime minister, not the cabinet, not the Emperor, but the generals and admirals who dictated Japanese policy. In that episode is revealed the real ruling power of Japan, the congenital debility of its liberalism, the futility of aristocratic dilettantism in politics.

"Diplomatic and official" are dry adjectives, but it is a relief to read a war book which hews to the line, realizing that human interest lies in a great subject and requires no rhetorical whipping up. Mr. Grew was a great ambassador, competent in every detail of his job. He was also a tireless observer of the Oriental life and mind, so different from our own as to constitute another world so far as one society of human beings can differ from another. Though he never peddles "human interest" he was never unconscious of it. It shines through the narrative like light through chinks. See, for example, the story of the rescue of Sambo, the black spaniel, too long to repeat here. Even the Emperor asked, "And how is Sambo?"

Ambassador Grew was an indefatigable diarist, not out of any Pepysian wish to enjoy the spice of life twice but because "only in the pages of an honest and candid diary can one set down the convictions and assumptions on which one's decisions and actions are based." The book is a selection from those daily records and reflections. Mr. Grew has not published the whole, but the extracts chosen have been printed as they were written. Naturally, contemporary judgments are sometimes mistaken. An honest diary, however, preserves a picture of a developing situation that no other method can do.

The personal touches are too few, but they are delightful. The question the newly appointed ambassador put to himself in the train

westbound from Washington was: "Would Japan be content with what she had gained in Manchuria or did she covet the empire of Asia?" Before he had reached Chicago the answer began to appear though, like the handwriting on the wall, it was not well understood at first, even in Japan. Young officers had murdered the prime minister in Tokyo. It was the signal for revolution, Japanese style. The brief "liberal era" was over; the reign of the Nazi-fascist soldiers had begun.

All that is clear now with the invaluable aid of hindsight. It was not clear then. Japan was regarded, by many of those who regarded it at all, as a somewhat promising addition to the international menagerie. She had displayed efficiency in copying us, and we were flattered. There had been significant lapses in conduct from the ethical standards Japanese writers professed; for example, the twenty-one demands were not to be reconciled with "Bushido," but Japan's forces of evil were not yet in full control. When Mr. Grew took up his post the army had been reduced, naval limitation had been accepted, manhood suffrage had been enacted, administrations were drawn from majority parties, and a little young Labor party was following in the footsteps of Ramsay MacDonald. Japanese "liberalism," though different enough from ours to require quotation marks, could be seen and heard. Foreigners naturally magnified it; they met it often; they sympathized with it; and it was pleasant to believe that the liberals knew what they were talking about when they said that if we would have patience the pendulum would swing back. But it has always been the weakness of Japanese liberalism that it had no line where it would stand and fight. Manchuria might be unfortunate (when liberals were talking to Americans), but the army had to be appeased, and as it could be done at China's expense, no Japanese liberal grudged the payment.

Mr. Grew's diary is the record of a struggle on two fronts. On the diplomatic front, the United States defended American rights and sought by persuasion and warning to obtain the fulfilment of international agreements. On the domestic front, the senior statesmen and the wiser bureaucrats fought against army domination of national policy. Mr. Grew could report that "the liberal elements in Japan are steadily working beneath the surface and will eventually be heard from." He noted at the same time that "the Japanese military machine has been built for war and will welcome war." In a homely, apt illustration he compared the Japanese army to "an in-

tensively trained football team which, being convinced of its superiority and dissatisfied with mere practice, wants a game." But at that time the army's hostility was concentrated against Russia, and American neutrality, or friendship, was valuable.

It seemed a hopeful sign that the men in the key positions understood the situation. Saito, the Lord Privy Seal, observed that "those whose careers depend on war will always want war" and "the army knows very little about the world." It was reassuring to hear such sentiments from the Emperor's highest political adviser. Grew's first official visit was made to Admiral Saito, then premier. Saito's last visit on earth was made to Grew. He remained till midnight, an unusually late hour for a Japanese. Four hours later he was murdered in his own home by Japanese officers, first and noblest victim in a general *battue* of peace leaders.

The few upper-circle liberals should not be denied credit for the courage they showed under a continual threat of dagger and bomb and military machine gun. Their cause was hopeless. The seeds of defeat existed in themselves as well as all around them. Their liberalism, when applied to foreign policy, was only a sharper sense of opportunism than the militarists possessed. They condoned war as an instrument of national policy. They did not want war with America, but they supported war with China. There was little moral sentiment among the people of Japan to which they could appeal. New Japan had built up a strong sense of loyalty and unity upon a foundation of extravagant nationalism. The people had been so conditioned by their education, their imperial mythology dressed up as history, their inherent chauvinism had been so fostered that, when they came to the cross roads, it was inevitable that they should go whooping along with the army.

After Pearl Harbor, newspaper skimmers asked, "Did not our government know what Japan was up to?" The government knew. "The expansionist urge is fundamental," wrote Grew in 1936, and he repeated it in 1937. Again, "There is absolute unanimity that Japan must expand, but there are two schools, the continental and the southward." The attack on the United States and Britain came when the two schools merged. It was all clearly charted by Grew, even the likelihood of a sudden attack on Pearl Harbor. The army's success in Manchuria and China (the continental school) had stimulated the navy (the southward school). "The navy hates to have the army steal the whole show and is chafing for action," wrote Grew in

1937. He added significantly, "The animus of the navy has definitely turned against Britain"—an indication that the navy's eyes were turning towards Singapore, the only strong obstacle in the Western Pacific.

Yet the internal battle continued to have its ups and downs. Konoye, the "last ace" of the peace group, was in office till ten weeks before Pearl Harbor. Grew was not blind, and the State Department was well aware of the danger. But when Japanese cabinets were fighting for peace with America, American statesmen were bound to co-operate in all ways, including oratorical abstinence. The collapse came from the refusal of the Japanese services to co-operate with their own government. The fact that the peace efforts, such as they were, had to be made in dead secrecy because of the animosity of the fighting services and the unbridled jingoism of the press and public, made the situation worse. The Administration in Washington was handicapped by vocal and determined isolationism among its political opponents. The handful in Tokyo cabinet and court who worked for peace had to move in darkness because organs of the state more powerful than they, namely the army and navy, were working for war, and the press and the elected persons of Japan were drunk with war sentiment.

The effort to prevent war reached its climax in Konoye's appeal for a meeting with the President on American soil, Honolulu or Alaska. On August 18, 1941, Admiral Toyoda, the new foreign minister, told Grew he had been unable to sleep because of his anxiety about American-Japanese relations. They talked for two and a half hours. Toyoda said: "A breakdown of peace between Japan and America would be the blackest spot in human history; . . . let the responsible people of the two countries meet face to face and express their true intentions towards one another."

Grew took into account the risk that Japan might merely be seeking a breathing spell. The prime minister who now wanted a conference was the man who had carried through the alliance with Germany. Nevertheless, it appeared that the moment was hopeful. The Japanese had been twice double-crossed by Hitler in his relations with Stalin. The liberal elements were attempting to get the country out of a dangerous position, and Grew felt there was a chance of Japan changing its course. Before embarking on such a conference the United States naturally wanted to know precisely what commitments Japan would make and ask. Konoye readily accepted Hull's sugges-

tions so long as these were stated in general terms. Whenever the effort was made to translate principles into concrete undertakings involving action by the Japanese army and navy, difficulties arose. Admiral Nomura, the Japanese ambassador in Washington, unfortunately bungled matters. There was some confusion and, worse still, the extremists in Japan discovered that Konoye was engaged in some ambitious conciliatory move. Time was lost, and the psychological effect on which Konoye was counting heavily, was endangered. To bring matters to a point, Foreign Minister Toyoda submitted a written question: "Will the American government now set forth to the Japanese government the undertakings to be assumed by the Japanese government which would be satisfactory to the American government?" That looked like business. But the American government ten days earlier had set forth its view very clearly, and Konoye had agreed. What was now needed was an unequivocal statement of the measures Japan proposed to take in implementing the principles her prime minister had accepted. There was an infinity of talk in Tokyo and Washington, but whenever a Japanese undertaking was written down it was accompanied by weasel words. For example: "Japan will . . . not *without justifiable reason* (italics ours) resort to military action against countries south of Indo-China." Japan had been asked to withdraw her forces from Indo-China where they menaced the Philippines and all the South. During the conversations, the Japanese army and navy continued to flood southern Indo-China with troops and to offer conditional undertakings which were worthless on their face. Again, in the outline of peace terms with China there was a general undertaking that Japan would withdraw her forces, but in the detailed proposals there appeared a condition providing for "co-operative defense." When examined, it turned out to be that this meant the maintenance of Japanese armies in five Chinese provinces for an indefinite time.

Grew summarized the situation in plain language: "The Japanese government professes to believe that it has met our desiderata all along the line. It has not done so simply because the Japanese mentality is such that it cannot bring itself to express the commitments which it claims it is prepared to undertake in precise, unambiguous language. They present formulae in phraseology which leaves the points at issue open to the widest interpretation, befogging rather than clarifying the issues, and then express surprise that we do not accept these formulae, hook, line, and sinker."

Konoye could not get from the army leaders the assurances he needed if a Pacific conference was to take place. He decided on a remedy which would kill or cure. Unable to control the army himself, he chose to make way for a prime minister who could. The story is one of the most dramatic parts of Mr. Grew's narrative. An imperial conference was convoked in the palace at Tokyo. The Emperor asked the representatives of the armed forces if they were prepared to follow a policy which would guarantee that there would be no war with America. They did not reply. Thereupon the Emperor "in an unprecedented action, ordered the armed forces to obey his wishes."

Konoye could not rule the army. The Emperor's command necessitated the appointment of a prime minister who could. It had been arranged. Tojo, who, while remaining on the active list, was definitely committed to a policy of attempting to conclude successfully the Japanese-American conversations, became prime minister.

Whether Tojo had made mental reservations in whatever pledges he had given Konoye is immaterial. He was not the first Japanese general who found that the army could be ordered only in the direction it wanted to go. His first speech to the Diet embodied the army's minima:

1. Third powers will refrain from obstructing a successful conclusion of the China affair.
2. Countries surrounding our empire will not only refrain from presenting a military menace to our empire but will fully restore normal economic relations.
3. Utmost efforts will be exerted to prevent the extension of the European war into Asia.

These were the Japanese terms. The first meant that the United States was to withdraw all assistance from China. The second intimated that Japan wanted Britain to stop sending reinforcements to Singapore and America to the Philippines. If this was done, Japan was ready to promise, temporarily and conditionally, that her troops in French Indo-China would not advance southwards. Japan also required the United States and Britain to cancel the freezing order and continue to ship oil and scrap iron to Japan for use against China and against "encirclement." If these concessions were granted, the third point was a veiled and dishonorable promise to disregard the alliance with Germany.

Conversations went on. The United States presented a ten-point

program for adjusting the whole situation in the Far East. The President wrote a personal letter to the Emperor. But the die had been cast. Tojo, unlike Konoye, knew what he wanted and where he stood. Before the President's letter was written, and probably before the American note had been received, the Japanese fleet was on its way to the stations from which it attacked Pearl Harbor. If Mr. Hull's note had been an acceptance of Tojo's two points, the fleet could have been recalled by imperial order. On December 3 Mr. Grew met Admiral Shimada, navy minister, now chief of the naval general staff. Shimada greeted him cordially. At that moment, the fleet was steaming to Pearl Harbor.

So war came. If anyone still wants to ask who was responsible the answer is written in this sober, unembellished story of American diplomacy during the critical years. Responsibility rests on the military Nazis who have dominated Japanese policy since 1931. The climax of Mr. Grew's book is his account of Konoye's last struggle to prevent war. Konoye commands our sympathy. So does the drowning man clutching at straws. His scheme never had a chance. Like most Japanese liberals he was content to let the army do what it wanted so long as it did not challenge a stronger power than Japan. He has his full share of responsibility for the catastrophe which at last he fought against. His project for a meeting with the President was the last gamble of a desperate man.

There is still something which has not been told. Was Konoye ready to give Roosevelt in person assurances that he dared not give beforehand? Would the generals and admirals who were to accompany him have endorsed those assurances? If they had refused, was he prepared to accept Mr. Hull's terms at all risks, including murder, go back to Tokyo and fight it out with the Emperor's backing? Some such vision may have been in his mind, judging from his hints that though nothing could be promised in Tokyo much might be promised in Alaska. Could such a desperate move have succeeded? Only if Konoye had been a William Pitt and the Emperor a Napoleon. It is more likely that Konoye would have been murdered without ceremony. The Emperor would have been immured, surrounded by advisers selected by the army and given the choice so often presented to his ancestors of abdicating or signing on the dotted line.

Could America have done anything which might have averted war? Yes. America had but to abandon Asia to the Japanese, prepare

to see a monstrous military feudalism grow up on her Western front to match the Hitlerite empire in Europe, and settle down in isolation, the last democratic great power left in the world.

HUGH BYAS

ERA OF GOOD TASTE

GREEK REVIVAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA, *by* TALBOT HAMLIN, *Oxford University Press.*

THIS new volume describes both in the text and by excellently chosen illustration not only the architecture but the prevailing conditions and rich and fertile background of the period and the life of the times. It emphasizes the reality of the structural and decorative ideas of a group of talented designers by throwing into clear relief the important Greek Revival structures in America. The leading architectural personalities as well are critically and sympathetically described. McIntire, in his double role of craftsman and architect, receives expert treatment at the author's hands. This was, indeed, a period when the designer saw his building not only as an organic structure but put together with the care of the cabinetmaker and with detail fully expressing the reborn Greek idea. Asher Benjamin, one of the great designers of the period, describes himself in the title page of his book "System of Architecture, particularly adapted to the Present Style of Building," as "Architect and Carpenter." These outstanding independent pioneer craftsmen architects above all knew their wood and the possibilities thereof, not only structural but down to the very finest decorative detail. And it was largely with wood that they obtained their architectural effect. Mr. Hamlin speaks of the epoch as of one "restrained monumentality," a phrase of most happy description. Taste was sure; so sure and so universal that it is hard to realize that this period was to be succeeded almost immediately by the "careless elegance" of the Victorian era to contrast so strongly with the quiet good taste of the generation before.

In so far as the buildings of the Greek Revival, by variety of plan and faithful use of style material, reflect the flowering of the contemporary American idea they justify the mark of intense Americanism which Hamlin attributes to this phase of architecture in America. It should not be forgotten, however, that the Greek Revival was a widespread movement abroad as well, and that in England and Germany it frequently followed lines of new-stylism with quite as much originality as in America. Certainly St. George's Hall in Liverpool and the British Museum in London express fully the then

contemporary problem, and the style is used in a free and non-antiquarian manner. Occasional archaeological affectation there was. The recent demolition of the entrance to London's Euston Station removed an early landmark of a blatantly non-functional phase of Greek stylism. The two museums in Berlin, however, reflect the freer manner of design in the Grecian mode even if the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, if it still stands, the monument to Bavaria in Munich, and the Valhalla at Regensburg are more faithful examples of archaeological eclecticism. And in France, also, one recalls a parallel spontaneous style development, the Neo-Grec, under the masterly and original genius of such great architects as Duc, Duban, and Labrousse. The Greek fashion flourished there in spirit at least, if not so definitely in the use of specific architectural forms, so that if America is to be lauded for the free handling of the Greek in our revival here, we must in truth make acknowledgment as well to a perhaps even freer and more organic use of the spirit of the Greek in France.

Mr. Hamlin is peculiarly qualified as a critical writer on architecture by inheritance and experience. His father, the late Professor A. D. F. Hamlin, was an authority in the field of architectural history as teacher, writer, and critic. Talbot Hamlin points to even earlier deep interest in architecture by members of a previous generation of his family. As a boy, hardly out of professional school, he wrote his "Enjoyment of Architecture." This thoroughly interesting volume through its philosophical appeal as well as youthful enthusiasm has been of inestimable value in awakening interest and understanding of architecture in the minds of young men and women approaching the subject. His "Architecture through the Ages," a more mature work, retains most fortunately the philosophic and objective approach characteristic of his earlier writing, which enables it to carry the message of architecture in sure terms to all, and particularly to the lay mind.

The present volume marks the thoroughly mature, skilful, and competent accomplishment of a leading scholar in the field. Furthermore Mr. Hamlin's early professional training and broad, active, and successful experience in architectural practice in his earlier years have given him the precious power of observation and objective expression, a quality in art criticism that, in the mind of the reviewer, may even transcend all others. Now as Librarian of Fine Arts at Columbia and in charge of the superb Avery Architectural Library,

he has found the sympathetic and inspiring *milieu* from which to produce further scholarly and worth-while books on architecture. May they be forthcoming!

In format, the book is a comparatively weighty tome. The great number of pages of heavy coated paper make it a little difficult to manage, but perhaps the physical weight of the volume may be accepted as an indication of the intellectual weight as well. The illustrations are not only abundant but excellently chosen; in particular, the drawings by the author reinforce the objective reality of the text. Especially to be commended are the appendices, the exhaustive bibliography, and the complete index.

EVERETT V. MEEKS

POLICY TOWARDS GERMANY

GERMANY WILL TRY IT AGAIN, *by* SIGRID SCHULTZ, *Reynal & Hitchcock*.

THE GERMAN ARMY, *by* HERBERT ROSINSKI, *Infantry Journal*.

GERMANY AFTER HITLER, *by* PAUL HAGEN, *Farrar & Rinehart*.

THE measure of disagreement that develops between representatives of the various United Nations the moment the future of Germany is broached foreshadows the difficulties we shall have to face in dealing with the Germans following unconditional surrender. Shall we apply drastic limitations on the political and economic power of Germany—or shall we temper justice with mercy in the hope of weaning the Germans from militarism? Shall we dismember Germany—thus incidentally creating a way out of some thorny problems, such as the possibility of compensating the Poles for the loss of Eastern Poland with the grant of German territories—or shall we keep Germany intact? Shall we dismantle German heavy industry, the base of Germany's military might—or shall we harness it to the vast task of reconstructing the areas of Europe devastated by the German armies? Shall we treat non-Nazi Germans as ordinary human beings, entitled to the benefits as well as subject to the obligations of international society—or shall we condemn them to be outcasts until they have been re-educated or have re-educated themselves?

All these questions and many others already under discussion are bound to be answered differently by different people, depending on the character of the experience they have had with Germans. Nor is it a foregone conclusion that the British and Americans, who have not been subjected to German invasion, will necessarily prove more tender towards Germany—in their plans at least—than the Russians or the peoples of the conquered countries who have drunk to the

dregs the cup of Nazi terrorism. On the contrary, the victims of German conquest show not only a natural desire for revenge such as does not yet exist in similarly acute form in Britain and the United States, but also a far more realistic understanding than the Western democracies that Germany cannot be completely destroyed, and that it is therefore necessary to find some method of neutralizing, in the future, the power generated by the technical ingenuity and efficiency of the Germans.

To these questions—the answer to which will be just as important as discussions on military fronts—the three books under review offer only partial clues. Sigrid Schultz, head of the Berlin office of the Chicago “Tribune” and broadcaster from Berlin over the Mutual System, makes no pretense at optimism in predicting that “Germany will try it again.” To prove her point, she recites once more, in disjointed fashion, the myriad ways in which the Germans tried it again after 1919, benefiting by the weariness, the gullibility, the tolerance, and the disillusionment of the Allies, divided among themselves—as the United Nations may be once more—as to the best method of dealing with Germany. The story is a familiar one—although it can never be sufficiently repeated for those who suffer from short memories. But one could have hoped that an observer with such a wealth of information at her command, would give us a really penetrating analysis of what the Allies could do in avoiding the mistakes of the First World War. She does say, rightly, that “our resistance can be effective only if we keep our own defenses strong, if we buttress those defenses with a militant democracy, continually improving our internal political, economic, and social conditions”—but she fails to develop her prescription in concrete terms. It would have been more helpful at this critical juncture if Miss Schultz’s book had begun where it ends.

Among the forces that worked for Germany’s hour of revenge from the moment the Armistice was signed was the German army, which became the backbone of Hitler’s Reich as it had been of the Kaiser’s empire. The destruction of this army, and especially of the plans of its general staff, which survived defeat, inflation, and social unrest, is the major objective of the United Nations. In the circumstances, the study of the German army (originally published in England in 1939, now re-issued in a revised and expanded edition) by Herbert Rosinski, a German expert on naval and military matters, is especially opportune. Dr. Rosinski writes in a dry factual manner,

without attempting to draw from his material conclusions that might be valuable in answering questions about the future of Germany. He does, however, make a contribution to the current discussion by showing the importance of the army in German society since the days of Frederick the Great, and the degree of perfection to which it carried its organization and methods. It will not be enough to disarm Germany, or disband its armed forces. A far more difficult task will be to alter—and this must be done from within—the concepts and practices of a society which could for so long, and with such pride, devote so much of its efforts and resources to the maintenance of a military machine.

The need for eliminating from post-war Germany the elements that breed militarism is recognized by Paul Hagen, Austrian-born leader of the German underground and, since 1940, Research Director of the American Friends of German Freedom in New York. Germany, he contends, suffers from a case of “retarded democracy.” As an alternative to Nazism, on the one hand, and attempts by the Allies to run post-war Germany on the other, Hagen, in his penetrating little book, offers a program of “revolutionary democracy.” To him the drastic proposals of Vansittart can only result in a German reaction that would spell another conflict. The aims of the democratic revolution he advocates are full self-government for the German people, “unlimited democratic liberties and equal status in an international order for vanquished and victor alike.” He fears, however, that the Allies may oppose a “deep-rooted revolution” in Germany. He advocates reforms in civil administration and education—but to be carried out by the Germans themselves, not by the Allies. For the performance of these tasks, he looks to German Labor, which he regards as the most democratic group in Germany.

It is obviously impossible at this time for Mr. Hagen or other observers to penetrate behind the steel wall of censorship and misrepresentation with which the Nazis have surrounded Germany, and declare with any assurance what individuals or groups will be available after Germany’s defeat for its reconstruction on democratic lines. In fact, it might be a wise safeguard against future disillusionment to assume that Germany, retarded, as Mr. Hagen and other anti-Nazi German spokesmen believe, in its political development, may not be prepared for some time to come for the operation of the democratic institutions which we are familiar with in Britain and the United States. At the same time, Mr. Hagen is entirely right in say-

ing that Germany cannot break with its militaristic past without a social revolution—which must not be blocked by the Allies.

In formulating United Nations policy towards Germany, it must always be borne in mind that our chief aim is not the annihilation of the German people but the creation of security for the rest of the world. Revenge will naturally seem desirable and necessary to many people. But mere revenge will not prove a stable cornerstone for the reconstruction of Europe. At the same time, it must be hoped that the Germans, in the hour of defeat, will not resort to self-pity as a method of placating the victors. In the name of the German people the Nazis have perpetuated cruelties in Europe from which the Germans cannot be completely exonerated. Germany must have a fair chance for reintegration, after the war, into international society. But the Germans themselves must prove by their own actions that they are ready and willing to accept the obligations of life in international society on terms of equality with other peoples, not on terms of mastery over others. Meanwhile, the United Nations, instead of disputing among themselves as to the best way in which they can weaken Germany, should concentrate, as Sigrid Schultz suggests, on keeping strong by keeping united. In a strong and united world even a Germany restored to the condition in which it was in the 1930's could not prove dangerous. But in a world reduced to anarchy and confusion even a relatively weak Germany would be a threat to its still weaker neighbors. The creation of an effective international organization, with military force at its disposal—not an attempt to destroy Germany—holds the key to our future relations with the German people.

VERA MICHELES DEAN

COUNTERBLAST

THE LITERARY FALLACY, *by* BERNARD DeVOTO, *Little, Brown & Co.*

THIS lively, savage monograph, originally a series of lectures, analyzes, with emphasis upon one suicidal "fallacy," modern American literature, especially that of the 1920's, whose tribal gods, such as Van Wyck Brooks, Sinclair Lewis, or Ernest Hemingway, Mr. DeVoto batters to pieces as illustrations of his concept. The "literary fallacy" is, it appears, the creation of fiction, poetry, or criticism based not upon demonstrable knowledge of the civilization it purports to describe but upon general principles lacking factual control, upon, indeed, guesses, prejudices, emotions. "Reduced to general

terms," Mr. DeVoto says in his early pages, "the literary fallacy assumes: that a culture may be understood and judged solely by means of its literature, that literature embodies truly and completely both the values and content of a culture, that literature is the highest expression of a culture, that literature is the measure of life, and finally that life is subordinate to literature." Comparing, under the guidance of this thesis, the America depicted in the literature of the 1920's with the actual America of that decade and later, Mr. DeVoto concludes that its writers were drunk with this peculiar fixation, and also, though he mitigates his denunciation with many a golden compliment, that they were, for the most part, indentured to ignorance and dilettantism.

Mr. DeVoto's narrative of this universal contagion marches not without wit through the Van Wyck Brooks of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" and the Van Wyck Brooks, recanting his earlier ideas, of "The Flowering of New England"; through the "adolescent" and "shallow" photography of Sinclair Lewis; through the animalism of Ernest Hemingway's novels, in which life "does not exist above the diaphragm"; through the despair of T. S. Eliot; and, indeed, through all the futilitarianism of this disillusioned band. Then in Chapter V, a unique interlude in a work of literary criticism, Mr. DeVoto summarizes in sharp contrast the actual life of America in the decade: its heroic figures and achievements in science, education, medicine, and pioneering; its virility, its vision, its hope; and, above all, its devastating repudiation of the lies of these technicians, so isolated in their "literary fallacy," by the present temper of high endeavor and sacrifice. Or, as Mr. DeVoto summarizes the results of the "fallacy": "The point is that the literary ideas were wrong. The point is that the American people were not what their writers had believed them to be. The point is that only persons so lost in logic, dream, and theory that they were cut off from their heritage could have held those ideas." The book ends with a plea to know America; Emerson and Mark Twain knew whereof they spoke; not so these sheltered writers of the 1920's.

So runs this provocative theory, and, of course, in our minds rise objections, calling, perhaps, for a long evening's argument by the fireside instead of the few sentences permitted here. Is not the isolation of these writers exaggerated? Or, however alive the vigor of America on one level, was there not a reaction from this very practicality in moods which these writers portray? Or, can we require

each literary craftsman to master and carry in his consciousness, as Mr. DeVoto tries to do, this vast, complex America? How many great critics and novelists in England of the last century were able to do so in respect to their country? Or was Mr. Brooks so powerful an "agent" in setting the temper of this literary pessimism of the 1920's or was this not, even if limited to a class, a very real condition of the mind?

Finally, one might add that "The Literary Fallacy" is too abusive, too eager, too elaborate an expansion of the simple truth that writers and critics should not divorce life from literature. In this insistence, however, on what Whitman called "tallying" the earth, or identifying oneself with the reality of the earth, is the book's virtue. Its own vista of a real America lets us see these writers in a new perspective, bringing to some individual writers criticism at once fresh and perceptive, especially in the evaluations of Robert Frost and Ernest Hemingway. Buttressed by the chapter on the life of America called "The Artificers," already mentioned, the book is a plea for health, for reality, for fact, for a recognition of the dignity of man whenever we write of the giant America now revealing the full strength of its latent powers.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS

WAR AND CIVILIZATION

HOW TO THINK ABOUT WAR AND PEACE, *by* MORTIMER J. ADLER, *Simon & Schuster.*

DR. ADLER has written a powerful and possibly a great book, although in one important respect I believe it is grievously in error. Because it lies athwart prevailing patterns of opinion, some will wish to throw it off; but that would hardly be wise. Thoughtful people for some time to come will need to work their way through it or around it.

A part of its power is a matter of tone. It took courage to write this book. Dr. Adler claims that war lies at the heart of our civilization. War doesn't happen to us—war is us. Yet there is no defeatism or despair, no complacency or cynicism. I have never read a more democratic book, except possibly Walt Whitman. I know of no other contemporary book so free from the social prejudices that poison our lives. While it accepts human beings as they are, it does not belittle them by supposing that they cannot become something much better. It is also a serene book. And in spite of its difficulties, it is a simple

book. I know it contains inconsistencies. I doubt whether its reasoning is as clear as Dr. Adler fancies. But it is all of a piece and therefore graspable. Even its errors belong to it.

Dr. Adler shows that the state of "peace" under which modern man has lived between his wars is merely a resting phase of the same condition that becomes active when "war" finally breaks out. He believes that this has always been so in the external relations of communities, and he quotes a long line of modern writers to support his position, but no ancient or mediaeval theorist and no one from the Orient. He also maintains that a genuine state of peace can obtain within communities, thanks to the force exercised under authority which government alone can provide. Somewhat paradoxically, though on the basis of convictions about the nature of man derived from a modernized Aristotelian scholasticism, he holds that war is abnormal, and that true peace is man's natural social condition.

He concludes that only a completely sovereign world-wide government can do away with war. We cannot expect permanent peace until nations as we now know them disappear in a truly supranational community. All alliances, leagues, or international covenants are at best truces—ways of conducting war by other than military means. For reasons that are obscure, it is assumed that a true world order would be federal in structure. After carefully weighing the obstacles to world peace—this chapter is superb—Dr. Adler concludes that it can hardly be achieved in less than, say, five centuries.

Even those who may not share Dr. Adler's interest in the remote future can find matter for enlightenment in his discussion of the things we can do to improve and prolong "truces." For example, he suggests that we set up a permanent peace conference now, separate from the regular organs of diplomacy, to explore prospects for world order and submit recommendations to existing governments.

But he does not set out to provide a specific plan for immediate action, although his book contains more of this than many volumes which claim action as their field. That is not his problem. He deals with the far more important question of the attitudes with which we should approach the prevailing international anarchy. Not what to think, but how, is his theme. What, then, of his intellectual method?

He bases his thinking on clarity, on self-evidence, on sharp distinctions. True enough, his clarities are often later resolved, as when the absolute distinction between war and peace is softened by the

notion of degrees of peace; but his argument depends on the absolute separation of the two, and the fearful wound to the mind is therefore never really healed. It is split asunder and divided from its world. Dr. Adler regularly reduces the wavering potentialities of our lives to sorites of reasoning marching towards a predetermined goal under command of General Either-Or. He is, of course, a rationalist, but it must be admitted that many people who think they are empiricists make similar absolute distinctions in the realm of facts; or for that matter between "facts" and "ideas."

Such splittings of the world are neither necessary nor advisable. If Dr. Adler believes in democracy—and he most certainly does—why does he hold to a logic of master principles? There is something dictatorial in a logic imposed from above; a truly democratic logic should arise out of, and express, its subject matter.

So-called "clear" thinking assumes that we already possess the facts, the intellectual principles, and the purposes we need to solve our problems. It operates drastically on experience to get what it needs, and so it leads to drastic conclusions. Only "clear" thinking could have driven Dr. Adler to be content with the harsh conclusions and deferred hopes of this book. Precisely because his thinking has had this issue, I believe he should ask us—and himself—to think in some other fashion.

JOHN STORCK

A CRUSADER'S EPIC

JAN SMUTS, *by* F. S. CRAFTFORD, *Doubleday, Doran & Co.*

THIS is the fourth serious biography of Smuts to appear in eight years, and doubtless it will have many successors in the years to come. There is an enduring fascination in the saga of Smuts's life that recapitulation cannot stale, for it has all those elements of tension, surprise, and fulfilment which belong only to the histories of the elect—a combination of success story, battle-thriller, and crusader's epic of a kind to capture the imagination and enlarge the horizon.

Among many other things, this is South Africa's version of the log-cabin-to-White-House theme. It is the story of a small farmer's son without schooling until his twelfth year ("a poor unhealthy youngster," his father called him, "a queer fellow without much intelligence") who became one of the architects of destiny not only for his own people and for the commonwealth of British nations but also, in a measure, for Europe and the world. The variety and ful-

ness of the roles Jan Smuts has played in the course of his seventy-four years is truly astonishing: guerrilla leader and founding father, Prime Minister and General in the field, philosopher of "Holism" and imperial statesman. And the tale of positive accomplishments wrought by his inexhaustible energy matches that dramatic versatility. Few people are aware, for instance, that he more than any other man was responsible for the fundamental transformation of the idea of empire into the conception of a commonwealth, or that the establishment of the Royal Air Force was largely due to his aggressive initiative and far-sightedness.

Those who want a lucid and forthright presentation of this story will find it in Mr. Crafford's book. It comes to us with a double recommendation: first, because its author is the only Afrikaans-speaking South African to have attempted a biography of the Field Marshal; and secondly, because in a specially written foreword it receives the *nihil obstat* of Louis Esselin, intimate associate of Smuts for over forty years and, as former secretary of the South African party, himself no inconsiderable power behind the scenes of Union politics. "I can testify," says Esselin, "that Mr. Crafford's work casts a true reflection on events. . . . He has performed his task with a conscientiousness which is greatly to his credit." No reviewer could dissent from those cautiously chosen words.

Nevertheless, one closes the book with a sense of disappointment and the feeling that a fine opportunity has been missed. And if one tries to trace down that disappointment to its source, one finds it attributable in the main to two things. One is the author's apparent indecision as to the nature of his work, and the other, a certain inadequacy in his equipment for such an undertaking.

Mr. Crafford has not made up his mind whether he is writing a scholarly or a popular biography. His seven pages of bibliography and the cool tone of judicious impartiality which he seeks to maintain throughout suggest he is attempting the former. Yet the casualness of his citations and the exasperating sketchiness of some of his historical background militate against this purpose and detract from the value of the book for the serious student of current affairs. Furthermore, the treatment of South African politics of the past decade is surprisingly meagre, so that we are left with no clear impression concerning the Prime Minister's standing in his own country today.

But there are limitations of another kind, too. For all his scrupulousness, the author seems to be somewhat lacking in perception

and imaginative range. He gives the reader few illuminating insights and rarely compels the pause that comes from significant interpretation. Character analysis is all too often presented in the form of a battery of adjectives, while the portraiture of most of the subsidiary figures in the story is so blurred as to convey little reality to those not already familiar with South African politics.

It would be churlish, however, to end on a captious note. Within its limits, this is a sound and useful piece of work. And even though it is not the portrait in oils one had hoped for, it is at least a competent charcoal-sketch drawn from life.

C. H. DRIVER

ROMANTICS AND MODERNS

ROMANTICISM AND THE MODERN EGO, *by* JACQUES BARZUN, *Little, Brown & Co.*

FLOWER OF EVIL: A LIFE OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE, *by* EDWIN MORGAN, *Sheed & Ward.*

CLOWNS AND ANGELS, *by* WALLACE FOWLIE, *Sheed & Ward.*

WE have been repeatedly told by journalists and lecturers that the present war is an ideological war, and our contemporaries seem readier than ever, in this machine age, to admit that ideas rule the world. Except in Great Britain, where thinkers have never been credited with much influence on political and military events, various philosophers and writers have been singled out as the scapegoats for the sins of wilful blindness or madness of which whole nations were guilty. Descartes has been blamed posthumously for the logical intransigence of French party struggles and for the rigid Maginot Line conceptions of the French general staff; others have asserted that the "corrupt" novel of Proust and Gide foreshadowed, or even caused, the French defeat. Nietzsche and Wagner, Hegel and Fichte have been branded as the precursors of Nazism. Of all ideological bugbears, the most roughly mishandled recently has been the vague entity called Romanticism. Thoughtful scholars have patiently established the links between Romantic irrationalism and Hitlerism. Even the historian least easily seduced by such generalizations must concede that most of the Pan-Germanist elements of Nazism were present in the Romantic writings of Fichte, Hegel, Jahn, Arndt between 1800 and 1815, and again between 1910 and 1925 in the early works of Thomas Mann (his volume on Frederick the Great and his "*Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*"), in the works of Spengler and of Van den Bruck, who all romantically denounced Western rationalism and peace-loving internationalism. Hence a

deluge of invectives against Romanticism, which brought new and turbid water to the mill of the heterogeneous anti-Romantic coalition composed of American neo-humanists, British Anglo-Catholics, French monarchists, neo-classicists, and neo-Thomists.

Mr. Jacques Barzun has sprung to the rescue of Romanticism with his wide reading, his broad outlook, which embraces history and philosophy, several arts and several literatures, and his lively style, which is that of the popular lecture-room rather than of the learned and dispassionate seminar. His book has more brilliance and versatility than unity and depth. Each chapter (originally delivered as a lecture) hammers at some particular point, but the total re-appraisal of Romanticism remains disappointing. The connection between the Romantic revolt and the modern ego is not established in a convincing manner. The pugnacious pen of Mr. Barzun has failed to cut once for all the Gordian knot of modern criticism or even to offer a satisfactory elucidation of Romanticism.

Yet many old truths are re-stated with new vigor in this spirited apology for the Romantic movement: Rousseau's reasonableness, in the field of political thought especially, is vindicated; the constructive aspects of Romanticism are emphasized; the pragmatic wisdom of many Romantics, half concealed by their passionate fervor, is duly praised. Mr. Barzun goes too far when he contends that Romanticism and realism were one and the same thing. There is, indeed, an imaginative and almost visionary kind of realism (in Dickens and even in Shelley's intense perception of nature, in Balzac and Hugo), but there is also realism in classical and rational ages, which reflects trivial life with detached objectivity (in Pepys and Defoe, Boileau, Lesage, and Teniers). Mr. Barzun also overstates his case when he juggles with dates and labels in a chapter entitled "Four Phases of Romanticism," in which naturalism, impressionism, symbolism are all presented as offshoots of Romanticism, not without a few factual inaccuracies. An earlier chapter offers a narrow and disparaging estimate of classicism, which is not worthy of a sound defense of Romanticism: the best justification for the advent of the Romantics was that classicism was decrepit or dead when they undertook to bury it. As Péguy used to say, a living disorder is far better than a dead order. The true Romantics of today are, indeed, the professed enemies of Romanticism, who nostalgically pine for a past which is irretrievably gone, just as the Romantics of 1800 and 1820 refused to accept a prosaic present and yearned after the primitive

bliss of bygone eras, the Middle Ages, Greece, or the mythical times of the good savage.

"Romanticism is the most recent and the most modern expression of the beautiful. . . . The great artist must therefore unite with his naïveté as much Romanticism as possible." Thus wrote Baudelaire in his first published masterpiece, "Le Salon de 1846." Yet many of his admirers prefer today to call him a classicist, following the dictum of the author of "For Lancelot Andrewes," whose pontifical bulls were for a while revered as infallible by the blasé "Waste Land" generation: "Baudelaire was essentially a Christian, born out of his due time, and a classicist, born out of his due time." Baudelaire's life could be told in terms of a tragic conflict between the flesh and Christian aspirations, between the Romantic and the classical elements of his genius.

The latest American biographer of Baudelaire has not chosen to explore psychological secrets or to search the best documents for any life of the poet—his works—for a new interpretation of his religion. He has been content to relate, in a fluent but not otherwise distinguished style, the main events of Baudelaire's outward life. His volume may win a few new readers for the poet but will not enlighten them much. As a contribution to the "story of the Hound of Heaven," as the publisher defines Baudelaire's very imperfect Catholicism, or as a contribution to our understanding of one of the greatest of French writers, Mr. Morgan's life, not too felicitously entitled "Flower of Evil," cannot compare with the remarkable studies recently published in America by two eminent Baudelairians, Albert Feuillerat and Margaret Gilman.

Mr. Wallace Fowlie is no friend of Romanticism: he is deliberately hard on Rousseau and Victor Hugo, and oblivious of the Romantic features which are conspicuous in many modern writers and artists whom he admires: Rimbaud, Claudel, Rouault, Mauriac. His criticism can best be defined in the phrase of the most penetrating of all French critics, Baudelaire, as "passionate partiality." It rests on a vast culture and on a keen sensitiveness to beauty; it is impatient of the pedestrian gait of some literary historians who fear to venture a judgment of their own and fail to restore to life the masterpieces which they have dissected. More than one reader will dissent from Mr. Fowlie's imperious assertions or from his dogmatic generalizations on "the modern hero." Few will deny that his interpretation of the character of Hamlet or of Proust's Charlus, of Gide, Claudel,

and of the spiritual message of contemporary France is among the most personal and suggestive yet proposed. His style is tense and sometimes abrupt, mannered at times in its lavish use of antitheses or in its fondness for verbs like "equate" and "subsume"; when it translates a flash of intuition into a concise and even elliptic formula, it can be highly felicitous.

Mr. Fowlie's treatment of contemporary French writers is guided by an ardent religious faith. At no time since the Middle Ages have spiritual values and the Catholic view of life proved more inspiring to men of letters than in France in the present century. Judging from literature, and from many other signs, one might repeat today Nietzsche's famous assertion that "the French people have undeniably been the most Christian on earth." But Mr. Fowlie is too much of an artist to judge in a partisan spirit the writers whose view of life is not his own. His chapter on Gide, a Protestant and today a convinced agnostic, is written with the insight which comes from profound affection. His brief pages on Giraudoux, Cocteau, Proust, Malraux would have gained in being expanded. When he softens a certain youthful dogmatism and, curbing his feverish impatience, composes a longer work on one theme or one writer instead of these *disjecta membra* rather loosely pieced together, Mr. Fowlie should occupy an eminent place among the American interpreters of the modern spirit in art and thought.

HENRI PEYRE

TWO BOOKS ON RUSSIA

U.S.S.R.: THE STORY OF SOVIET RUSSIA, by WALTER DURANTY, J. B. Lippincott Co.

THE GROWTH OF THE RED ARMY, by D. FEDOTOFF WHITE, Princeton University Press.

MR. DURANTY's new volume is not one of his best. An acute observer and an excellent writer, he has always been much more successful in describing what he has seen with his own eyes than in giving Russian events a broad interpretation. As the present book is of an interpretative nature, the author's main weakness makes itself felt more than in any of his previous books. This is particularly true with regard to the earlier pages where an attempt is made to give the historical background of the Soviet régime. Here one questionable generalization follows another. In addition, Mr. Duranty is not a stickler for factual accuracy in matters of detail. To give but a few examples: the second Romanov Tsar was Alexis, not Alexander; the Social

Democratic Party split into the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks in 1903, not in 1902; Rodzianko was neither a general nor a member of the Provisional government; Kerensky did not release Kornilov and Denikin after their arrest; Lenin renamed his party "communist" in 1918, not in 1917; Chicherin did not negotiate with the Germans at Brest-Litovsk; Hangoe is not an island but a naval base on the Finnish mainland. Errors of this kind abound throughout the book. Of a more serious nature is the case of an important speech by Lenin's widow which Mr. Duranty quotes from memory, and which, as a matter of fact, is purely apocryphal in content. On several occasions, the author indulges in various guesses concerning historical events about which there exists literature abundant enough to make guesswork unnecessary. Again, while dismissing Tolstoy's testimony about the pre-revolutionary peasant as an "unreal legend," Mr. Duranty himself offers a picture of rural life in Russia before the revolution which no serious student of Russian affairs will accept as correct. In relation to all these matters, his well-known claim that he "writes as he pleases" acquires a rather disquieting meaning.

The author is at his best in dealing with the principal crises in the history of the Soviet Union since Lenin's death: the intra-party struggle which became dramatized into a Stalin-Trotsky duel, the collectivization of the villages, and the great purge. The story of these momentous events is told in a vivid and highly interesting fashion. And one must give Mr. Duranty credit for perspicacity in having chosen Stalin as the probable winner back in the early stage of the struggle. But even in these, the most valuable chapters of the book, one is not convinced by some of the author's interpretations. One wonders, for instance, whether he has not greatly exaggerated the importance of Trotsky's "fatal blunder," his failure to appear at Lenin's funeral. Even more questionable, to my mind, is Mr. Duranty's explanation of the famine of 1932, according to which it was caused by the urgent necessity of shipping all available grain and gasoline to the Far Eastern army. According to this theory, which is not corroborated by any other evidence I know of, Stalin saved Russia from an impending Japanese invasion at the price of sacrificing millions of Russian lives. But the author himself does not seem to be very certain as to how "impending" that invasion really was. He begins with the statement: "I do not say that the Russians were right to think this." Two pages further on, however, he finds Japan already "poised to strike"; and still further on, he says that

the Japanese "spearhead aimed at Outer Mongolia and Lake Baikal was shifted southwards"—against China. There seems to be a similar uncertainty in Mr. Duranty's own mind with regard to another crucial point—the effect of the great purge on the internal situation in Russia. It is not easy to reconcile his opinion that the gain from the purge (the eradication of "doubtful elements") "could hardly have offset the loss it caused in Russia" with the categorical assertion that "the Kremlin had been strengthened and Russia unified by the trials and the purge and the fight for collectivization."

Mr. Duranty's book deals primarily with the political and social events in Russia, and it gives little information on the indubitable achievements of the Soviet régime in the economic and in the cultural field as well as in the building up of the Red army. In these respects, it is far less comprehensive than the recent book by W. H. Chamberlin. If, however, Mr. Duranty's volume can hardly be recommended as a safe general introduction to the history of the Soviet Union, it still is well worth reading because of the highly interesting material it contains and the penetrating comment here and there.

"The Growth of the Red Army," by D. Fedotoff White, is undoubtedly the most substantial piece of work on the subject that has appeared so far. The author does not pretend to give the general history of the Red army, and he has deliberately left out the problem of armament and technical equipment. What he is interested in is the organizational growth of the army, on the one hand, and the "conflict situations" within it, on the other. Within these limits, he has given an almost exhaustive study with a wealth of documentation that leaves far behind all the previous attempts in this direction. It is a study that no specialist can safely ignore in the future. The author traces the growth of the armed forces of the Soviet Union from the somewhat hasty improvisations of the civil war period, with a stress on the important part played at that time by the former officers and members of the military administration of the old Imperial army, through the transitional stage of 1924–1934, when a relatively small regular army was combined with territorial militia units, to the creation, since the middle of the 1930's, of the "greatest army in the world." Of particular value is his attempt to link the various stages in that evolution of the Red army with the corresponding changes in the political, economic, and social situation within the country. Thus he makes it abundantly clear that the

achievement of the last period would not have been possible had it not been for the effects of industrialization, on the one hand, and educational advance, on the other. Only on this basis could the Red army have become a huge modern, mechanized, and professionalized army, while the changes in the ideological and psychological field enabled it to become a national rather than a class army. Likewise, in dealing with the "conflict situations" within the army, Mr. Fedotoff White discusses them in relation to the political conflicts in the country and within the Communist Party, of which they were but a reflection. It is from this angle that he relates the complicated story of the various organs of political control in the army, including the famous institution of military commissars.

It is a pity that the author has not made a greater effort to meet the general reader half way. As it stands, his book is not easy reading. Apart from the copious and extremely useful notes, there is, in the text itself, perhaps, an overabundance of documentation. The accumulation of evidence at times strikes one as being excessive, and occasionally the author is repetitious. Thus the volume would have gained from some condensation. These shortcomings do not, however, detract from its importance.

MICHAEL KARPOVICH

WAR AROUND THE WORLD

WAR BELOW ZERO, by BERNT BALCHEN, COREY FORD, and OLIVER LA FARGE, *Houghton Mifflin Co.*

TO ALL HANDS, by JOHN MASON BROWN, *McGraw-Hill Book Co.*

D DAY, by JOHN GUNTHER, *Harper & Brothers.*

ROAD TO TUNIS, by DAVID RAME, *Macmillan Co.*

WINGATE'S RAIDERS, by CHARLES J. ROLO, *Viking Press.*

ESCAPE FROM JAVA, by CORNELIS VAN DER GRIFF and E. H. LANSING, T. Y. *Crowell Co.*

UNDERGROUND FROM HONGKONG, by BENJAMIN A. PROULX, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*

TARAWA, by ROBERT SHERROD, *Duell, Sloan & Pearce.*

THESE war books make good reading. Some, naturally, are better than others—and almost all are uneven in quality. Obviously many were produced in a hurry to meet a popular demand. Very few rise sufficiently above the journalistic level to be classed as permanent literature. Nevertheless, they are good reading because they combine to a remarkable degree expert craftsmanship with sure-fire material.

One of the ironies of this war, in our modern age of swift communications, is the ignorance of the civilian public about the actual

fighting. Communiqués are brief and factual. Letters home are either inarticulate or censored. Most of us can imagine only dimly what the men overseas are going through. This ignorance on our part undoubtedly contributes to the lack of understanding between the men at war and the civilians at home. That such a lack of understanding exists has long been plain to many observers. Secretary of War Stimson acknowledged it when he said not long ago that division "between the armed forces and the civilian population" might lead to defeat. If any such calamity is in the offing, these books aren't potent enough to prevent it. Nevertheless, they can help. A civilian who reads a book like Robert Sherrod's "Tarawa," for instance, will not be complacent about the war; and complacency on the home front is one of the things that shock and enrage the men who return from overseas.

As might be expected, the authors who have seen violent front line action are the ones who give civilians the hardest jolt. One exception to this is "War below Zero" by Colonel Bernt Balchen, Major Corey Ford, and Major Oliver La Farge. This is the story of Colonel Balchen's expedition to establish air and weather bases on Greenland. There were only a few Nazis to fight on that "remote battlefield perpetually locked under ten thousand feet of ice." But the expedition struggled against enemies more deadly than the Nazis—fifty-degree-below-zero cold, bottomless crevasses, arctic storms, and terrible flying conditions. "War below Zero" is a crisp account of what our soldiers and airmen in the far north are up against.

American operations in the Mediterranean furnish material for three books. "To All Hands," by Lieutenant John Mason Brown, is a series of broadcasts delivered over the loudspeaker system of an American flagship *en route* to the Sicilian invasion. Lieutenant Brown's style is erudite and entertaining. The crew apparently enjoyed his play-by-play description of events as seen from the bridge. But the broadcasts were aimed at the crew rather than the armchair admirals at home. The civilian reader—in spite of the book's many excellent illustrations—never quite feels that he's a part of the show.

"D Day," John Gunther's account of a trip through the Mediterranean and the Middle East, is interesting, with certain reservations. First of all, there is too much space devoted to the mechanics of a war correspondent's job—writing copy, filing stories, struggling with censors. Secondly, Mr. Gunther mentions too many important people who contribute little or nothing to the book except their im-

portant names. On the credit side are two fine descriptions of transatlantic plane flights—one from New York to Africa by way of England, and the other from Accra to the United States by way of Ascension Island. There are also good passages on Malta and Sicily.

Another writer with sharp things to say about public relations and censorship staffs, especially in Algiers, is David Rame, author of "Road to Tunis." Mr. Rame, however, airs most of his grievances in one healthy blast near the end of his book. Meanwhile, with refreshing gusto, he describes the American landing near Oran and the subsequent race for Tunis. An English correspondent working mainly with the 701st Tank Destroyers and Combat Command B, Mr. Rame shows how American troops grew "from a cold, uneasy newness to the full stature of fighting men." Without slowing the action he manages to include historical background as well as references to honky-tonks, *vino*, *les oeufs*, and *les girls*. Several passages in "Road to Tunis"—the sinking of *H.M.S. Walney* and *H.M.S. Hartland* in Oran harbor, the strafing of Mr. Rame's outfit by friendly planes, the American retreat at Kasserine—are top-flight war reporting.

The remaining books on the list deal with the war against the Japanese. "Wingate's Raiders," by Charles J. Rolo, is a fast-moving story of jungle warfare. In 1943 Brigadier General Orde Charles Wingate (later killed in a plane crash) led an expedition of several thousand men from India into the wilds of northern Burma. The expedition received all of its supplies from the air. Wingate called his men Chindits, after the Chinthee—a mythological beast, half lion, half griffin, statues of which stand guard over Burmese pagodas to ward off evil spirits. The Chindits marched from Imphal to within one hundred miles of the Burma Road, and back again. They harassed the Japanese over ten thousand miles of enemy territory. Their Transport Squadron flew fifty thousand miles and delivered by parachute more than half a million pounds of supplies to constantly moving troops in dense jungle. The story of the return march to the Chindwin River is an epic worthy of this or any war. Only tremendous vitality and will power enabled the survivors to hold out against disease, the jungle, and the enemy. Throughout the adventure Orde Wingate was a great leader. Whether he would have become a second Lawrence of Arabia cannot be known since death cut short his career, at the beginning of this year's campaign in north

Burma, but he was certainly an extraordinary man—perhaps a military genius.

Two books in this group give a picture of the Japanese at work in conquered cities. "Escape from Java," by Cornelis van der Grift—one of three white men to escape from Java since the invaders took over—tells the story of Batavia's fall and occupation. "Underground from Hongkong," by Benjamin Proulx, describes the capture of that city after days of tough guerrilla fighting. Mr. Proulx, a Canadian stockbroker who had lived twenty-one years in Hongkong, was one of the guerrillas. A Volunteer in the Hongkong Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, he and his friends—lawyers, bankers, business men—fought the Japanese from building to building and from hotel to hotel. Many died at their posts. When they saw that the jig was up, they evacuated all military personnel from the last hotel and left the women and children behind, hoping that the Japanese would spare them; Mr. Proulx hasn't seen his wife and two boys since that day. Later the author and two companions escaped from a prison camp through one of Hongkong's sewers. The story of that escape, with its dangers, its cruel thirst and its days of despair, is more hair-raising than a Hollywood thriller.

Robert Sherrod's "Tarawa" is the best book that has come out of the war to date. Mr. Sherrod makes the fight for Tarawa incredibly real. Landing with one of the first Marine assault waves he went through the entire battle, notebook in hand. It was a blazing hell. Mr. Sherrod describes it in a taut, competent prose. Next to going into battle oneself this is the closest that a civilian can come to experiencing modern war.

"Tarawa" is a short book. There are only a hundred and fifty-one pages, plus thirty-two pages of Marine casualties. Several maps and diagrams help to clarify the text. (Incidentally, the maps in most of these books are inadequate.) The first sixty-odd pages cover the preliminaries to the battle and introduce the Marines. On page sixty-four Mr. Sherrod climbs into an assault boat and heads for the beach. After that the action is swift and terrible. For three days the Marines fought with a courage that takes one's breath. Mr. Sherrod lay on the beach with his notebook, watching. Afterwards he put down his hour-by-hour impressions—the crescendos of firing, the flame throwers, the slug of bullets into flesh, the dead and wounded Marines, the heat and blood and stink of it all. A young Marine walked past him along the beach, grinning—and dropped with a bullet in his

temple. At 1300 hours on the third day Mr. Sherrod notes laconically: "I haven't seen a man killed today."

When the fighting ended Mr. Sherrod took three walks around Betio Island. "Words are inadequate to describe what I saw on this island of less than a square mile. So are pictures—you can't smell pictures." Nevertheless, in the section called "View of the Carnage" he presents a description that lingers in the memory like a nightmare. The smells were a part of it. So were the shattered fortifications and the charred Japanese bodies. So were the Marine burial squads and the shell-shocked dog that staggered drunkenly. Mr. Sherrod's personally conducted tour of Betio after the shooting stopped is magnificent.

"Tarawa" was written at white heat and consequently has a few minor flaws, but these are scarcely worth mentioning. Mr. Sherrod has done what the Marines would have liked to do themselves. One night a censor showed him four different letters saying in effect: "I wish we could give you the story of this battle without the sugar-coating you see in the newspapers." Mr. Sherrod's book is the perfect answer to that wish.

F. W. BRONSON

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT CANCER

THE RIDDLE OF CANCER, by CHARLES OBERLING, translated by WILLIAM H. WOGLOM, Yale University Press.

DR. OBERLING has written a type of book particularly valuable at the present time. It is frankly a review and discussion rather than a textbook or book of reference. It was based on a series of lectures given at a Cancer Institute of a Medical Faculty.

Remarkably easy to read and understandingly translated, it contains no charts or tables and a minimum of figures. Its approach is that of an investigator who is well read and who has a mature and intelligent point of view in reviewing various pertinent observations and experiments. Clearly, this is done in a way so that the virus as a possible basis for explaining the origin and nature of cancer may receive careful, judicial, and reasonable consideration. Although admittedly desirous of obtaining this definite result, Dr. Oberling has not allowed unfair pressure or unbalanced selection of experimental data to enter into his presentation.

For that reason the book is of value to every actual or potential worker in cancer research as well as to medical men or scientists whose opinions concerning experimental cancer research may be sought.

The first two chapters are definitely introductory. They are more evidently aimed at that part of his medical faculty audience which had become separated from those more recent developments which have forced the need for more activity in cancer research upon scientific and public consciousness.

His review and critique of the three hypotheses of "irritation," "embryonal rests," and "microbic or parasitic organisms" as the causes of cancer are concise and helpful. Especially are they applicable to those readers whose own knowledge and conception of cancer tend to group around one or more of those theories to the exclusion of others.

Perhaps two-thirds of the book's volume is contained in the central chapter on "Experimental Cancer." Here Dr. Oberling has done an excellent piece of work in presenting short, cogent summaries and analytic comments on the important phases of experimental cancer research. Unavoidably some of these will emphasize what to certain readers seems less essential than to the author. Then, too, as the author freely recognizes, certain work is necessarily omitted. On the whole, however, it is a singularly effective piece of writing of definite value to all interested in cancer research.

The last chapter in which, by implication at least, the author's longing for evidence of a single "kind" of cancer is expressed is perhaps the most open to criticism by those who do not see eye to eye with him. Still, even there the arguments are made so reasonably and with so little emotion that the author's open-mindedness is contagious.

The bibliography is well and conveniently arranged and rounds out as good a piece of literary orientation material as those who desire a general discussion of cancer research in relation to viruses and to other causative agents are likely to find.

C. C. LITTLE

OUTSTANDING NOVELS

BY what standards should we judge our current fiction? An eloquent article by Diana Trilling in the May issue of *Harper's* insists that we should test it only against the memory of great books which moved us so deeply or widened our experience so greatly that

after a lapse of years we can still think of them as mental milestones. Applying this test, Miss Trilling concludes that we are in "the midst of a period of acute creative poverty," and that "our novels are of low quality."

This seems to me an unfair appeal to

the judgment of hindsight. Obviously, only time will tell which books are truly great and enduring. It would be a rash and foolish critic who frequently hailed the publication of masterpieces. But each year sees a number of new works of fiction which are the products of mature minds and of sound technical skill, which interest, entertain, inform, and illuminate special aspects of life and experience. To dismiss them because they are not great seems monstrously captious. How often are great novels written? And who can tell which they are on their first appearance? Miss Trilling challenges her readers to name a novel born of the war years that even in a small way has been a landmark in their education. How about Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*? She doubts that a new male writer of rank has appeared in the last three years. How about John Hersey? Although she discusses many third-rate "proletarian" novels of the Thirties she neglects to mention perhaps the decade's finest American novel, Marjorie Kinan Rawlings's *The Yearling*. Ah well, criticism is a matter of taste, too.

AS one who has enjoyed and admired several recent novels I approached *The Razor's Edge* by Somerset Maugham with high expectations. Rumor had it that the old master was back in his best form again, that "that tired feeling," that willingness to apply his consummate technical skill to trivial and mechanical themes, had been overcome. But the rumors were wrong. Mr. Maugham has written a novel that is much superior to its two

or three immediate predecessors on his list, but one that still remains a disappointment. It is a story told in the first person about a group of rich, vain, snobbish, and petty expatriates from Chicago who live in London, Paris, and on the Riviera, during the depression years, contrasted with the story of a young man who dedicates his life to a search for the meaning of life and God. Thus it has the religious theme so popular at present, as has *The Robe*.

Since his craftsmanship is practised and perfect Mr. Maugham cannot help but hold your interest. His satirical and malicious caricatures of the international society set are slick, amusing, and witty. But his ineffable young hero is neither believable as a person nor reasonable as a bringer of a message. After years of inquiry into mysticism and religion he becomes a convert to Yoga and Hinduism. And he returns to this country to become a taxi-driver in New York, which seems a futile anticlimax. Couldn't his mastery of mystic powers and his knowledge of ultimate truth fit him for a more special usefulness than that?

ANOTHER novel by an English writer which has a message that is either obscure or disappointing is Rex Warner's *Return of the Traveller*. Nevertheless, although he has left his readers rather up in the air, Mr. Warner has written a thoughtful, provocative, and beautiful book. It is the first-person account of a dead man—a soldier killed in action in the war—who returns to earth as a disembodied spirit so that he can find the answer to a ques-

tion that preys upon his soul, "Why was it that I was killed?"

Did he die for honor and patriotism, to resist an evil idea criminally at large in the world, because of the folly and incapacity of his own government, or as a sacrifice in a great effort that would really purge the world of some of its suffering and sorrow? He hears each of these answers proposed by persons who believe them, and he is allowed to glimpse their backgrounds so that he can understand how they have come to hold their opinions. At the end he feels that he is nearer to a knowledge of the real significance of man—which is that man is capable of a love and joy and peace and beauty he has never yet realized. Maybe this is what he died for, for the hope of mankind. I am not sure that I am right in this interpretation. Mr. Warner is provokingly elusive. In any case, his book is deeply moving, written in glowing and lovely prose.

BY an odd chance, six of the spring's most interesting novels seem to fall neatly into pairs, two about Austria, two about Russia, and two about American naval pilots. Of these, four are first novels—a sign of vitality and promise among the younger writers.

Catherine Hutter's *The Outnumbered* is a long novel about the moral and political disintegration of Austria and about the final Nazi triumph. It is also the story of the childhood and adolescence of a saint—a young girl who receives the signs of the stigmata. On both counts it is an intelligent, interesting, superior performance. The scene is a sanitarium in the Austrian

Alps. There the child's religious mission develops almost against the will of those who care for her. Miss Hutter has made her imaginary protagonist more credible, at least to me, than did Franz Werfel his real one, Bernadette. In fact her entire novel is better constructed than his and better written (the advantage of fiction over fact?) although it lacks the zeal and fervor of *The Song of Bernadette*. Its picture of the fears and prejudices and political animosities that tore Austria apart is well handled also.

The other Austrian novel is *Peter Domanig*, by Victor White. It is enormously long, solid, humorless, needlessly detailed. But its magnificent panorama of nearly every aspect of Viennese life just before, during, and after the First World War, its wonderful capacity to communicate a sense of the bustling, tumultuous life of a great city, and its long array of solidly real, stubbornly individual characters make it an impressive achievement. The central character is a young boy whose poverty, shame, suffering, and humiliation might well have turned him into a criminal or even a Hitler. How that catastrophe was just barely avoided is the primary theme of *Peter Domanig*. It is a theme worthy of the labor Mr. White has lavished upon it and of those readers who have the stamina to tackle a 300,000-word book.

THE more interesting and ambitious of the two Russian novels is *Frossia*, by E. M. Almedingen. I think it is the best novel by a Russian I have read since those by the great nine-

teenth-century masters. It belongs to the same great tradition and shares the same passion for the Russian soil, soul, and people. In the breadth of its human sympathy and its lack of partisan animus, it is also rare for these contentious times.

The author is a Russian woman who suffered much during the revolution and fled to England. Using material similar to that in her autobiographical narrative, *Tomorrow Will Come*, she has written a novel about a young girl's experience in Leningrad shortly after the revolution. She has purged it of all bitterness and transformed it into art. The result is a warm, human, amazingly objective account of Russia in transition, from the Russia of Nicholas to that of Stalin. It is a touching, exciting, engrossing story she has to tell—a story of courage and suffering and human greatness as well as folly. Politics are transitory and subject to change without notice, but holy Russia endures and Russians are wonderful people. Frossia knew that instinctively. How she put her knowledge into a philosophy of life and so survived a revolution in spite of much sorrow and many hardships makes *Frossia* one of the fine books of the year.

Robert Spencer Carr, author of *The Bells of St. Ivan's*, has been content to write a much shorter, simpler, less substantial novel. Mr. Carr is a young American who lived in Russia for five years. The experience convinced him also that Russia is greater than its politics. His story concerns the events of only twenty-four hours in a tiny

Ukrainian village just recaptured from the Germans. There an American engineer finds romance with a Moslem Russian girl (not too convincingly either) and there he indulges in a series of conversations with a Soviet official, several soldiers, and an Orthodox priest. These conversations are expertly done. They have a good deal of humor, a natural simplicity, and much suppressed emotion. And they demonstrate Mr. Carr's belief that Russia is experiencing not only a revival of nationalism, but also a religious revival, for religious faith is integral to the Russian character and cannot long be outlawed. Mr. Carr writes with engagingly easy grace and skill. Although his book is slight and elementary it augurs well for better ones to come.

THE two novels about naval pilots complement each other in unusual fashion. The one that was published first, *Shore Leave*, by Frederic Wakeman, can be better understood if the other is read first. Howard Hunt's *Limit of Darkness*, like *The Bells of St. Ivan's*, concerns only twenty-four hours. The characters are five pilots of Torpedo Squadron 11 at Henderson Field on Guadalcanal. In a harsh, spare, graphic manner, with few ideas and little depth, but with grim and brutal power Mr. Hunt shows what it is like to live in dirt, hunger, disease, and tropical heat, and what it is like to live in constant fear, watching your friends die and expecting your own death daily. The dialogue of the pilots, with its technical jargon and its evidence of terrible strain, is very well done. And

the raid on an enemy base, which is the climax, is coldly exciting and sadly tragic.

Shore Leave takes up where *Limit of Darkness* leaves off, in that it describes a group of naval fighter pilots who were lucky enough to survive battles and then get leave, on the Pacific coast. There they concentrate furiously on only two things, women and drink. Leave is a perpetual drunken spree, a "rat race" in which no ideas, no ideals, and no normally decent behavior have a place. As a demonstration of what war does to some of the men who fight it, the book is shocking and revolting—a sort of *Sun Also Rises* of a new lost generation. Whether such reactions are temporary or permanent Mr. Wake-man doesn't say. But those who have read Mr. Hunt's book will find them easily understandable. Because they will have acquired, however imperfectly, some notion of the strain of constant concentration on death. After that, any extreme variety of escape, relaxation, and change seems natural. *Shore Leave* is vulgar and cheap by any standard, but it is fast and funny and arresting, too.

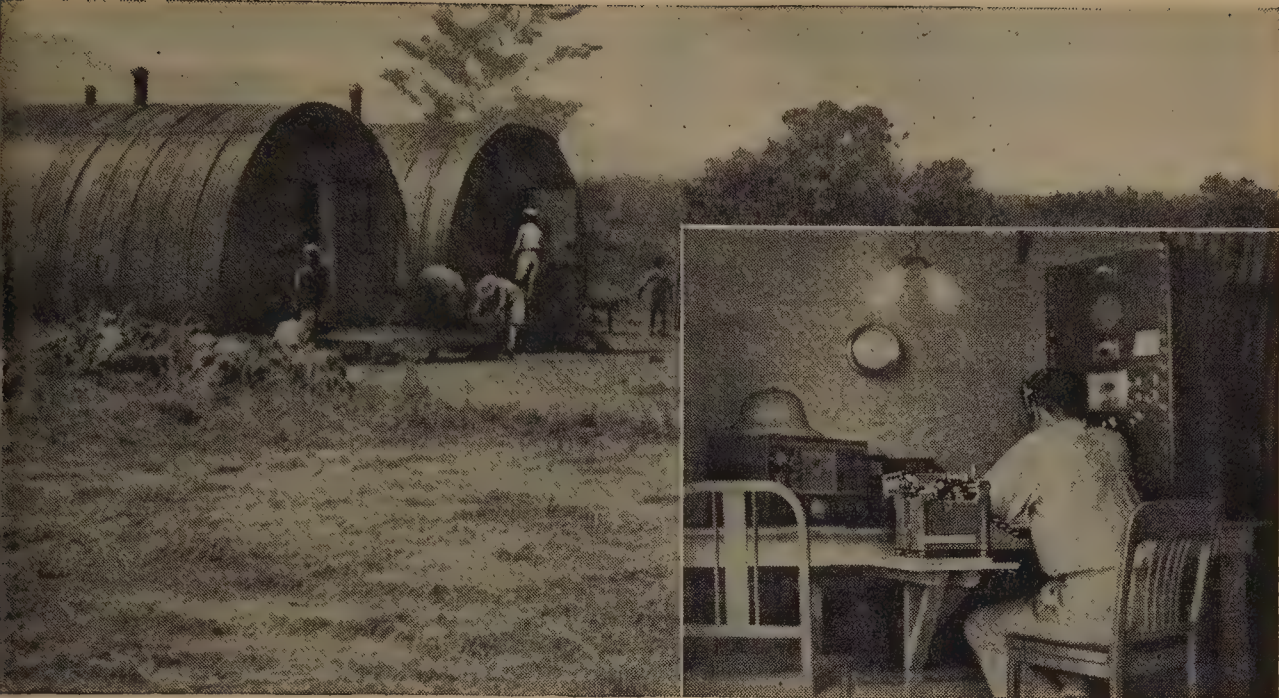
THE finest novel of the spring I have saved for concluding mention. It is *Colcorton*, by Edith Pope—a superbly dramatic, beautifully restrained, extraordinarily moving tragedy that achieves something approaching real grandeur. It is the story of Abby Clanghearne—a simple, uneducated, indomitably heroic woman whose strength of character and intuitive wisdom triumphed over frightful

obstacles. Abby lived in the ruined relic of a fine old Southern mansion in the backwoods, jungle-like country of northern Florida near St. Augustine. Alone and unaided she toiled in the fields and worked in the great house to care for her younger brother and to goad him, inspire him, and force him to win a place for himself in the world such as their ancestors had once held. When a paralyzing psychological shock destroyed him, she started all over again to do as much for his infant son.

The way she overcame the prejudices of her environment and her final supreme self-sacrifice, which seemed like a complete defeat, but which really was a moral victory, are magnificent. Miss Pope's skill in building up the rich atmosphere of the local scene and her fine command of language, particularly of the flavorsome idiom of Abby's own talk, are superb. The underlying tragedy of *Colcorton* is caused by one of the most widespread and seemingly insoluble problems that afflict this country—race prejudice. To outline it specifically would do an injustice to a splendid book that deserves all the high praise it has won and all the popularity it can get.

Last quarter, readers of fiction were fortunate enough to be offered *A Bell for Adano*, by John Hersey. This quarter is distinguished by *Frossia* and *Colcorton*. With such fare available I see no reason to despair about the state of the novel in this the fifth year of a world war.

ORVILLE PRESCOTT



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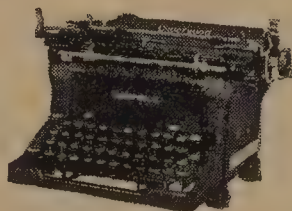
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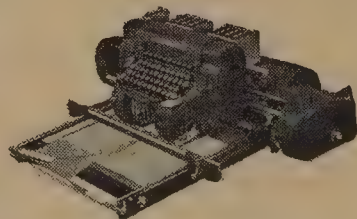
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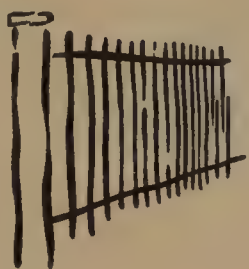
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- Three Times I Bow, by Carl Glick, illustrations by Soriano. *McGraw-Hill*. 259 pp. \$2.50.
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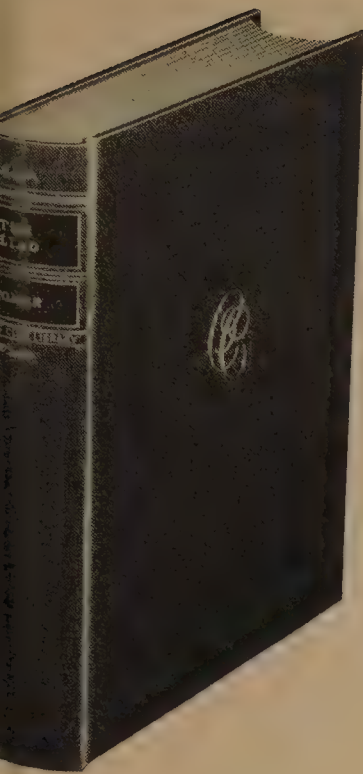
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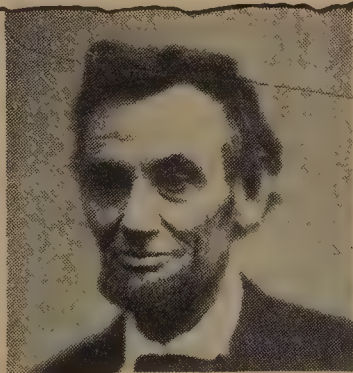
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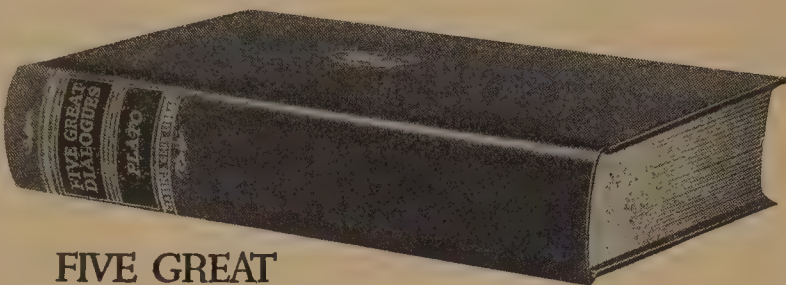


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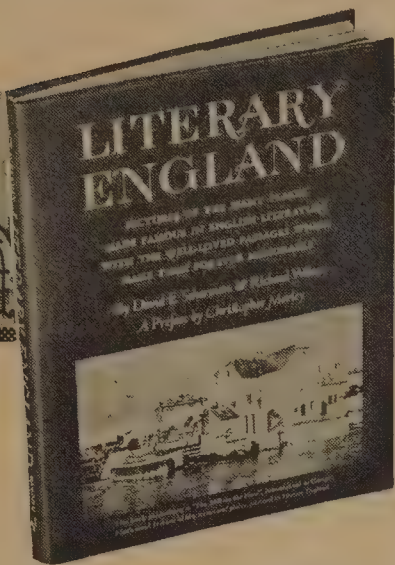
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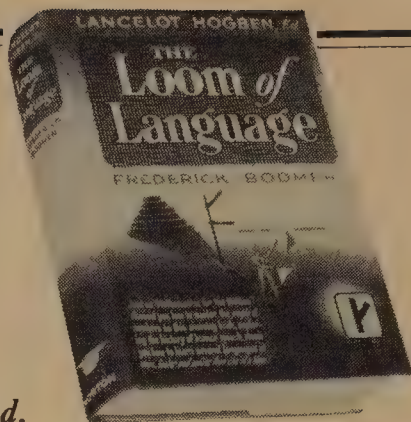
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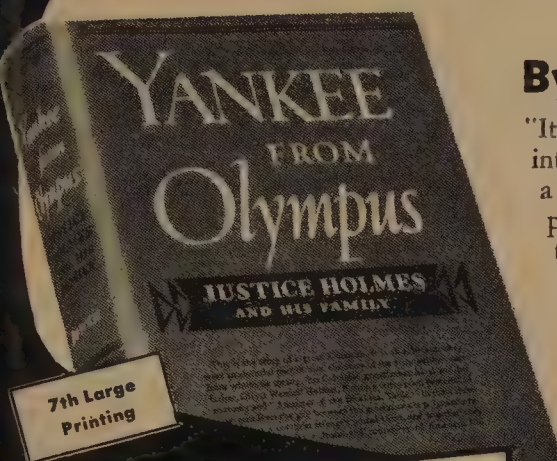
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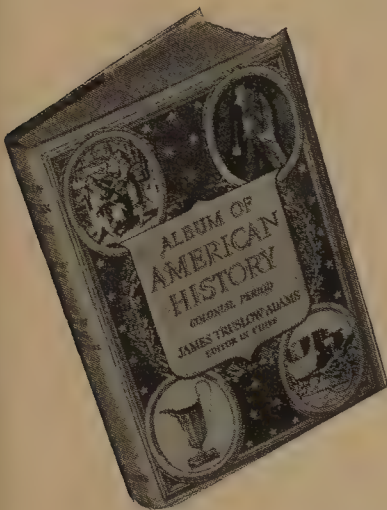
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